

THE WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MIDDLETON.

---

VOL IX.  
CONTAINING  
A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE  
THE SPANISH GIPSY  
THE CHANGELING  
A GAME AT CHESS  
ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE  
WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN

LONDON

PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,  
46 St Martin's Lane

THE WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MIDDLETON,

*Now first collected,*

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

NOTES,

BY

THE REVEREND ALEXANDER DYCE

---

*IN FIVE VOLUMES*

VOL. IX

LONDON

EDWARD LUMLEY, CHANCERY LANE

---



**A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE**



*A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side A Pleasant conuertid Comedy  
neuer before printid As it hath beene often acted at the Swan  
on the Banke side, by the Lady Elizabeth her Seruants By  
Thomas Midelton Gent London, Printed for Francis Constable  
dwelling at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Church-yard 1630  
4to*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND  
SIR OLIVER KIX<sup>a</sup>  
TOUCHWOOD senior  
TOUCHWOOD junior  
ALLWIT  
YELLOWHAMMER, *a goldsmith*  
TIM, *his son*  
*Tutor to Tim*  
DAVY DAHANNA,<sup>b</sup> *Sir Walter's poor kinsman and attendant*  
*Parson*  
WAT } sons to Sir Walter by mistress Allwit  
NICK  
*Two Promoters*  
*Porter, Watermen, &c*

LADY KIX  
MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD, *wife to Touchwood senior*  
MISTRESS ALLWIT  
MAUDLIN, *wife to Yellowhammer*  
MOLL, *her daughter*  
*Welshwoman, mistress to Sir W Whorehound*  
*Country Girl*  
SUSAN, *Maid, Midwife, Nurses, Puritans and other gossips, &c*

Scene, LONDON

---

<sup>a</sup> *Kix*] Or *kex* is a dry stalk, properly of hemlock Why this name (which Middleton has used in another play, see vol n p 4) is given to Sir Oliver, the reader will presently discover

<sup>b</sup> *Dahanna*] Old ed. in *Dram Pers*, and more than once in the text, "Dahumma"

## A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE

---

### ACT I SCENE I

*YELLOWHAMMER's Shop*

*Enter MAUDLIN and MOLL*

MAUD Have you played over all your old lessons  
o' the virginals?<sup>c</sup>

MOLL Yes

MAUD Yes? you are<sup>d</sup> a dull maid a' late, me-thinks you had need have somewhat to quicken your green sickness—do you weep?—a husband had not such a piece of flesh been ordained, what had us wives been good for? to make salads, or else cried up and down for samphire To see the difference of these seasons! when I was of your youth, I was lightsome and quick two years before I was married You fit for a knight's bed! drowsy-browed, dull-eyed, drossy-spirited! I hold my life you have forgot your dancing when was the dancer with you?

MOLL The last week

MAUD Last week? when I was of your board<sup>e</sup>

<sup>c</sup> *virginals*] See note, vol III p 112

<sup>d</sup> *Yes? you are, &c*] Was not this speech originally verse, though the present state of the text will not admit of its being arranged as such?

<sup>e</sup> *board*] Old ed “bord”—perhaps a misprint

He miss'd me not a night, I was kept at it,  
 I took delight to lean, and he to teach me,  
 Pretty brown gentleman! he took pleasure in my  
 company

But you are dull, nothing comes nimbly from you,  
 You dance like a plumber's daughter, and deserve  
 Two thousand pound in lead to your marriage,  
 And not in goldsmith's ware

*Enter YELLOWHAMMER*

YEL Now, what's the din  
 Betwixt mother and daughter, ha?

MAUD Faith, small,  
 Telling your daughter, Mary, of her errors  
 YEL Errors? nay, the city cannot hold you, wife,  
 But you must needs fetch words from Westminster  
 I ha'<sup>e</sup> done, i'faith  
 Has no attorney's clerk been here a' late,  
 And chang'd his half-crown-piece his mother sent  
 him,

Or rather cozen'd you with a gilded twopence,  
 To bring the word in fashion for her faults  
 Or cracks in duty and obedience?  
 Term 'em even so, sweet wife,  
 As there's no woman made without a flaw,

YEL Your purest lawns have frays, and cambrics bracks<sup>f</sup>

MAUD But 'tis a husband solders up all cracks

MOLL What, is he come, sir?

YEL Sir Walter's come he was met  
 At Holborn Bridge, and in his company  
 A proper fair young gentlewoman, which I guess,  
 By her red hair and other rank descriptions,  
 To be his landed niece, brought out of Wales,

<sup>e</sup> I ha', &c.] Qy "Ay, ha'," &c? but compare p 27, l. 13  
<sup>f</sup> brack's] i e breaks

Which Tim our son, the Cambridge-boy, must  
marry

'Tis a match of sir Walter's own making,  
To bind us to him and our heirs for ever

MAUD We'ie honour'd then, if this baggage  
would be humble,

And kiss him with devotion when he enters  
I cannot get her for my life

To instruct her hand thus, before and after,—

Which a knight will look for,—before and after

I've told her still 'tis the waving of a woman

Does often move a man, and prevails strongly

But, sweet, ha' you sent to Cambridge? has Tim  
word on't?

YEL Had word just the day after, when you sent  
him

The silver spoon to eat his broth in the hall

Amongst the gentlemen-commoners

MAUD O, 'twas timely

*Enter Porter*

YEL How now?

POR A letter from a gentleman in Cambridge

[*Gives letter to YELLOWHAMMER*

YEL O, one of Hobson's porters & thou art wel-  
come —

I told thee, Maud, we should hear from Tim [Reads]

<sup>5</sup> *Hobson's porters*] Hobson was the celebrated Cambridge-carrier, on whose death, in Jan 1630 1, Milton, while a student at that university, composed a copy of verses. There are three epitaphs on Hobson in *Wit's Recreations*, p 249, reprint 1817, and his will, dated Dec 1630, is printed in the *Coll of Pieces* appended to Peck's *Memoirs of Cromwell*, p 44. A tract, published in 1617, 4to, is called, from him, *Hobson's Horse-load of Letters, or a President for Epistles*, and he is said (see *The Spectator*, No 509,) to have given rise to the expression *Hobson's choice*

*Amantissimus carissimusque ambobus parentibus, patri et matri*

MAUD What's the matter?

YEL Nay, by my troth, I know not, ask not me  
He's grown too verbal, this learning's a great Witch

MAUD Pray, let me see it, I was wont to understand him [Reads] *Amantissimus carissimus*, he has sent the carrier's man, he says, *ambobus parentibus*, for a pair of boots, *patri et matri*, pay the porter, or it makes no matter

POR Yes, by my faith, mistress, there's no true construction in that I have took a great deal of pains, and come from the Bell<sup>b</sup> sweating Let me come to't, for I was a scholar forty years ago, 'tis thus, I warrant you [reads] *Matri*, it makes no matter, *ambobus parentibus*, for a pair of boots, *patri*, pay the porter, *amantissimus carissimus*, he's the carrier's man, and his name is Sims, and there he says true, forsooth, my name is Sims indeed, I have not forgot all my learning a money-matter, I thought I should hit on't

YEL Go, thou'rt an old fox, there's a tester<sup>1</sup> for thee [Gives money]

POR If I see your worship at Goose-fair, I have a dish of birds for you

YEL Why, dost dwell at Bow?

<sup>b</sup> *the Bell*] Qy "the Bull?"

" He is not dead, but left his mansion here,  
Has left the *Bull*, and flitted to the Beare "

*First Epitaph on Hobson—Wit's Recr p 249*

" This memorable man [Hobson] stands drawn in fresco, at an inn, which he used in Bishopsgate Street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with thus inscription upon the said bag

The fruitful mother of a hundred more "

The *Spectator*, No 509

<sup>1</sup> *tester*] 1 e sixpence see note, vol 1 p 258

POR All my lifetime, sir, I could ever say bo to  
a goose Farewell to your worship [Exit

YEL A merry porter!

MAUD How can he choose but be so,  
Coming with Cambridge-letters from our son Tim?

YEL What's here? *maximus diligo*, faith, I must  
to my learned counsel with this gear,<sup>j</sup> 'twill ne'er  
be discerned else

MAUD Go to my cousin then, at Inns-of-court

YEL Fie, they are all for French, they speak no  
Latin

MAUD The parson then will do it

YEL Nay, he disclaims it,  
Calls Latin papistry, he will not deal with it —

*Enter a Gentleman*

What is't you lack,<sup>k</sup> gentleman?

GENT Pray, weigh this chain

[*Gives chain, which YELLOWHAMMER weighs*

*Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND, Welshwoman, and*  
DAVY

SIR WAL Now, wench, thou art welcome  
To the heart of the city of London

WELSH. Dugat a whee

SIR WAL You can thank me in English, if you list

WELSH I can, sir, simply

SIR WAL 'Twill serve to pass, wench,  
'Twas strange that I should lie with thee so often,  
To leave thee without English, that were unnatural  
I bring thee up to turn thee into gold, wench,  
And make thy fortune shine like your bright trade,  
A goldsmith's shop sets out a city maid —  
Davy Dahanna, not a word

DAVY. Mum, mum, sir

<sup>j</sup> gear] i e matter

<sup>k</sup> What is't you lack] See note, vol. 1 p. 447

SIR WAL Here you must pass for a pure virgin  
 DAVY Pure Welsh virgin'

She lost her maidenhead in Brecknockshire [Aside

SIR WAL I hear you mumble, Davy

DAVY I have teeth, sir,

I need not mumble yet this forty years

SIR WAL The knave bites plaguily!

YEL What's your price, sir?

GENT A hundred pound, sir

YEL A hundred marks<sup>m</sup> the utmost,

'Tis not for me else —What, sir Walter Whore hound? [Exit Gentleman

MOLL O death! [Exit

MAUD Why, daughter—Faith, the baggage [is] A bashful girl, sir, these young things are shame-faced,

Besides, you have a presence, sweet sir Walter, Able to daunt a maid brought up i' the city A brave court-spirit makes our virgins quiver, And kiss with trembling thighs, yet see, she comes, sir

*Re-enter MOLL*

SIR WAL Why, how now, pretty mistress? now I've caught you

What, can you injure so your time to stray Thus from your faithful servant?

YEL Pish, stop your woids, good knight,—'twill make her blush else,—

Which wound<sup>n</sup> too high for the daughters of the freedom

Honour and faithful servant! they are compliments For the worthies of Whitehall or Greenwich, E'en plain, sufficient subsidy-words serve<sup>o</sup> us, sir And is this gentlewoman your worthy niece?

<sup>m</sup> marks] A mark was 13*s* 4*d*

<sup>n</sup> wound] Qy "sound?"      <sup>o</sup> serve] Old ed "serues"

SIR WAL You may be bold with her on these  
terms, 'tis she, sir,

Heir to some nineteen mountains

YEL Bless us all!

You overwhelm me, sir, with love and riches

SIR WAL And all as high as Paul's

DAVY Here's work, i'faith!

[*Aside*]

SIR WAL How sayst thou, Davy?

DAVY Higher, sir, by far,

You cannot see the top of 'em

YEL What, man!—

Maudlin, salute this gentlewoman, our daughter,  
If things hit right

*Enter Touchwood junior*

TOUCH JUN My knight, with a brace of footmen,  
Is come, and brought up his ewe-mutton to find  
A ram at London, I must hasten it,  
Or else pick<sup>p</sup> a' famine, her blood is mine,  
And that's the surest Well, knight, that choice  
spoil

Is only kept for me

[*Aside*]

MOLL Sir —

TOUCH JUN Turn<sup>q</sup> not to me till thou mayst  
lawfully, it but whets my stomach, which is too  
shairp set already Read that note carefully [*giving*  
*letter to Moll*], keep me from suspicion still, nor  
know my zeal but in thy heart  
Read, and send but thy liking in three words,  
I'll be at hand to take it

YEL O turn, sir, turn<sup>r</sup>

<sup>p</sup> *pick*] i.e. peak — grow meagre

<sup>q</sup> *Turn not, &c.*] Corrupted text, I believe, the whole speech  
having been originally verse

<sup>r</sup> *O turn, sir, turn*] There appears to be some grievous cor-  
ruption here Perhaps for “*turn*” we ought to read “*Tim*,”  
—of whom Yellowhammer proceeds to speak the hopeful

A poor, plain boy, an university man ,  
 Proceeds next Lent to a bachelor of art ,  
 He will be call'd sir Yellowhammer then  
 Over all Cambridge, and that's half a knight

MAUD Please you, draw near  
 And taste the welcome of the city, sir

YEL Come, good sir Walter, and your virtuous  
 niece here

SIR WAL 'Tis manners to take kindness

YEL Lead 'em in, wife

SIR WAL Your company, sir ?

YEL I'll give't you instantly

[*Exeunt MAUDLIN, SIR W WHOREHOUND,  
 Welchwoman, and DAVY.*

TOUCH JUN How strangely busy is the devil and  
 riches !

Poor soul ! kept in too hard, her mother's eye  
 Is cruel toward her, being to him

'Twere a good mirth now to set him a-work  
 To make her wedding-ring , I must about it  
 Rather than the gain should fall to a stranger,  
 'Twas honesty in me t' enrich my father [Aside

YEL The girl is wondrous peevish I fear no-  
 thing

But that she's taken with some other love,  
 Then all's quite dash'd that must be narrowly  
 look'd to ,

We cannot be too wary in our children — [Aside  
 What is't you lack ?

TOUCH JUN O, nothing now , all that I wish is  
 present .

I'd have a wedding-ring made for a gentlewoman  
 With all speed that may be

youth is certainly not present, he does not arrive from Cam-  
 bridge till act ui sc 2

<sup>r</sup> *What is't you lack?* See note, vol 1 p 447

YEL Of what weight, sir ?

TOUCH JUN Of some half ounce, stand fair  
And comely, with the spark of a diamond ,  
Sir , 'twere pity to lose the least grace

YEL Play, let's see it

[*Takes stone from Touchwood junior*  
Indeed, sir , 'tis a pure one

TOUCH JUN So is the mistress

YEL Have you the wideness of her finger, sir ?

TOUCH JUN Yes, sure, I think I have her mea-  
sure about me

Good faith, 'tis down, I cannot shew it you ,  
I must pull too many things out to be certain  
Let me see—long and slender, and neatly jointed ,  
Just such another gentlewoman—that's your daugh-  
ter, sir ?

YFL And therefore, sir, no gentlewoman

TOUCH JUN I protest  
I ne'er saw two maids handed more alike ,  
I'll ne'er seek farther, if you'll give me leave, sir

YEL If you dare venture by her finger, sir

TOUCH JUN Ay, and I'll bide all loss, sir

YEL Say you so, sir ?

Let us see —Hither, girl

TOUCH JUN Shall I make bold  
With your finger, gentlewoman ?

MOLL Your pleasure, sir

TOUCH JUN That fits her to a hair, sir

[*Trying ring on Moll's finger*

YEL What's your posy now, sir ?

TOUCH JUN Mass, that's true posy ? i'faith, e'en  
thus, sir

*Love that's wuse*

*Blinds parentis' eyes*

YEL How, how ? if I may speak without offence,  
sir,

I hold my life ——

TOUCH JUN What, sir?

YEL Go to,—you'll pardon me?

TOUCH JUN Pardon you? ay, sir

YEL Will you, i'faith?

TOUCH JUN Yes, faith, I will

YEL You'll steal away some man's daughter  
am I neair you?

Do you turn aside? you gentlemen are mad wags!  
I wonder things can be so warily carried,

And paients blinded so but they're serv'd right,  
That have two eyes and were so dull a' sight

TOUCH JUN Thy doom take hold of thee! [Aside

YEL To-morrow noon

Shall shew your ring well done

TOUCH JUN Being so, 'tis soon —

Thanks, and your leave, sweet gentlewoman

MOLL Sir, you're welcome —

[Exit TOUCHWOOD junior

O were I made of wishes, I went with thee! [Aside

YEL Come now, we'll see how the rules<sup>r</sup> go  
within

MOLL That robs my joy, there I lose all I win

[Aside Exeunt

## SCENE II

*A hall in ALLWIT's house*

*Enter DAVY and ALLWIT severally*

DAVY Honesty wash my eyes! I've spied a  
wittol<sup>s</sup> [Aside

<sup>r</sup> rules] i.e. sports, games compare in vol. II p. 124,  
“how go the squares?” and see Steevens's note on the word  
“night-rule,” Shakespeare's *Mid's Night's Dream*, act III  
sc. 2, and Douce's *Illust. of Shak.*, vol. I p. 192

<sup>s</sup> wittol] i.e. tame cuckold

ALLWIT What, Davy Dahanna? welcome from  
North Wales, i'faith!  
And is sir Walter come?  
DAVY New come to town, sir  
ALLWIT In to the maids, sweet Davy, and give  
or 'er  
His chamber be made ready instantly  
My wife's as great as she can wallow, Davy, and  
longs  
For nothing but pickled cucumbers and his coming,  
And now she shall ha't, boy  
DAVY She's sure of them, sir  
ALLWIT Thy very sight will hold my wife in  
pleasure  
Till the knight come himself, go in, in, in, Davy  
[Exit DAVY  
The founder's come to town I'm like a man  
Finding a table furnish'd to his hand,  
As mine is still to me, pray for the founder,—  
Bless the right worshipful the good founder's life!  
I thank him, has maintain'd my house this ten years,  
Not only keeps my wife, but 'a keeps me  
And all my family, I'm at his table  
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse  
Monthly or weekly, puts me to nothing, rent,  
Nor church-duties, not so much as the scavenger  
The happiest state that ever man was born to!  
I walk out in a morning, come to breakfast,  
Find excellent cheer, a good fire in winter,  
Look in my coal-house about midsummer eve,  
That's full, five or six chaldron new laid up,  
Look in my back-yard, I shall find a steeple  
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks  
The water-house and the windmills I say nothing,  
But smile and pin the door When she lies in,  
As now she's even upon the point of grunting,

A lady lies not in like her , there's her embossings,  
 Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,  
 As if she lay with all the gaudy-shops<sup>s</sup>  
 In Gresham's Burse<sup>t</sup> about her , then hei restorative,

Able to set up a young pothecary,  
 And richly stock the foreman of a drug-shop ,  
 Her sugar by whole loaves, her wines by roundlets  
 I see these things, but, like a happy man,  
 I pay for none at all, yet fools think's<sup>u</sup> mine ,  
 I have the name, and in his gold I shine  
 And where<sup>v</sup> some merchants would in soul kiss hell  
 To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye  
 Their conscience in the bloods of prodigal heirs  
 To deck their night-piece, yet all this being done,  
 Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone,—  
 As what affliction nature more constrains,  
 Than feed the wife plump for another's veins ?—  
 These torments stand I freed of, I'm as clear  
 From jealousy of a wife as from the charge  
 O, two miraculous blessings ! 'tis the knight  
 Hath took that labour all out of my hands  
 I may sit still and play , he's jealous for me,  
 Watches her steps, sets spies , I live at ease,  
 He has both the cost and torment when the string<sup>w</sup>  
 Of his heart fiets, I feed, laugh, or sing,  
*La daldo, daldo la daldo, la daldo daldo de daldo !*

[Sings

<sup>s</sup> gaudy-shops] i.e. shops where they sell *gauds*, finery

<sup>t</sup> Gresham's Burse] i.e. the Royal Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham

<sup>u</sup> think's] i.e. *think* these things *is* mine—an expression which, on account of the metre, cannot be altered

<sup>v</sup> where] i.e. whereas

<sup>w</sup> string] Old ed “ strings ”

*Enter two Servants*

FIRST SER What, has he got a singing in his head now?

SEC SER Now's out of work, he falls to making dildoes

ALLWIT Now, sirs, sir Walter's come

FIRST SER Is our master come?

ALLWIT Your master! what am I?

FIRST SER Do not you know, sir?

ALLWIT Pray, am not I your master?

FIRST SER O, you're but

Our mistress's husband

ALLWIT Ergo, knave, your master

FIRST SER Negatu argumentum — Here comes sir Waltei

*Enter Sir WALTER and DAVY*

Now 'a stands bare as well as we, make the most of him,

He's but one peep above a serving-man,  
And so much his horns make him

SIR WAL How dost, Jack?

ALLWIT Proud of your worship's health, sir

SIR WAL How does your wife?

ALLWIT E'en after your own making, sir,  
She's a tumbler, 'faith, the nose and belly meet<sup>y</sup>

SIR WAL They'll part in time again

ALLWIT At the good hour they will, and<sup>z</sup> please  
your worship

SIR WAL Here, sirrah, pull off my boots — Put  
on,<sup>a</sup> put on, Jack [Servant pulls off his boots

ALLWIT I thank your kind worship, sir

SIR WAL Slippers' heart, you are sleepy!  
[Servant brings slippers

<sup>y</sup> meet] Old ed "meets"

<sup>z</sup> and] i e if

<sup>a</sup> Put on] i e put on your hat

ALLWIT The game begins already [Aside

SIR WAL Fish, put on, Jack

ALLWIT Now I must do't, or he'll be as angry now,

As if I had put it on at first bidding,

'Tis but obseiving,

'Tis but observing a man's humour once,

And he may ha' him by the nose all his life [Aside

SIR WAL What enteitainment has lain open here?

No strangeis in my absence?

FIRST SER Sune, sir, not any

ALLWIT His jealousy begins am not I happy now,

That can laugh inward whilst his marrow melts?

[Aside

SIR WAL How do you satisfy me?

FIRST SER Good sir, be patient!

SIR WAL For two months' absence I'll be satisfied

FIRST SER No living creature enter'd —

SIR WAL Enter'd? come, swear!

FIRST SER You will not hear me out, sir —

SIR WAL Yes, I'll hea't out, sir

FIRST SER Sir, he can tell himself —

SIR WAL Heait, he can tell?

Do you think I'll trust him? as a usurer

With forfeited lordships — him? O monstrous in-jury!

Believe him? can the devil speak ill of darkness? —

What can you say, sir?

ALLWIT Of my soul and conscience, sir,

She's a wife as honest of her body to me

As any lord's proud lady [e'er] can be!

SIR WAL Yet, by your leave, I heard you were once offering

To go to bed to her

ALLWIT No, I protest, sir!

SIR WAL Heart, if you do, you shall take all'  
I'll marry

ALLWIT O, I beseech you, sir!

SIR WAL That wakes the slave,  
And keeps his flesh in awe

[*Aside*]

ALLWIT I'll stop that gap  
Where'er I find it open I have poison'd

His hopes in marriage already [with]  
Some old rich widows, and some landed virgins,  
And I'll fall to work still before I'll lose him,  
He's yet too sweet to part from

[*Aside*]

*Enter WAT and NICK*

WAT God-den,<sup>a</sup> father

ALLWIT Ha, villain, peace!

NICK God-den, father

ALLWIT Peace, bastaid!

Should he hear 'em! [*Aside*]—These are two  
foolish children,

They do not know the gentleman that sits there

SIR WAL O, Wat—how dost, Nick? go to school,  
ply your books, boys, ha?

ALLWIT Where's your legs, whoresons?—They  
should kneel indeed,

If they could say their prayers

SIR WAL Let me see, stay,—

How shall I dispose of these two brats now

When I am married? for they must not mingle

Amongst my children that I get in wedlock,

'Twill make foul work that, and raise many storms.

I will bind Wat prentice to a goldsmith,

My father Yellowhammer, as fit as can be,

Nick with some vintner; good, goldsmith and  
vintner,

There will be wine in bowls, i'faith

[*Aside*]

<sup>a</sup> *God-den*] A corruption of *Good even*

*Enter MISTRESS ALLWIT*

MIS ALL Sweet knight,  
Welcome! I've all my longings now in town,  
Now welcome the good hour!

SIR WAL How cheers my mistress?

MIS ALL Made lightsome e'en by him that made  
me heavy

SIR WAL Methinks she shews gallantly, like a  
moon at full, sir

ALLWIT True, and if she bear a male child,  
there's the man in the moon, sir

SIR WAL 'Tis but the boy in the moon yet, good-  
man calf

ALLWIT There was a man, the boy had ne'er  
been there else

SIR WAL It shall be yours, sir

ALLWIT No, by my troth, I'll swear  
It's none of mine, let him that got it keep it!—  
Thus do I rid myself of fear,<sup>b</sup>

Lie soft, sleep hard, drink wine, and eat good cheer

[*Aside* *Exeunt*

## ACT II SCENE I

*A Street**Enter TOUCHWOOD senior and MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD*

MIS TOUCH 'Twill be so tedious, sir, to live from  
you,  
But that necessity must be obey'd

TOUCH SEN I would it might not, wife! the  
tediousness

<sup>b</sup> *Thus do I rid myself of fear, &c.*] An imperfect couplet  
compare vol i p 424, vol ii p 7, vol iii p 52, &c.

Will be the most paſt mine, that understand  
 The blessings I have in thee, ſo to part,  
 That drives the torment to a knowing heait  
 But, as thou ſayſt, we muſt give way to need,  
 And live awhile aſundeſt, our deſires  
 Are both too fruitful for our barren fortunes  
 How adveiſe runs the destiny of ſome creatures!  
 Some only can get riches and no childdien,  
 We only can get childdien and no riches  
 Then 'tis the prudent's[t] paſt to check our will,<sup>c</sup>  
 And, till our ſtate riſe, make ouſt bloods lie ſtill  
 'Life, every year a child, and ſome years two'  
 Besides drikings abroad, that's never reckon'd,  
 This gear<sup>d</sup> will not hold out

Mrs TOUCH Sir, for a time  
 I'll take the courteſy of my uncle's house,  
 If you be pleas'd to like on't, till proſperity  
 Look with a friendly eye upon our ſtates

TOUCH SEN Honest wife, I thank thee! I never  
 knew

The perfect treaſure thou brought'ſt with thee more  
 Than at this iſtant minute a man's happy  
 When he's at pooreſt, that has match'd his ſoul  
 As rightly as his body had I married  
 A sensual fool now, as 'tis hard to 'ſcape it  
 'Mongſt gentlewomen of our time, ſhe would ha'  
 hang'd

About my neck, and never left her hold  
 Till ſhe had kiſſ'd me into wanton buſineſſes,  
 Which at the waking of my better judgment  
 I ſhould have curs'd moſt bitterly,  
 And laid a thicker vengeance on my act  
 Than miſery of the birth, which were enough

<sup>c</sup> *wilſt*] Old ed. "willes"—but a rhyme is intended here

<sup>d</sup> *gear*] i.e. ſtuff

If it were born to greatness, whereas mine  
 Is sure of beggary, though 't were got in wine  
 Fulness of joy sheweth the goodnesse in thee,  
 Thou art a matchless wife farewell, my joy'

Mis TOUCH I shall not want your sight?

TOUCH SEN I'll see thee often,  
 Talk in mirth, and lay at kisses with thee,  
 Any thing, wench, but what may beget beggars  
 There I give o'er the set, throw down the cards,  
 And dare not take them up

Mis TOUCH Your will be mine, sir! [Exit

TOUCH SEN This does not only make her honesty  
 perfect,  
 But her discretion, and approves her judgment  
 Had her desire[s] been wanton, they'd been blame-  
 less,

In being lawful ever, but of all creatures,  
 I hold that wife a most unmatched treasure,  
 That can unto her fortunes fit her pleasure,  
 And not unto her blood this is like wedlock,  
 The feast of marriage is not lust, but love,  
 And care of the estate When I please blood,  
 Merrily I sing and suck out others' then  
 'Tis many a wise man's fault, but of all men  
 I am the most unfortunate in that game  
 That ever pleas'd both genders, I ne'er play'd yet  
 Under a bastard, the poor wenches curse me  
 To the pit where'er I come, they were ne'er serv'd so,  
 But us'd to have more words than one to a bargain  
 I've such a fatal finger in such business,  
 I must forth with't, chiefly for country wenches,  
 For every harvest I shall hinder hay-making,  
 I had no less than seven lay in last progress,<sup>e</sup>  
 Within three weeks of one another's time

<sup>e</sup> progress] i.e. the travelling of the sovereign and court to different parts of the kingdom

*Enter a Country Girl with a child*

C GIRL O snaphance,<sup>f</sup> have I found you?

TOUCH SEN How snaphance?

C GIRL Do you see your workmanship? nay,  
turn n't fr'm't,

No! offer to escape, for if you do,  
I'll cry it through the streets, and follow you  
Your name may well be call'd Touchwood,—a pos-  
on you!

You do but touch an' take, thou hast undone me  
I was a maid before, I can bring a certificate  
For it from both the churchwardens

TOUCH SEN I'll have  
The parson's hand too, or I'll not yield to't  
C GIRL Thou shalt have more, thou villain!  
Nothing grieves me

But Ellen my master's cousin in Derbyshire,  
Thou'st crack'd her marriage quite, she'll have a  
bout with thee

TOUCH SEN Faith, when she will, I'll have a bout  
with her

C GIRL A law-bout, sir, I mean

TOUCH SEN True, lawyers use  
Such bouts as other men do, and if that  
Be all thy grief, I'll tender her a husband,  
I keep of purpose two or three gulls in pickle  
To eat such mutton<sup>g</sup> with, and she shall choose one  
Do but in courtesy, faith, wench, excuse me  
Of this half yard of flesh, in which, I think,  
It wants a nail or two

<sup>f</sup> *snaphance*] “A spring-lock to a gun or pistol, a fire-lock, which term, as *snaphance* sometimes was, is since given to the gun itself” Nares, *Gloss* in v, where see more concerning the word. The metaphorical sense in which the lady uses it is sufficiently obvious

<sup>g</sup> *mutton*] See note, vol iii p 102

C GIRL No, thou shalt find, villain,  
 It hath right shape, and all the nails it should have  
 TOUCH SEN Faith, I am poor, do a charitable  
     deed, wench,  
 I am a younger brother, and have nothing  
 C GIRL Nothing? thou hast too much, thou  
     living villain,  
 Unless thou were more thankful!  
 TOUCH SEN I've no dwelling,  
 I brake up house but this morning, pray thee, pity  
     me,  
 I'm a good fellow, faith, have been too kind  
 To people of your gender, if I ha't  
 Without my belly, none of your sex shall want it  
 That word has been of force to move a woman  
 There's tricks enough to rid thy hand on't, wench,  
 Some rich man's porch, to-morrow before day,  
 Or else anon i' the evening, twenty devices  
 Here's all I have, i'faith, take purse and all,  
 And would I were rid of all the ware i' the shop so!

[Gives money]

C GIRL Where I find manly dealings, I am pitiful  
 This shall not trouble you  
 TOUCH SEN And I protest, wench,  
 The next I'll keep myself  
 C GIRL Soft, let it be got first  
 This is the fifth, if e'er I venture more,  
 Where I now go for a maid, may I ride for a whore!

[Exit]

TOUCH SEN What shift she'll make now with this  
     piece of flesh  
 In this strict time of Lent, I cannot imagine,  
 Flesh dare not peep abroad now I have known  
 This city now above this seven years,  
 But, I protest, in better state of government  
 I never knew it yet, nor ever heard of,

There have<sup>b</sup> been more religious wholesome laws  
 In the half-circle of a year erected  
 For common good than memory e'er knew of,  
 Setting apart corruption of promoters,<sup>i</sup>  
 And other poisonous officers, that infect  
 And with a venomous breath taint every goodness.

*Enter SIR OLIVER KIX and LADY KIX*

LADY KIX O that e'er I was begot, or bred, or  
 born!

SIR OL Be content, sweet wife

TOUCH SEN What's here to do now?  
 I hold my life she's in deep passion<sup>j</sup>  
 For the imprisonment of veal and mutton,  
 Now kept in garrets, weeps for some calf's head now  
 Methinks her husband's head might serve, with  
 bacon

[*Aside*

*Enter TOUCHWOOD junior*

TOUCH JUN <sup>k</sup> Hist!

SIR OL Patience, sweet wife

TOUCH JUN Brother, I've sought you strangely,

TOUCH SEN Why, what's the business?

TOUCH JUN With all speed thou canst

Procure a license for me

TOUCH SEN How, a license?

TOUCH JUN Cud's foot, she's lost else! I shall  
 miss her ever.

TOUCH SEN Nay, sure thou shalt not miss so  
 fair a mark

For thirteen shillings fourpence<sup>l</sup>

<sup>b</sup> have] Old ed "has"

<sup>i</sup> promoters] See note, p. 31      <sup>j</sup> passion] i.e. sorrow

<sup>k</sup> Touch jun] Old ed "Lady"

<sup>l</sup> mark for thirteen shillings fourpence] A play on words  
 see note, p. 10

TOUCH JUN Thanks by hundreds'

[*Exeunt TOUCHWOOD senior and junior*

SIR OL Nay, pray thee, cease, I'll be at more  
cost yet,

Thou know'st we're rich enough

LADY KIX All but in blessings,  
And there the beggar goes beyond us O-o-o'  
To be seven years a wife, and not a child!  
O, not a child!

SIR OL Sweet wife, have patience

LADY KIX Can any woman have a greater cut?

SIR OL I know 'tis great, but what of that,  
[sweet] wife?

I cannot do withal,<sup>1</sup> there's things making,  
By thine own doctor's advice, at pothecary's  
I spare for nothing, wife, no, if the price  
Were forty marks a spoonful, I would give  
A thousand pound to purchase fruitfulness  
It is but bating so many good works  
In the erecting of bridewells and spittlehouses,  
And so fetch it up again, for having none,  
I mean to make good deeds my children

LADY KIX Give me but those good deeds, and  
I'll find children

SIR OL Hang thee, thou'st had too many!

LADY KIX Thou liest, brevity!

SIR OL O horrible! dar'st thou call me brevity?  
Dar'st thou be so short with me?

LADY KIX Thou desp'rst worse  
Think but upon the goodly lands and livings  
That's kept back through want on't

SIR OL Talk not on't, pray thee,  
Thoul't make me play the woman and weep too

<sup>1</sup> *I cannot do withal]* i.e. I cannot help it see Gifford's note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol iii p 470, and my note on Webster's *Works*, vol iii p 215.

LADY KIX 'Tis our dry barrenness puffs up sir  
 Walter,  
 None gets by your not getting but that knight,  
 He's made by th' means, and fats his fortunes  
 shortly

In a great dowry with a goldsmith's daughter  
 SIR OL They may be all deceiv'd, be but you  
 patient, wife

LADY KIX I've suffer'd a long time

SIR OL Suffer thy heart out,  
 A pox suffer thee!

LADY KIX Nay, thee, thou desertless slave!

SIR OL Come, come, I ha' done you'll to the  
 gossiping

Of master Alwit's child?

LADY KIX Yes, to my much joy!

Every one gets before me, there's my sister  
 Was married but at Bartholomew-eve last,  
 And she can have two children at a birth  
 O, one of them, one of them, would ha' serv'd my  
 turn!

SIR OL Sorrow consume thee! thou'rt still cross-  
 ing me,  
 And know'st my nature

*Enter Maid*

MAID O mistress!—weeping or railing,  
 That's our house-harmony [Aside.

LADY KIX What sayst, Jug?

MAID The sweetest news!

LADY KIX What is't, wench?

MAID Throw down your doctor's drugs,  
 They're all but heretics, I bring certain remedy,  
 That has been taught and prov'd, and never fail'd

SIR OL O that, that, that, or nothing!

MAID There's a gentleman,

I haply have his name too, that has got  
 Nine children by one water that he useth  
 It never misses, they come so fast upon him,  
 He was fain to give it over

LADY KIX His name, sweet Jug ?

MAID One master Touchwood, a fine gentleman,  
 But run behind-hand much with getting children.

SIR OL Is't possible !

MAID Why, sir, he'll undertake,  
 Using that water, within fifteen year,  
 For all your wealth, to make you a poor man,  
 You shall so swarm with children

SIR OL I'll venture that, i'faith

LADY KIX That shall you, husband

MAID But I must tell you first, he's very dear

SIR OL No matter, what serves wealth for ?

LADY KIX True, sweet husband,  
 There's land to come, put case his water stands me  
 In some five hundred pound a pint,  
 'Twill fetch a thousand, and a kersten<sup>n</sup> soul,  
 And that's worth all, sweet husband I'll about it<sup>o</sup>

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE II

*Before Allwit's house* <sup>p</sup>

*Enter Allwit*

ALLWIT. I'll go bid gossips presently myself,  
 That's all the work I'll do, nor need I stir,

<sup>n</sup> *kersten*] A corruption of *Christian*

<sup>o</sup> *And that's worth, &c*] Thus in old ed ,

" I'le about it,

And that's worth all sweet Husband "

<sup>p</sup> *Before Allwit's house*] If the reader, during the earlier part of this scene, should wonder why I have not placed it

But that it is my pleasure to walk forth,  
 And air myself a little I am tied  
 To nothing in this business, what I do  
 Is merely recreation, not constraint  
 Here's running to and fro' nurse upon nurse,  
 Three charewomen, besides maids and neighbours'  
 children  
 Fie, what a trouble have I rid my hands on!  
 It makes me sweat to think on't

*Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND.*

SIR WAL How now, Jack?

ALLWIT I'm going to bid gossips for your wor-  
 ship's child, sir,

A goodly girl, i'faith! give you joy on her,  
 She looks as if she had two thousand pound  
 To her portion, and run away with a tailor,  
 A fine plump black-ey'd slut under correction, sir,  
 I take delight to see her —Nurse!

*Enter Dry Nurse*

DRY N Do you call, sir?

ALLWIT I call not you, I call the wet nurse  
 hither [Exit Dry Nurse

Give me the wet nurse! —

*Enter Wet Nurse carrying child*

Ay, 'tis thou, come hither,

Come hither.

*within* the house, he will presently see the reason Perhaps,  
 indeed, as there was no painted moveable scenery when the  
 play was written, the author might have meant the audience  
 to suppose that the stage represented a chamber, until the  
 entrance of the Promoters, when it was suddenly to be taken  
 for a street See notes, vol ii pp 142, 147

Let's see her once again, I cannot choose  
But buss her thrice an hour

WET N You may be proud on't, s'm,  
'Tis the best piece of work that e'er you did

ALLWIT Think'st thou so, nurse? what sayst to  
Wat and Nick?

WET N They're pretty children both, but here's  
a wench  
Will be a knocker

ALLWIT Pup,—sayst thou me so?—pup, little  
countess!—

Faith, sir, I thank your worship for this girl  
Ten thousand times and upward

SIR WAL I am glad  
I have her for you, sir \*

ALLWIT Here, take her in, nurse,  
Wipe her, and give her spoon-meat

WET N Wipe your mouth, sir

[*Exit with the child*

ALLWIT And now about these gossips

SIR WAL Get but two,  
I'll stand for one myself

ALLWIT To your own child, sir?

SIR WAL The better policy, it prevents sus-  
picion,

'Tis good to play with rumour at all weapons

ALLWIT Troth, I command your care, sir, 'tis a  
thing

That I should ne'er have thought on

SIR WAL The more slave

When man turns base, out goes his soul's pure flame,  
The fat of ease o'erthrows<sup>p</sup> the eyes of shame

ALLWIT I'm studying who to get for godmother,  
Suitable to your worship Now I ha' thought on't

<sup>p</sup> o'erthrows] Qy "o'ergrows?"

SIR WAL I'll ease you of that care, and please  
myself in't—  
My love the goldsmith's daughter, if I send,  
Her father will command her [*Aside*]—Davy Da-  
hanna <sup>4</sup>

*Enter Davy*

ALLWIT I'll fit your worship then with a male  
partner  
SIR WAL What is he?  
ALLWIT A kind, proper gentleman,  
Brother to master Touchwood  
SIR WAL I know Touchwood  
Has he a brother living?  
ALLWIT A neat bachelor  
SIR WAL Now we know him, we will make shift  
with him  
Despatch, the time draws near —Come hither, Davy  
[*Exit with Davy*]  
ALLWIT In troth, I pity him, he ne'er stands  
still  
Poor knight, what pains he takes! sends this way  
one,  
That way another, has not an hour's leisure  
I would not have thy toil for all thy pleasure

*Enter two Promoters* <sup>5</sup>

Ha, how now? what are these that stand so close  
At the street-corner, pricking up their ears  
And snuffing up their noses, like rich men's dogs

<sup>4</sup> *Dahanna*] Old ed here "Dahumma" see note, p 4  
<sup>5</sup> *Promoters*] "Be those which in popular and penall actions  
do deferre the names, or complaine of offenders, having part  
of the profit for their reward" Cowell's *Interpreter*, ed 1637,  
in v —But the Promoters in our play do more than inform,—  
they execute the law

When the first course goes in? By the mass, promoters,

'Tis so, I hold my life, and planted there  
T' arrest the dead corps<sup>s</sup> of poor calves and sheep,

Like ravenous creditors, that will not suffer

The bodies of their poor departed debtors

To go to th' grave, but e'en in death to vex

And stay the corps with bills of Middlesex

This Lent will fat the whoresons up with sweet-breads,

And lard their whores with lamb-stones what their  
golls<sup>t</sup>

Can clutch goes presently to their Molls and Dolls

The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,

Their chins will hang like udders by Easter-eve,

And, being stroak'd, will give the milk of witches

How did the mongrels hear my wife lies in?

Well, I may baffle 'em gallantly [*Aside*]—By your  
favour, gentlemen,

I am a stranger both unto the city

And to her carnal strictness.

FIRST PRO Good, your will, sir?

ALIWIT Pray, tell me where one dwells that  
kills this Lent?

FIRST PRO How? kills?—Come hither, Dick,  
a bird, a bird!

SEC PRO What is't that you would have?

ALLWIT Faith, any flesh,

But I long especially for veal and green-sauce

FIRST PRO Green goose, you shall be sauc'd

[*Aside*]

ALLWIT I've half a scornful stomach,  
No fish will be admitted

<sup>s</sup> *corps*] A plural compare vol 11, p 135, l 6, and p 162,  
(note <sup>w</sup>)

<sup>t</sup> *golls*] A cant term for hands,—fists, paws

FIRST PRO Not this Lent, sir?

ALLWIT Lent? what cares colon<sup>t</sup> here for Lent?

FIRST PRO You say well, sir,

Good reason that the colon of a gentleman,  
As you were lately pleas'd to term your worship[']s],  
sir,

Should be fulfill'd with answerable food,  
To sharpen blood, delight health, and tickle nature  
Were you directed hither to this street, sir?

ALLWIT That I was, ay, marry

SEC PRO And the butcher, belike,  
Should kill and sell close in some upper room?

ALLWIT Some apple-loft, as I take it, or a coal-house,

I know not which, i'faith

SEC PRO Either will serve  
This butcher shall kiss Newgate, 'less he turn up  
The bottom of the pocket of his apron — [Aside.  
You go to seek him?

ALLWIT Where you shall not find him  
I'll buy, walk by your noses with my flesh,  
Sheep-biting mongrels, hand-basket freebooters!  
My wife lies in — a foutra for<sup>u</sup> promoters! [Exit

FIRST PRO That shall not serve your turn.—  
What a rogue's this!  
How cunningly he came over us!

*Enter Man with a basket under his cloak.*

SEC PRO Hush't, stand close!

MAN I have 'scap'd well thus far, they say the  
knaves

Are wondrous hot and busy

<sup>t</sup> colon] i. e. hunger — properly, the largest of the intestines

<sup>u</sup> a foutra for] Equivalent to — a fig for the expression is used by Pistol in Shakespeare's *Henry IV P Sec act v sc 3*

FIRST PRO By your leave, sir,  
We must see what you have under your cloak there  
MAN Have? I have nothing  
FIRST PRO No? do you tell us that? what makes  
this lump

Stick out then? we must see, sir  
MAN What will you see, sir?

A pair of sheets and two of my wife's foul smocks  
Going to the washers

SEC PRO O, we love that sight well!  
You cannot please us better What, do you gull us?  
Call you these shirts and smocks?

[*Seizes basket, and takes out of it a piece of meat*

MAN Now, a pox choke you!  
You've cozen'd me and five of my wife's kindred  
Of a good dinner, we must make it up now  
With herrings and milk-pottage

[*Exit*

FIRST PRO 'Tis all veal

SEC PRO All veal?

Pox, the worse luck! I promis'd faithfully  
To send this morning a fat quarter of lamb  
To a kind gentlewoman in Turnbull Street<sup>v</sup>  
That longs, and how I'm crost!

FIRST PRO Let us share this, and see what hap  
comes next then

SEC PRO Agreed Stand close again, another  
booty

*Enter Man with a basket*

What's he?

FIRST PRO. Sir, by your favour.

MAN Meaning me, sir?

<sup>v</sup> *Turnbull Street*] A corruption of *Turnmill Street*, near Clerkenwell repeatedly mentioned in our early dramas as the residence of dissolute persons of both sexes

FIRST PRO Good master Oliver? cry thee mercy,  
I'faith'

What hast thou there?

MAN A rack of mutton, sir,  
And half a lamb, you know my mistress' diet

FIRST PRO Go, go, we see thee not, away, keep  
close!—

Heart, let him pass! thou'l never have the wit  
To know our benefactors

SEC PRO I have forgot him

FIRST PRO 'Tis master Beggarland's man, the  
wealthy merchant,

That is in fee with us

SEC PRO Now I've a feeling of him [*Exit Man*

FIRST PRO You know he purchas'd the whole  
Lent together,

Gave us ten groats a-piece on Ash-Wednesday

SEC PRO True, true

FIRST PRO A wench!

SEC PRO Why, then, stand close indeed

*Enter Country Girl with a basket*

C GIRL Women had need of wit, if they'll shift  
here,

And she that hath wit may shift anywhere [*Aside*

FIRST PRO Look, look! poor fool, sh'as left the  
rump uncover'd too,

More to betray her! this is like a murdere'r

That will outface the deed with a bloody band<sup>w</sup>

SEC PRO What time of the year is't, sister?

C GIRL O sweet gentlemen!

I'm a poor servant, let me go

FIRST PRO You shall, wench,  
But this must stay with us

C GIRL O you undo me, sir!

<sup>w</sup> *band*] Not a misprint for *hand*—Old ed “Band”

'Tis for a wealthy gentlewoman that takes physic,  
sir,

The doctor does allow my mistress mutton  
O, as you tender the dear life of a gentlewoman !  
I'll bring my master to you, he shall shew you  
A true authority from the higher powers,  
And I'll run every foot

SEC PRO Well, leave your basket then,  
And run and spare not

C GIRL Will you swear then to me  
To keep it till I come ?

FIRST PRO Now by this light I will

C GIRL What say you, gentleman ?

SEC PRO What a strange wench 'tis !—  
Would we might perish else

C GIRL Nay, then I run, sir

*[Leaves the basket, and exit]*

FIRST PRO And ne'er return, I hope

SEC PRO A politic baggage ! she makes us swear  
to keep it

I prithee look what market she hath made

FIRST PRO Imprimis, sir, a good fat loin of mut-  
ton [Taking out a lom of mutton  
What comes next under this cloth ? now for a  
quarter

Of lamb

SEC PRO Not, for a shoulder of mutton

FIRST PRO Done !

SEC PRO Why, done, sir !

FIRST PRO By the mass, I feel I've lost,  
'Tis of more weight, i'faith

SEC PRO Some loin of veal ?

FIRST PRO No, farth, here's a lamb's head, I feel  
that plainly,

Why, [I'll] yet win my wager

SEC PRO Ha !

FIRST PRO 'Swounds, what's here!'

[*Taking out a child*

SEC PRO A child!

FIRST PRO A pox of all dissembling cunning  
whores!

SEC PRO Here's an unlucky breakfast!

FIRST PRO What shall's do?

SEC PRO The quean made us swear to keep it  
too

FIRST PRO We might leave it else

SEC PRO Villanous strange!

'Life, had she none to gull but poor promoters,  
That watch haid for a living?

FIRST PRO Half our gettings  
Must run in sugar-sops and nurses' wages now,  
Besides many a pound of soap and tallow,  
We've need to get loins of mutton still, to save  
Suet to change for candles

SEC PRO Nothing mads me  
But this was a lamb's head with you, you felt it  
She has made calves' heads of us

FIRST PRO Prithee, no more on't,  
There's time to get it up, it is not come  
To Mid-Lent Sunday yet

SEC PRO I am so angry,  
I'll watch no more to-day

FIRST PRO Faith, nor I neither

SEC PRO Why, then, I'll make a motion

FIRST PRO Well, what is't?

SEC PRO Let's e'en go to the Checker at Queen-  
hive,<sup>w</sup>

And roast the loin of mutton till young flood,  
Then send the child to Branford <sup>x</sup> [Exeunt

<sup>w</sup> *Queenhue*] A corruption of *Queenhithe*

<sup>x</sup> *Branford*] Or *Bramford*—an old and corrupt form of  
Brentford

## SCENE III

*A hall in ALLWIT's house*

*Enter ALLWIT in one of SIR WALTER'S suits, and DAVY trussing him<sup>y</sup>*

ALLWIT 'Tis a busy day at our house, Davy  
DAVY Always the kursning-day,<sup>z</sup> sir

ALLWIT Truss, truss me, Davy

DAVY No matter and<sup>a</sup> you were hang'd, sir

ALLWIT How does this suit fit me, Davy? *[Aside*

DAVY Excellent neatly,

My master's things were ever fit for you, sir,  
E'en to a hair, you know

ALLWIT Thou'st ht it right, Davy,  
We ever jump'd in one this ten years, Davy,  
So, well said —

*Enter Man with a box*

What art thou?

MAN Your comfit-maker's man, sir

ALLWIT O sweet youth!

In to the nurse, quick, quick, 'tis time, i'faith  
Your mistress will be here?

MAN She was setting forth, sir *[Exit*

ALLWIT Here come<sup>b</sup> our gossips now O, I shall  
have

Such kissing work to-day! —

*Enter two Puritans*

Sweet mistress Underman,

Welcome, i'faith.

<sup>y</sup> *trussing him*] i.e. tying his points see note, vol. iii  
p. 319

<sup>z</sup> *kursning-day*] i.e. christening-day

<sup>a</sup> *and*] i.e. if <sup>b</sup> *come*] Old ed. "comes"

FIRST PUR Give you joy of your fine girl, sir  
 Grant that her education may be pure,  
 And become one of the faithful'

ALLWIT Thanks to your sisterly wishes, mistress  
 Underman

SEC PUR Are any of the brethren's wives yet  
 come?

ALLWIT There are some wives within, and some  
 at home

FIRST PUR Verily, thanks, sir [*Exeunt Puritans*  
 ALLWIT Verily you're an ass, forsooth

I must fit all these times, or there's no music  
 Here comes a friendly and familiar pa

*Enter two Gossips*

Now I like these wenches well

FIRST GOS How dost, surrah?

ALLWIT Faith, well, I thank you, neighbour,—  
 and how dost thou?

SEC GOS Want nothing but such getting, sir, as  
 thine

ALLWIT My gettings, wench? they're poor

FIRST GOS Fie, that thou'lt say so,  
 Thou'st as fine children as a man can get

DAVY Ay, as a man can get, and that's my  
 master [*Aside*

ALLWIT They're pretty foolish things, put to  
 making in minutes,

I ne'er stand long about 'em Will you walk in,  
 wenches? [*Exeunt Gossips*

*Enter Touchwood junior and Moll*

TOUCH JUN The happiest meeting that our souls  
 could wish for!

Here is the ring ready, I'm beholding<sup>d</sup>  
 Unto your father's haste, has kept his hour  
 MOLL He never kept it better

*Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND*

TOUCH JUN Back, be silent  
 SIR WAL Mistress and partner, I will put you  
 both

Into one cup

DAVY Into one cup? most proper,  
 A fitting compliment for a goldsmith's daughter

ALLWIT Yes, sir, that's he must be your worship's  
 partner

In this day's business, master Touchwood's brother

SIR WAL I embrace your acquaintance, sir

TOUCH JUN It vows your service, sir

SIR WAL It's near high time, come, master All-  
 wit

ALLWIT Ready, sir

SIR WAL Wilt please you walk?

TOUCH JUN Sir, I obey your time [Exeunt

#### SCENE IV

*Before ALLWIT's house*

*Enter from the house<sup>e</sup> Midwife with the child, LADY KIX and other Gossips, who exeunt, then MAUDLIN, Puritans, and other Gossips*

FIRST Gos Good mistress Yellowhammer —

<sup>d</sup> *beholding*] i.e. behoden—a form common in old writers  
<sup>e</sup> *Enter from the house, &c.*] The direction in old ed. is,  
 “Enter Midwife with the Child, and the Gossips to the Kursning”  
 That the christening did not take place at home appears from  
 the opening of the second scene of the next act

MAUD In faith, I will not

FIRST GOS Indeed it<sup>f</sup> shall be yours

MAUD I have sworn, i'faith

FIRST GOS I'll stand still then

MAUD So, will you let the child

Go without company, and make me forsworn ?

FIRST GOS You are such another creature !

[*Exeunt First Gossip and Maudlin*

SEC GOS Before me ?

I pray come down a little

THIRD GOS Not a whit,

I hope I know my place

SEC GOS Your place ? great wonder, sure !

Are you any better than a comfit-maker's wife ?

THIRD GOS And that's as good at all times as a  
pothecary's

SEC GOS Ye lie ! yet I forbear you too

[*Exeunt Second and Third Gossips*

FIRST PUR Come, sweet sister, we go

In unity, and shew the fruits of peace,

Like children of the spirit

SEC PUR I love lowliness      [*Exeunt Puritans*

FOURTH GOS True, so say I, though they strive  
more,

There comes as proud behind as goes before

FIFTH GOS Every inch, i'faith      [*Exeunt*

<sup>f</sup> *st]* i.e. the precedence

## ACT III SCENE I

*A room in Touchwood junior's lodgings*

*Enter Touchwood junior and Parson*

TOUCH JUN O sir, if e'er you felt the force of love,  
Pity it in me !

PAR Yes, though I ne'er was married, sir,  
I've felt the force of love from good men's daughters,  
And some that will be maids yet three years hence  
Have you got a license ?

TOUCH JUN Here, 'tis ready, sir

PAR That's well

TOUCH JUN The ring, and all things perfect,  
she'll steal hither

PAR She shall be welcome, sir, I'll not be long  
A clapping you together

TOUCH JUN O, here she's come, sir !

*Enter Moll and Touchwood senior*

PAR What's he ?

TOUCH JUN My honest brother.

TOUCH SEN Quick, make haste, sirs !

MOLL You must despatch with all the speed you  
can,  
For I shall be miss'd straight ; I made hard shift  
For this small time I have

PAR Then I'll not linger  
Place that ring upon her finger

[TOUCHWOOD junior puts ring on Moll's finger  
This the finger plays the part,  
Whose master-vein shoots from the heart  
Now join hands ——

*Enter Yellowhammer and Sir W. Whorehound*

YEL. Which I will sever,  
And so ne'er again meet, never !

MOLL O, we've betray'd'

TOUCH JUN Hard fate'

SIR WAL I'm struck with wonder'

YEL Was this the politic fetch, thou mystical  
baggage,

Thou disobedient strumpet! — And were [you]  
So wise to send for her to such an end?

SIR WAL Now I disclaim the end, you'll make  
me mad

YEL And what are you, sir?

TOUCH JUN And<sup>f</sup> you cannot see  
With those two glasses, put on a pair more

YEL I dream'd of anger still — Here, take your  
ring, sir, — [*Taking ring off Moll's finger*]  
Ha' this? life, 'tis the same! abominable!

Did not I sell this ring?

TOUCH JUN I think you did,  
You receiv'd money for't

YEL Heart, hark you, knight,  
Here's no<sup>g</sup> unconscionable villany!  
Set me a-work to make the wedding-ring,  
And come with an intent to steal my daughter!  
Did ever run-away match it?

SIR WAL This your brother, sir?

TOUCH SEN He can tell that as well as I

YEL The very posy mocks me to my face,—  
*Love that's nise*

*Blinds parents' eyes*

I thank your wisdom, sir, for blinding of us,  
We've good hope to recover our sight shortly  
In the meantime I will lock up this baggage  
As carefully as my gold, she shall see  
As little sun, if a close room or so  
Can keep her from the light on't

<sup>f</sup> *And]* i e if

<sup>g</sup> *Here's no, &c ]* See note, vol 1 p 169

MOLL O sweet father,  
For love's sake, pity me!

YEL Away!

MOLL Farewell, sir,  
All content bless thee<sup>1</sup> and take this for comfort,  
Though violence keep me, thou canst lose me never,  
I'm ever thine, although we part for ever

YEL Ay, we shall part you, minx.

[Exit with MOLL

SIR WAL Your acquaintance, sir,  
Came very lately, yet it came too soon,  
I must hereafter know you for no friend,  
But one that I must shun like pestilence,  
Or the disease of lust

TOUCH JUN Like enough, sir,  
You ha' ta'en me at the worst time for words  
That e'er ye pick'd out faith, do not wrong me,

sir [Exit with Parson

TOUCH SEN Look after him, and spare not there  
he walks

That ne'er yet receiv'd baffling<sup>2</sup> you are blest  
More than ever I knew, go, take your rest [Exit

SIR WAL I pardon you, you are both losers

[Exit

## SCENE II

*A bed-chamber<sup>b</sup> MISTRESS ALLWIT discovered in bed*

*Enter Midwife with the child, LADY KIX, MAUDLIN,  
Puritans, and other Gossips*

FIRST Gos How is it, woman? we have brought  
you home  
A kurzen<sup>1</sup> soul

<sup>2</sup> receiv'd baffling] i.e. put up with insult see note, vol 11  
p 449

<sup>b</sup> A bed-chamber, &c.] Old ed "A Bed thrust out upon the Stage, Allwit's wife in it, Enter all the Gossips"

<sup>1</sup> kurzen] i.e. christened

MIS ALL Ay, I thank your pains  
 FIRST PUR And, verily, well kurser'd, i' the right  
 way,

Without idolatry or superstition,  
 After the pure manner of Amsterdam<sup>1</sup>

MIS ALL Sit down, good neighbours —Nurse

NURSE At hand, forsooth

MIS ALL Look they have all low stools

NURSE They have, forsooth

[*All the Gossips seat themselves*  
 SEC Gos Bring the child hither, nurse —How  
 say you now, gossip,

Is't not a chopping gul<sup>2</sup> so like the father

THIRD Gos As if it had been spit out of his  
 mouth!

Ey'd,<sup>k</sup> nos'd, and brow'd, as like [as] a girl can be,  
 Only, indeed, it has the mother's mouth

SEC Gos The mother's mouth up and down, up  
 and down

THIRD Gos 'Tis a large child, she's but a little  
 woman

FIRST PUR No, believe me,  
 A very spiny<sup>l</sup> creature, but all heart,  
 Well mettled, like the faithful, to endure  
 Her tribulation here, and raise up seed

SEC Gos She had a sore labour on't, I warrant  
 you,

You can tell, neighbour?

THIRD Gos O, she had great speed,  
 We were afraid once, but she made us all  
 Have joyful hearts again, 'tis a good soul, i'faith,  
 The midwife found her a most cheerful daughter

<sup>1</sup> *Amsterdam*] See note, vol 1 p 205

<sup>k</sup> *Ey'd*] Old ed "Ey's"

<sup>l</sup> *spiny*] i e slender

FIRST PUR 'Tis the spirit, the sisters aie all like her

*Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND carrying a silver standing-cup and two spoons, and ALLWIT*

SEC Gos O, here comes the chief gossip, neighbours!

[Exit Nurse

SIR WAL The fatness of your wishes to you all, ladies'

THIRD Gos O dear, sweet gentleman, what fine words he has'

The fatness of our wishes'

SEC Gos Calls us all ladies'

FOURTH Gos I promise you, a fine gentleman and a courteous

SEC Gos Methinks her husband shews like a clown to him

THIRD Gos I would not care what clown my husband were too,

So I had such fine children

SEC Gos Sh'as all fine children, gossip

THIRD Gos Ay, and see how fast they come'

FIRST PUR Children are blessings,  
If they be got with zeal by the brethren,  
As I have five at home

SIR WAL The worst is past,  
I hope, now, gossip

MIS ALL So I hope too, good sir

ALLWIT Why, then, so hope I too, for company,  
I've nothing to do else

SIR WAL A poor remembrance, lady,  
To the love of the babe, I pray, accept of it

[*Giving cup and spoons*

MIS ALL O, you are at too much charge, sir!  
SEC Gos Look, look, what has he given her?  
what is't, gossip?

THIRD GOS Now, by my faith, a fair high standing-cup  
 And two great 'postle-spoons,<sup>m</sup> one of them gilt  
 FIRST PUR Sure that was Judas then with the red beard<sup>n</sup>  
 SEC PUR I would not feed  
 My daughter with that spoon for all the world,  
 For fear of colouring her hair, red hair  
 The brethen like not, it consumes them much,  
 'Tis not the sisters' colour

*Re-enter Nurse with comfits and wine*

ALLWIT Well said, nurse,  
 About, about with them amongst the gossips!—  
 [Nurse hands about the comfits.  
 Now out come<sup>o</sup> all the tassell'd handkerchers,  
 They're spread abroad between their knees already,  
 Now in go<sup>p</sup> the long fingers that are wash'd  
 Some thrice a-day in urine, my wife uses it  
 Now we shall have such pocketing see how  
 They lurch at the lower end!  
 [Aside]

FIRST PUR Come hither, nurse  
 ALLWIT Again? she has taken twice already  
 [Aside]  
 FIRST PUR I had forgot a sister's child that's sick  
 [Taking comfits]  
 ALLWIT A pox! it seems your purity  
 Loves sweet things well that puts in thrice together

<sup>m</sup> 'postle-spoons] i.e. apostle-spoons,—the usual gift of sponsors at christenings—spoons of silver, sometimes gilt, the handle of each ending in the figure of an apostle

<sup>n</sup> *Judas with the red beard*] Judas Iscariot, according to the common notion, had red hair and beard, and was so represented in tapestries and pictures see note, vol 1 p 259

<sup>o</sup> *come!* Old ed “comes”

<sup>p</sup> *go!* Old ed “goes”

Had this been all my cost now, I'd been beggar'd,  
 These women have no consciences at sweetmeats,  
 Where'er they come, see and<sup>a</sup> they've not cull'd  
 out

All the long plums too, they've left nothing here  
 But short wriggle-tail comfits, not worth mouthing  
 No mar'l<sup>r</sup> I heard a citizen complain once  
 That his wife's belly only broke his back,  
 Mine had been all in fitters<sup>s</sup> seven years since,  
 But for this worthy knight,  
 That with a prop upholds my wife and me,  
 And all my estate buried in Bucklersbury<sup>t</sup> [*Aside*

Mis ALL Here, mistress Yellowhammer, and  
 neighbours,

To you all that have taken pains with me,  
 All the good wives at once!

[*Drinks, after which Nurse hands round the wine*

FIRST PUR I'll answer for them,  
 They wish all health and strength, and that you may  
 Courageously go forward, to perform  
 The like and many such, like a true sister,  
 With motherly bearing

[*Drinks*

ALLWIT Now the cups t'oll about  
 To wet the gossips' whistles, it pours down, i'faith,  
 They never think of payment

[*Aside*

FIRST PUR Fill again, nurse

[*Drinks*

ALLWIT Now bless thee, two at once! I'll stay  
 no longer,

It would kill me, and if I paid for it —

[*Aside*

<sup>a</sup> and] i.e if

<sup>r</sup> mar'l] i.e marvel

<sup>s</sup> fitters] i.e pieces,—small fragments

<sup>t</sup> Bucklersbury] When this play was written, was chiefly occupied by druggists, at whose shops, it appears, sweet-meats were to be purchased " Go into Bucklersbury and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons " *Westward Ho*,— Webster's *Works*, vol iii p 19

Will t please you to walk down, and leave the  
women?

SIR WAL With all my heart, Jack

ALLWIT Troth, I cannot blame you

SIR WAL Sit you all merry, ladies

GOSPIPS Thank your worship, sir

FIRST PUR Thank your worship, sir

ALLWIT A pox twice tipple ye, you're last and  
lowest! [Aside]

[Exeunt SIR WAL WHOREHOUND and ALLWIT

FIRST PUR Bring hither that same cup, nurse,  
I would fain

Drive away this—hup—antichristian grief [Drunks]

THIRD GOS See, gossip, and<sup>v</sup> she lies not in like  
a countess,

Would I had such a husband for my daughter!

FOURTH GOS Is not she toward marriage?

THIRD GOS O no, sweet gossip!

FOURTH GOS Why, she's nineteen

THIRD GOS Ay, that she was last Lammas,  
But she has a fault, gossip, a secret fault

FOURTH GOS. A fault? what is't?

THIRD GOS I'll tell you when I've drunk [Drunks]

FOURTH GOS Wine can do that, I see, that friend-  
ship cannot [Aside]

THIRD GOS And now I'll tell you, gossip, she's  
too free [Exit Nurse]

FOURTH GOS Too free?

THIRD GOS O ay, she cannot lie dry in her bed

FOURTH GOS What, and nineteen?

THIRD GOS 'Tis as I tell you, gossip

<sup>v</sup> and] i e if

*Re-enter Nurse, and whispers MAUDLIN*

MAUD Speak with me, nurse? who is't?

NURSE A gentleman

From Cambridge, I think it be your son, forsooth

MAUD 'Tis my son Tim, i'faith, prithee, call  
him up

Among the women, 'twill embolden him well,—

[*Exit Nurse*

For he wants nothing but audacity

Would the Welsh gentlewoman at home were here  
now!

[*Aside*

LADY KIX <sup>w</sup> Is your son come, forsooth?

MAUD Yes, from the university, forsooth

LADY KIX 'Tis great joy on ye

MAUD There's a great marriage

Towards<sup>x</sup> for him

LADY KIX A marriage?

MAUD Yes, sure,

A huge heir in Wales at least to nineteen mountains,  
Besides her goods and cattle <sup>y</sup>

*Re-enter Nurse with TIM*

TIM O, I'm betray'd!

[*Exit*

MAUD What, gone again?—Run after him, good  
nurse,

He is so bashful, that's the spoil of youth

[*Exit Nurse*

In the university they're kept still to men,

And ne'er train'd up to women's company

LADY KIX 'Tis a great spoil of youth indeed

<sup>w</sup> *Lady Kix*] Old ed has merely "Lady" but such is the prefix to all the speeches of Lady Kix throughout the play, and see p 27, l 13

<sup>x</sup> *towards*] i.e. in preparation

<sup>y</sup> *cattle*] i.e. the Welsh runts, of which we hear more afterwards

*Re-enter Nurse and Tim*

NURSE Your mother will have it so

MAUD Why, son! why, Tim!

What, must I rise and fetch you? for shame, son!

TIM Mother, you do intreat like a fresh-woman,<sup>a</sup>

'Tis against the laws of the university

For any that has answer'd under bachelor

To thrust 'mongst married wives

MAUD Come, we'll excuse you here

TIM Call up my tutor, mother, and I care not

MAUD What, is your tutor come? have you  
brought him up?

TIM I ha' not brought him up, he stands at door,  
*Negatur*, there's logic to begin with you, mother

MAUD Run, call the gentleman, nurse, he's my  
son's tutor — [Exit Nurse

Here, eat some plums [Offers comfits

TIM Come I from Cambridge,  
And offer me six plums?

MAUD Why, how now, Tim?  
Will not your old tricks yet be left?

TIM Serv'd like a child,  
When I have answer'd under bachelor!

MAUD You'll ne'er *ln*<sup>b</sup> till I make your tutor  
whip you,

You know how I serv'd you once at the free-school  
In Paul's Churchyard?

TIM O monstrous absurdity!  
Ne'er was the like in Cambridge since my time,  
'Life, whip a bachelor!' you'd be laugh'd at soundly,  
Let not my tutor hear you, 'twould be a jest  
Through the whole university No more words,  
mother

<sup>a</sup> *fresh-woman*] A term invented by Tim,—corresponding to *freshman*, one lately come to the university, and unacquainted with its customs

<sup>b</sup> *ln*] i.e. cease

*Re-enter Nurse with Tutor*

MAUD Is this your tutor, Tim?

TUTOR Yes, surely, lady,  
I am the man that brought him in league with logic,  
And read the Dunces<sup>c</sup> to him

TIM That did he, mother,  
But now I have 'em all in my own pate,  
And can as well read 'em to others

TUTOR That can he, \*  
Mistress, for they flow naturally from him  
MAUD I am the more beholding<sup>d</sup> to your pains,  
sir

TUTOR *Non ideo sane*  
MAUD True, he was an idiot indeed  
When he went out of London, but now he's well  
mended

Did you receive the two goose-pies I sent you?

TUTOR And eat them heartily, thanks to your  
worship

MAUD 'Tis my son Tim, I pray bid him wel-  
come, gentlewomen \*

TIM Tim? hark you, Timotheus, mother, Timo-  
theus

MAUD How, shall I deny your name? Timo-  
theus, quothe!

Faith, there's a name!—'Tis my son Tim, forsooth

LADY KIX You're welcome, master Tim  
[Kisses Tim]

TIM O this is horrible,  
She wets as she kisses! [Aside]—Your handker-  
cher, sweet tutor,  
To wipe them off as fast as they come on

<sup>c</sup> *Dunces*] i.e. the schoolmen,—properly the disciples of Duns Scotus see Todd's Johnson's *Dict in v. Dunce*

<sup>d</sup> *beholding*] See note, p. 40

SEC GOS Welcome from Cambridge [Kisses TIM

TIM This is intolerable!

This woman has a villainous sweet breath,  
Did she not stink of comfits [*Aside*]—Help me,  
sweet tutor,

Or I shall rub my lips off!

TUTOR I'll go kiss  
The lower end the whilst

TIM Perhaps that's the sweeter,  
And we shall despatch the sooner

FIRST PUR Let me come next  
Welcome from the wellspring of discipline,  
That waters all the brethren

[Attempts to kiss TIM, but reels and falls]

TIM Hoist, I beseech thee!

THIRD GOS O bless the woman!—Mistress Un-  
derman — [They raise her up]

FIRST PUR 'Tis but the common affliction of the  
faithful,

We must embrace our falls

TIM I'm glad I 'scap'd it,  
It was some rotten kiss sure, it dropt down  
Before it came at me

*Re-enter ALLWIT with DAVY*

ALLWIT Here is a noise! not parted yet? hoida,  
A looking-glass!—They've drunk so hard in plate,  
That some of them had need of other vessels —

[*Aside*

Yonder's the bravest shew!

GOSSIPs Where, where, sir?

ALLWIT Come along presently by the Pissing-  
conduit,<sup>e</sup>

With two brave drums and a standard-bearer

<sup>e</sup> *Pissing-conduit*] A little conduit, which ran a small stream,  
near the Royal Exchange

GOSSIP<sup>S</sup> O brave!

TIM Come, tutor [Exit with Tutor]

GOSSIP<sup>S</sup> Farewell, sweet gossip!

MIS ALL I thank you all for your pains

FIRST PUR Feed and grow strong

[Exeunt LADY KIR, MAUD, and all the Gossips]

ALLWIT You had moie need to sleep than eat,  
Go take a nap with some of the biethien, go,  
And rise up a well-edifed, boldified sister  
O, here's a day of toil well pass'd over,  
Able to make a citizen hare-mad!  
How hot they've made the room with their thick  
bums!

Dost not feel it, Davy?

DAVY Monstrous strong, sir

ALLWIT What's here under the stools?

DAVY Nothing but wet, sir,  
Some wine spilt here belike

ALLWIT Is't no woise, think'st thou?  
Fair needlework stools cost nothing with them,  
Davy

DAVY Nor you neither, i'faith [Aside]

ALLWIT Look how they have laid them,  
E'en as they lie themselves, with their heels up!  
How they have shuffled up the rushes<sup>f</sup> too, Davy,  
With their short figging little shuttle-cork<sup>g</sup> heels!  
These women can let nothing stand as they find it  
But what's the secret thou'st about to tell me,  
My honest Davy?

DAVY If you should disclose it, sir —

ALLWIT 'Life, rip my belly up to the throat then,

Davy!

<sup>f</sup> rushes] With which, previous to the introduction of carpets, the floors were strewed

<sup>g</sup> shuttle-cork] The proper form of the word—now corrupted  
to shuttle-cock

DAVY My master's upon marriage

ALLWIT Marriage, Davy?

Send me to hanging rather

DAVY I have stung him!

[*Aside*

ALLWIT When, where? what is she, Davy?

DAVY Even the same was gossip, and gave the  
spoon

ALLWIT I have no time to stay, nor scarce can  
speak

I'll stop those wheels, or all the work will break

[*Exit*

DAVY I knew 'twould prick Thus do I fashion  
still

All mine own ends by him and his rank toil  
'Tis my desire to keep him still from marriage,  
Being his poor nearest kinsman, I may fare  
The better at his death, there my hopes build,  
Since my lady Kix is dry, and hath no child [Exit

### SCENE III

*A room in SIR OLIVER KIX's house*

*Enter TOUCHWOOD senior and TOUCHWOOD junior*

TOUCH JUN You're in the happiest way t' enrich  
yourself,

And pleasure me, brother, as man's feet can tread in,  
For though she be lock'd up, her vow is fix'd  
Only to me, then time shall never grieve me,  
For by that vow e'en absent [I] enjoy her,  
Assuredly confirm'd that none else shall,  
Which will make tedious years seem gameful to me  
In the mean space, lose you no time, sweet brother,  
You have the means to strike at this knight's for-  
tunes,

And lay him level <sup>f</sup> with his bankrout<sup>f</sup> merit,  
Get but his wife<sup>g</sup> with child, perch at tree-top,  
And shake the golden fruit into her lap,  
About it before she weep herself to a dry ground,  
And whine out all hei goodness

TOUCH SEN Prithee, cease,  
I find a too much aptness in my blood  
For such a business, without provocation,  
You might well spar'd this banquet of eringoes,  
Artichokes, potatoes, and your butter'd crab,  
They were fitter kept for your own wedding-dinner

TOUCH JUN Nay, and<sup>h</sup> you'll follow my suit, and  
save my purse too,  
Fortune doats on me he's in happy case  
Finds such an honest friend i' the common-place<sup>i</sup>

TOUCH SEN Life, what makes thee so merry ?  
thou'st no cause  
That I could hear of lately since thy crosses,  
Unless there be news come with new additions

TOUCH JUN Why, there thou hast it right , I  
look for her  
This evening, brother

TOUCH SEN How's that? look for her ?  
TOUCH JUN I will deliver you of the wonder  
straight, brother

By the firm secrecy and kind assistance  
Of a good wench i' the house, who, made of pity,  
Weighing the case her own, she's led through  
gutters,

<sup>f</sup> bankrout] i e bankrupt

<sup>g</sup> And lay him level, &c

<sup>h</sup> Get but his wife, &c ] I may just notice, that by "him" is meant Sir Walter Whorehound—by "his wife," Sir Oliver Kix's wife

<sup>i</sup> and] i e if

<sup>i</sup> common-place] i e common-pleas compare vol u p 336, and note

Strange hidden ways, which none but love could  
find,

Or ha' the heart to venture I expect her  
Where you would little think

TOUCH SEN I care not where,  
So she be safe, and yours

TOUCH JUN Hope tells me so,  
But from your love and time my peace must grow

TOUCH SEN You know the worst then, brother.

[Exit Touchwood jun]—Now to my Kix,  
The barren he and she, they're i' the next room,  
But to say which of their two humours hold[s] them  
Now at this instant, I cannot say truly

SIR OL [within] Thou liest, barrenness!

TOUCH SEN O, is't that time of day? give you  
joy of your tongue,

There's nothing else good in you this their life  
The whole day, from eyes open to eyes shut,  
Kissing or scolding, and then must be made friends,  
Then rail the second part of the first fit out,  
And then be pleas'd again, no man knows which  
way

Fall out like giants, and fall in like children,  
Their fruit can witness as much

*Enter Sir Oliver Kix and Lady Kix*

SIR OL 'Tis thy fault

LADY KIX Mine? drouth and coldness!

SIR OL Thine, 'tis thou art barren

LADY KIX I barren? O life, that I durst but  
speak now

In mine own justice, in mine own right! I barren?  
'Twas otherwise with me when I was at court,  
I was ne'er called so till I was married

SIR OL I'll be divorce'd

LADY KIX Be hang'd! I need not wish it,

That will come too soon to thee I may say  
 Marriage and hanging go<sup>i</sup> by destiny,  
 For all the goodness I can find in't yet

SIR OL I'll give up house, and keep some fruitful  
 whore,

Like an old bachelor, in a tradesman's chamber ,  
 She and her childien shall have all

LADY KIX Where be they ?

TOUCH SEN Pray, cease ,  
 When there are friendlier courses took for you,  
 To get and multiply within your house  
 At your own proper costs, in spite of censure,  
 Methinks an honest peace might be establish'd

SIR OL What, with her ? never

TOUCH SEN Sweet sir —

SIR OL You work all in vain

LADY KIX Then he doth all like thee

TOUCH SEN Let me entreat, sir —

SIR OL Singleness confound her !

I took her with one smock

LADY KIX But, indeed, you

Came not so single when you came from shipboard

SIR OL Heart, she bit sore there ! [Aside]—  
 Prithee, make us friends

TOUCH SEN Is't come to that ? the peal begins  
 to cease [Aside]

SIR OL I'll sell all at an out-cry<sup>k</sup>

LADY KIX Do thy worst, slave !—

Good, sweet sir, bring us into love again

TOUCH. SEN Some would think this impossible  
 to compass — [Aside]

Pray, let this storm fly over

SIR OL Good sir, pardon me ,

<sup>i</sup> go] Old ed. " goes "

<sup>k</sup> out-cry] i e. an auction (announced by the common  
 crier).

I'm master of this house, which I'll sell presently,  
I'll clap up bills this evening

TOLCH SEN Lady, friends, come!

LADY KIX If ever ye lov'd woman, talk not on't,  
sir

What, friends with him? good faith, do you think  
I'm mad?

With one that's scarce th' hinder quarter of a man?

SIR OL Thou art nothing of a woman

LADY KIX Would I were less than nothing!

[Weeps]

SIR OL Nay, prithee, what dost mean?

LADY KIX I cannot please you

SIR OL I'faith, thou'rt a good soul, he lies that  
says it,

Buss, buss, pretty rogue [Kisses her]

LADY KIX You care not for me

TOLCH SEN Can any man tell now which way  
they came in?

By this light, I'll be hang'd then! [Aside]

SIR OL Is the drink come?

TOLCH SEN Here is a little vial of almond-milk,  
That stood me in some threepence [Aside]

SIR OL I hope to see thee, wench, within these  
few years,

Circled with children, prankin<sup>k</sup> up<sup>k</sup> a girl,  
And putting jewels in her<sup>l</sup> little ears,  
Fine sport, i'faith!

LADY KIX Ay, had you been ought, husband,  
It had been done ere this time

SIR OL Had I been ought?

Hang thee, hadst thou been ought! but a cross thing  
I ever found thee

<sup>k</sup> *pranking up*] i.e. decking out.

<sup>l</sup> *her*] Old ed. "their"

LADY KIX Thou'rt a grub, to say so  
 SIR OL A pox on thee!  
 TOUCH SEN By this light, they're out again  
 At the same door, and no man can tell which way!  
 [Aside  
 Come, here's your drink, sir  
 SIR OL I'll not take it now, sir,  
 And<sup>m</sup> I were sure to get three boys ere midnight  
 LADY KIX Why, there thou shew'st now of what  
 breed thou com'st  
 To hinder generation O thou villain,  
 That knows how crookedly the world goes with us  
 For want of heirs, yet put[s] by all good fortune!  
 SIR OL Hang, strumpet! I will take it now in  
 spite  
 TOUCH SEN Then you must ride upon't five  
 hours [Gives vial to SIR OLIVER  
 SIR OL I mean so —  
 Within there!  
*Enter Servant*  
 SER Sir?  
 SIR OL Saddle the white mare [Exit Servant  
 I'll take a whore along, and ride to Ware  
 LADY KIX Ride to the devil!  
 SIR OL I'll plague you every way  
 Look ye, do you see? 'tis gone [Drinks  
 LADY KIX A pox go with it!  
 SIR OL Ay, curse, and spare not now  
 TOUCH SEN Stir up and down, sir,  
 You must not stand  
 SIR OL Nay, I'm not given to standing  
 TOUCH SEN So much the better, sir, for the ——<sup>n</sup>  
 SIR OL I never could stand long in one place  
 yet,

<sup>m</sup> And] i e if<sup>n</sup> ——] So old ed

I learnt it of my father, ever fidget<sup>o</sup>  
 How if I cross'd this,<sup>p</sup> sir? [Capers  
 TOUCH SEN O, passing good, sir,  
 And would shew well a' horseback when you come  
 to your inn,  
 If you leapt over a joint-stool or two,  
 'Twere not amiss—although you brake your neck,  
 sir [Aside  
 SIR OL What say you to a table thus high, sir?  
 TOUCH SEN Nothing better, sir, if't be furnish'd  
 with good victuals  
 You remember how the bargain runs 'bout this  
 business?  
 SIR OL Or else I had a bad head you must  
 receive, sir,  
 Four hundred pounds of me at four several pay-  
 ments,  
 One hundred pound now in hand  
 TOUCH SEN Right, that I have, sir  
 SIR OL Another hundred when my wife<sup>q</sup> is quick,  
 The third when she's brought a-bed, and the last  
 hundred  
 When the child cries, for if't should be still born,  
 It doth no good, sir  
 TOUCH SEN All this is even still  
 A little faster, sir.  
 SIR OL Not a whit, sir,  
 I'm in an excellent pace for any physic

*Re-enter Servant*

SER Your white mare's ready.  
 SIR OL I shall up presently — [Exit Servant  
 One kiss and farewell [Kisses her

<sup>o</sup> *fidget*] i e fidgeting, fidgetty  
<sup>p</sup> *this*] A table or chair, perhaps  
<sup>q</sup> *wife*] Old ed. "wifes"

LADY KIX Thou shalt have two, love

SIR OL Expect me about three

LADY KIX With all my heart, sweet

[*Exit SIR OLIVER KIX*

TOUCH SEN By this light, they've forgot their  
anger since,

And are as fair in again as e'er they were!

Which way the devil came they? heart, I saw 'em  
not!

Their ways are beyond finding out [*Aside*]—Come,  
sweet lady

LADY KIX How must I take mine, sir?

TOUCH SEN Clean contiary,  
Yours must be taken lying

LADY KIX A-bed, sir?

TOUCH SEN A-bed, or where you will, for your  
own ease,

Your coach will serve

LADY KIX The physic must needs please

[*Exeunt*

## ACT IV SCENE I

*A room in YELLOWHAMMER's house*

*Enter TIM and Tutor*

TIM *Negatur argumentum, tutor*

TUTOR *Probo tibi, pupil, stultus non est animal  
rationale*

TIM *Falleris sane*

TUTOR *Queso ut taceas,—probo tibi —*

TIM *Quomodo probas, domine?*

TUTOR *Stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est  
animal rationale*

TIM *Sic argumentaris, domine, stultus non habet  
rationem, ergo non est animal rationale negatur ar-  
gumentum again, tutor.*

TUTOR *Argumentum iterum probo tibi, domine, qui non participat de ratione, nullo modo potest vocari rationalis,*<sup>r</sup> *but stultus non participat de ratione, ergo stultus nullo modo potest dici<sup>s</sup> rationalis*

TIM *Participat*

TUTOR *Sic disputas, qui participat, quonodo participat?*

TIM *Ut homo, probabo tibi in syllogismo*

TUTOR *Hunc proba*

TIM *Sic probo, domine, stultus est homo, sicut tu et ego sum[us], homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale*

*Enter MALDEN*

MALD Here's nothing but disputing all the day long with 'em!

TUTOR *Sic disputas, stultus est homo, sicut tu et ego sum[us], homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale*

MALD Your reasons are both good, whate'er they be,

Pray, give them over, faith, you'll tire yourselves, What's the matter between you?

TIM Nothing but reasoning

About a fool, mother

MAUD About a fool, son?

Alas, what need you trouble your heads 'bout that! None of us all but knows what a fool is

TIM Why, what's a fool, mother? I come to you now

MAUD Why, one that's married before he has wit

TIM 'Tis pretty, i'faith, and well guessed of a woman never brought up at the university, but

<sup>r</sup> *rationalis*] Old ed "rationalibus"

<sup>s</sup> *dici*] Old ed "dicere"—Middleton, I fear, having written "diceri"

bring forth what fool you will, mother, I'll prove him to be as reasonable a creature as myself or my tutor here

MAUD Fie, 'tis impossible'

TUTOR Nay, he shall do't, forsooth

TIM 'Tis the easiest thing to prove a fool by logic,

By logic I'll prove any thing

MAUD What, thou wilt not?

TIM I'll prove a whore to be an honest woman

MAUD Nay, by my faith, she must prove that herself,

Or logic will ne'er do't

TIM 'Twill do't, I tell you

MAUD Some in this street would give a thousand pounds

That you could prove their wives so

TIM Faith, I can,

And all their daughters too, though they had three bastards

When comes your tailor hither?

MAUD Why, what of him?

TIM By logic I'll prove him to be a man,  
Let him come when he will

MAUD How hard at first

Was learning to him! truly, sir, I thought

He would never 'a took the Latin tongue

How many accidences do you think he wore out  
Ere he came to his grammar?

TUTOR Some three or four

MAUD Believe me, sir, some four and thirty

TIM Pish, I made haberdines<sup>t</sup> of 'em in church-porches.

<sup>t</sup> *haberdines*] Perhaps Tim alludes to some childish sport a kind of cod, generally salted, was called *haberdine*

MAUD He was eight years in his grammar, and  
stuck horribly

At a foolish place there, call'd *as in presenti*

TIM Pox, I have it here now

MAUD He so sham'd me once,  
Before an honest gentleman that knew me  
When I was a maid

TIM These women must have all out !

MAUD *Quid est grammatica ?* says the gentleman  
to him,—

I shall remember by a sweet, sweet token,—  
But nothing could he answer

TUTOR How now, pupil, ha ?

*Quid est grammatica ?*

TIM *Grammatica ?* ha, ha, ha !

MAUD Nay, do not laugh, son, but let me hear  
you say't now

There was one word went so prettily off  
The gentleman's tongue, I shall remember it  
The longest day of my life

TUTOR Come, *quid est grammatica ?*

TIM Are you not ashamed, tutor, *grammatica ?*

Why, *recte scribendi atque loquendi ars,*

Sir-reverence<sup>a</sup> of my mother

MAUD That was it, i'faith why now, son,  
I see you're a deep scholar —and, master tutor,  
A word, I pray, let us withdraw a little  
Into my husband's chamber, I'll send in  
The North Wales gentlewoman to him, she looks for  
wooing.

I'll put together both, and lock the door

TUTOR I give great approbation to your conclu-  
sion [Exeunt MAUDLIN and Tutor

<sup>a</sup> *sir-reverence*] See note, vol 1 p 171

Tru I mar'l<sup>v</sup> what this gentlewoman should be  
 That I should have in marriage, she s a stranger to  
     me,  
 I wonder what my parents mean, i'faith,  
 To match me with a stranger so,  
 A maid that's neither kiff nor kin<sup>w</sup> to me  
 'Life, do they think I've no more care of my body  
 Than to lie with one that I ne'er knew, a mere  
     stranger,  
 One that ne'er went to school with me neither,  
 Nor evei play-fellows together?  
 They'e mightily o'erseen in it, methinks  
 They say she has mountains to her marriage,  
 She's full of cattle, some two thousand runts  
 Now, what the meaning of these runts<sup>x</sup> should be,  
 My tutor cannot tell me, I have look'd  
 In Rider's Dictionary<sup>y</sup> for the letter R,  
 And there I can hear no tidings of these runts  
     neither,  
 Unless they should be Romford hogs, I know them  
     not

*Enter Welshwoman.*

And here she comes If I know what to say to her  
     now  
 In the way of marriage, I'm no graduate  
 Methinks, i'faith, 'tis boldly done<sup>z</sup> of her  
 To come into my chamber, being but a stranger,  
 She shall not say I am so proud yet but

<sup>v</sup> *mar'l]* i.e. marvel —I have deviated but slightly from the old ed. in arranging the lines of this speech. The probability is, that the genuine text has not come down to us

<sup>w</sup> *kiff nor kin]* A not uncommon corruption of *kith nor kin*

<sup>x</sup> *runt]* i.e. cattle of a small size

<sup>y</sup> *Rider's Dictionary]* *A Dict Engl and Lat, and Lat and Engl*, bv John Rider, first printed 1589, was a work once in great repute at Oxford

I'll speak to her marry, as I will order it,  
She shall take no hold of my words, I'll wariant

her [Welshwoman curtsies]

She looks and makes a curtsy —

*Salve tu quoque, puella pulcherrima, quid vis nescio  
nec sane curo,* —

Tully's own phrase to a heart

WELSH I know not what he means a suitor,  
quoth a?

I hold my life he understands no English [Aside

TIM *Fertur, mehercule, tu virgo,² Wallia ut opibus  
abundas marinis*

WELSH What's this *fertur* and *abundandis*?

He mocks me sure, and calls me a bundle of farts

TIM I have no Latin word now for their runts,  
I'll make some shift or other [Aside

*Iterum dico, opibus abundas maximis, montibus, et fon-  
tibus, et ut ita dicam rontibus, attamen vero homun-  
culus ego sum natura, simul et arte baccalaueus, lecio  
profecto non parato*³

WELSH This is most strange may be he can  
speak Welsh —

*Avedera whee corrage, der due cog foginus*

TIM *Cog foggin?* I scorn to cog⁴ with her, I'll  
tell her so too in a word near her own language.—

*Ego non cogo*

WELSH *Rhegosa a whuggin harle ron corid ambro*

TIM By my faith, she's a good scholar, I see that  
already,

<sup>2</sup> *tu virgo, &c*] Old ed "abundis" as, in the next speech  
of Tim, the old ed has "abundat," I should have supposed,  
but for the lady's reply "abundandis," and what has been  
previously said of her wealth, that Middleton wrote here,  
" tua, virgo, Wallia ut opibus abundat maximis"

<sup>3</sup> *simul et parato*] Old ed "simule parata" I am  
by no means satisfied with my alterations, indeed, I do not  
quite understand the drift of Tim's oration

<sup>4</sup> *cog*] i.e. lie, deceive, wheedle

She has the tongues plain, I hold my life sh'as  
 travell'd  
 What will folks say? there goes the learned couple!  
 Faith, if the truth were known, she hath proceeded<sup>c</sup>

*Re-enter MAUDLIN*

MAUD How now? how speeds your business?  
 TIM I'm glad  
 My mother's come to part us [Aside  
 MAUD How do you agree, forsooth?  
 WELSH As well as e'er we did before we met  
 MAUD How's that?  
 WELSH You put me to a man I understand not,  
 Your son's no Englishman, methinks  
 MAUD No Englishman?  
 Bless my boy, and born i' the heart of London!  
 WELSH I ha' been long enough in the chamber  
 with him,  
 And I find neither Welsh nor English in him  
 MAUD Why, Tim, how have you us'd the gen-  
 tlewoman?  
 TIM As well as a man might do, mother, in  
 modest Latin  
 MAUD Latin, fool?  
 TIM And she recoil'd in Hebrew  
 MAUD In Hebrew, fool? 'tis Welsh  
 TIM All comes to one, mother  
 MAUD She can speak English too  
 TIM Who told me so much?  
 Heart, and<sup>d</sup> she can speak English, I'll clap to her,  
 I thought you'd marry me to a stranger  
 MAUD You must forgive him, he's so mur'd to  
 Latin

<sup>c</sup> proceeded] i.e. taken a degree  
<sup>d</sup> and] i.e. if

He and his tutor, that he hath quite forgot  
To use the Protestant tongue

WELSH 'Tis quickly pardon'd, forsooth

MAUD Tim, make amends and kiss her —

He makes towards you, forsooth

TIM O delicious'

One may discover her country by her kissing

'Tis a true saying, there's nothing tastes so sweet

As your Welsh mutton —'Twas reported you could

sing

MAUD O rarely, Tim, the sweetest British songs!

TIM And 'tis my mind, I swear, before I marry,  
I would see all my wife's good parts at once,  
To view how rich I were

MAUD Thou shalt hear sweet music, Tim —  
Pray, forsooth

WELSH [sings]<sup>e</sup>

*Cupid<sup>f</sup> is Venus' only joy,  
But he is a wanton boy,  
A very, very wanton boy,  
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts,  
He is the cause of most men's crests,  
I mean upon the forehead,  
Invisible but horrid,  
'Twas he first thought<sup>g</sup> upon the way  
To keep a lady's lips in play  
Why should not Venus chide her son  
For the pranks that he hath done,*

<sup>e</sup> Welsh [sings] Old ed. "Musicke and Welch Song,"—  
the words probably being adapted to some Welsh air

<sup>f</sup> *Cupid is Venus', &c*

*To keep a lady's lips in play]* This portion of the song,  
with two additional lines, occurs in our author's *More Dissem-  
blers besides Women*, vol iii p 574

<sup>g</sup> *thought]* Old ed. "taught" but see vol iii p 575

*The wanton pranks that he hath done?  
 He shoots his fiery darts so thick,  
 They hurt poor ladies to the quick,  
 Ah me, with cruelounding,  
 His darts are so confounding,  
 That life and sense would soon decay,  
 But that he keeps their lips in play  
 Can there be any part of bliss  
 In a quickly fleeting kiss,  
 A quickly fleeting kiss?  
 To one's pleasure leisures are but waste,  
 The stonest kiss makes too much haste,  
 And lose it<sup>h</sup> ere we find it  
 The pleasing sport they only know  
 That close above and close below*

TIM I would not change my wife for a kingdom  
 I can do somewhat<sup>1</sup> too in my own lodging

*Enter YELLOWHAMMER and ALLWIT*

YRL Why, well said, Tim! the bells go merrily,  
 I love such peals a' life]—Wife, lead them in awhile,  
 Here's a strange gentleman desires private confer-  
 ence —

[*Exeunt MAUDLIN, Welshwoman, and TIM*  
 You're welcome, sir, the more for your name's sake,  
 Good master Yellowhammer, I love my name well  
 And which a' the Yellowhammers take you descent  
 from,

If I may be so bold with you? which, I pray?

ALLWIT The Yellowhammers in Oxfordshire,  
 near Abingdon

<sup>h</sup> *lose it]* Qy “lost is?”

<sup>1</sup> *I can do somewhat]* Here, it would seem, from what Yellowhammer says on entering, that Tim either kisses the Welshwoman, or proceeds to sing

<sup>2</sup> *a' life]* i.e. as my life, extremely

YEL And those are the best Yellowhammer,  
 and truest bied,  
 I came from thence myself, though now a citizen  
 I will be bold with you, you are most welcome  
 ALLWIT I hope the zeal I bring with me shall  
 deserve it  
 YEL I hope no less what is your will, sir?  
 ALLWIT I understand, by rumours, you've a  
 daughter,  
 Which my bold love shall henceforth title cousin  
 YEL I thank you for her, sir  
 ALLWIT I heard of her virtues  
 And other confirm'd graces  
 YEL A plaguy girl, sir!  
 ALLWIT Fame sets her out with richer orna-  
 ments  
 Than you are pleas'd to boast of 'tis done mo-  
 destly  
 I hear she's towards marriage  
 YEL You hear truth, sir  
 ALLWIT And with a knight in town, sir Walter  
 Whorehound  
 YEL The very same, sir  
 ALLWIT I'm the sorrier for't  
 YEL The sorrier? why, cousin?  
 ALLWIT 'Tis not too far past, is't?  
 It may be yet recall'd?  
 YEL Recall'd! why, good sir?  
 ALLWIT Resolve<sup>k</sup> me in that point, ye shall hear  
 from me  
 YEL There's no contract past  
 ALLWIT I'm very joyful, sir  
 YEL But he's the man must bed her  
 ALLWIT By no means, coz,

<sup>k</sup> *Resolve*] i e satisfy, inform

She's quite undone then, and you'll curse the time  
 That e'er you made the match, he's an arrant  
 whoremaster,

Consumes his time and state —<sup>1</sup>

Whom in my knowledge he hath kept this seven  
 years,

Nay, coz, another man's wife too

YEL O, abominable!

ALLWIT Maintains the whole house, apparels the  
 husband,

Pays servants' wages, not so much, but —<sup>m</sup>

YEL Worse and worse, and doth the husband  
 know this?

ALLWIT Knows? ay, and glad he may too, 'tis  
 his living,

As other trades thrive, butchers by selling flesh,  
 Poulters by vending cones,<sup>n</sup> or the like, coz

YEL What an incomparable wittol's<sup>o</sup> this!

ALLWIT Tush, what cares he for that? believe  
 me, coz,

No more than I do

YEL What a base slave's that!

ALLWIT All's one to him, he feeds and takes his  
 ease,

Was ne'er the man that ever broke his sleep

To get a child yet, by his own confession,

And yet his wife has seven

YEL What, by sir Walter?

ALLWIT Sir Walter's like to keep 'em and main-  
 tain 'em

In excellent fashion, he dares do no less, sir.

YEL 'Life, has he children too?

<sup>1</sup> ———] So old ed

<sup>m</sup> ———] So old ed

<sup>n</sup> Poulters cones] i e Poulterers rabbits

<sup>o</sup> wittol's] i e tame cuckold's

ALLWIT Children! boys thus high,  
In their Cato<sup>p</sup> and Corderius<sup>q</sup>  
YEL What? you jest, sir!  
ALLWIT Why, one can make a verse, and's now  
at Eton College  
YEL O, this news has cut into my heart, coz!  
ALLWIT 'Thad eaten nearer, if it had not been  
prevented  
One Allwit's wife  
YEL Allwit! 'foot, I have heard of him,  
He had a girl kurser'd<sup>r</sup> lately?  
ALLWIT Ay, that work  
Did cost the knight above a hundred mark<sup>s</sup>  
YEL I'll mark him for a knave and villain for't,  
A thousand thanks and blessings<sup>t</sup> I have done with  
him  
ALLWIT Ha, ha, ha! this knight will stick by  
my ribs still,  
I shall not lose him yet, no wife will come,  
Where'er he woos, I find him still at home  
Ha, ha!  
[Aside, and exit  
YEL Well, grant all this, say now his deeds are  
black,  
Pray, what serves marriage but to call him back?  
I've kept a whore myself, and had a bastard  
By mistress Anne, in anno ——<sup>t</sup>  
I care not who knows it, he's now a jolly fellow,  
Has been twice warden, so may his fruit be,  
They were but base begot, and so was he  
The knight is rich, he shall be my son-in-law,

<sup>p</sup> *Cato*] i.e. the *Disticha de Moribus*, to which the name of Cato is prefixed

<sup>q</sup> *Corderius*] Old ed. "Cordelius"

<sup>r</sup> *kurser'd*] i.e. christen'd

<sup>s</sup> *mark*] See note, p. 10

<sup>t</sup> *anno ——*] The player, perhaps, was to fill up the date

No matter, so the whore he keeps be wholesome,  
 My daughter takes no hurt then , so let them wed  
 I'll have him sweat well ere they go to bed

*Re-enter MAUDLIN*

MAUD O husband, husband !

YEL How now, Maudlin ?

MAUD We are all undone , she's gone, she's  
 gone !

YEL Again ? death, which way ?

MAUD Over the houses lay<sup>u</sup> the water-side,  
 She's gone for ever else

YEL O venturous baggage !

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE II

*Another room in YELLOWHAMMER's house*

*Enter TIM and Tutor severally*

TIM. Thieves, thieves ! my sister's stoln' some  
 thief hath got her  
 O how miraculously did my father's plate 'scape !  
 'Twas all left out, tutor

TUTOR Is't possible ?

TIM Besides three chains of pearl and a box of  
 coral  
 My sister's gone , let's look at Trig-stairs for her ,  
 My mother's gone to lay the common stairs  
 At Puddle-wharf , and at the dock below  
 Stands my poor silly father ; run, sweet tutor, run !

[*Exeunt*

<sup>u</sup> *lay*] See note, vol n p 11

## SCENE III

*A street by the Thames**Enter TOUCHWOOD senior and TOUCHWOOD junior*

TOLCH SEN I had been taken, brother, by eight  
sergeants,

But for the honest watermen, I'm bound to them ;  
They are the most reuertfull'st people living,  
For as they get their means by gentlemen,  
They're still the forwardest to help gentlemen  
You heard how one 'scap'd out of the Blackfriars,<sup>v</sup>  
But a while since, from two or three varlets came  
Into the house with all their rapiers drawn,  
As if they'd dance the sword-dance on the stage,  
With candles in their hands, like chandlers' ghosts ,  
Whilst the poor gentleman so pursu'd and banded,  
Was by an honest pair of oars safely landed

TOUCH JUN I love them with my heart for't !

*Enter several Watermen*

FIRST W Your first man, sir

SEC W Shall I carry you, gentlemen, with a pair  
of oars ?

TOUCH SEN These be the honest fellows take  
one pair,

And leave the rest for her

TOUCH JUN Barn Elms

TOUCH SEN No more, brother [Exit

FIRST W Your first man.

SEC W Shall I carry your worship ?

TOUCH JUN Go, and you honest watermen that  
stay,

Here's a French crown for you [gives money] there  
comes a maid

<sup>v</sup> *Blackfriars*] i.e. Blackfriars' Theatre

With all speed to take water, row her lustily  
To Barn Elms after me

SEC W To Barn Elms, good, sir —  
Make ready the boat, Sam, we'll wait below

[*Exeunt Watermen*

*Enter MOLL*

TOUCH JUN What made you stay so long?

MOLL I found the way more dangerous than I  
look'd for

TOUCH JUN Away, quick, there's a boat waits  
for you, and I'll

Take water at Paul's wharf, and overtake you

MOLL Good sir, do, we cannot be too safe

[*Exeunt*

*Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND, YELLOWHAMMER,  
TIM, and Tutor*

SIR WAL Life, call you this close keeping?

YEL She was kept

Under a double lock.

SIR WAL A double devil!

TIM That's a buff sergeant, tutor, he'll ne'er  
wear out

YEL How would you have women lock'd?

TIM With padlocks, father,

The Venetian uses it, my tutor reads it

SIR WAL Heart, if she were so lock'd up, how  
got she out?

YEL There was a little hole look'd into the  
gutter,

But who would have dreamt of that?

SIR WAL A wiser man would

TIM He says true, father, a wise man for love  
Will seek every hole, my tutor knows it

TUTOR *Verrum poeta dicit*

TIM *Dicit Virgilius*, father

YEL Prithee, talk of thy gills somewhere else,  
 sh'as play'd  
 The gall<sup>w</sup> with me where's your wise mother now?  
 TIM Run mad, I think, I thought she would  
 have drown'd herself,  
 She would not stay for oars, but took a smelt-boat,  
 Sure I think she be gone a-fishing for her  
 YEL She'll catch a goodly dish of gudgeons now,  
 Will seive us all to suppe!

*Enter MAUDLIN drawing in MOLL by the hair, and Watermen*

MAUD I'll tug thee home by the han<sup>t</sup>  
 FIRST W Good mistress, spare hei'  
 MAUD Tend your own business  
 FIRST W You're a cruel mother  
 [Enter Watermen  
 MOLL O, my heart dies!  
 MAUD I'll make thee an example  
 For all the neighbours' daughters  
 MOLL Farewell, life!  
 MAUD You that have tricks can counterfeit  
 YEL Hold, hold, Maudlin!  
 MAUD I've brought your jewel by the hair  
 YEL She's here, knight  
 SIR WAL Forbear, or I'll grow worse  
 TIM Look on her, tutor,  
 She hath brought her from the water like a mer-  
 maid,  
 She's but half my sister now, as far as the flesh goes,  
 The rest may be sold to fish-wives.  
 MAUD Dissembling, cunning baggage!  
 YEL Impudent strumpet!  
 SIR WAL Either give over, both, or I'll give  
 over —

<sup>w</sup> gill] i e wanton

Why have you us'd me thus unkind[ly], mistress ?  
Wherein have I deserv'd ?

YEL You talk too fondly, sir  
We'll take another course and prevent all,  
We might have done't long since, we'll lose no time  
now,

Nor trust to't any longer to-morrow morn,  
As early as sunrise, we'll have you join'd

MOLL O, bring me death to-night, love-pitying  
fates ,  
Let me not see to-morrow up on'y the world !

YEL Are you content, sir? till then, she shall be  
watch'd

MAUD Baggage, you shall

TIM Why, father, my tutor and I  
Will both watch in armour

[*Exeunt Maudlin, Moll, and Yellowhammer*  
TUTOR How shall we do for weapons ?

TIM Take you  
No care for that, if need be, I can send  
For conquering metal, tutor, ne'er lost day yet,  
'Tis but at Westminster , I am acquainted  
With him that keeps the monuments , I can borrow  
Harry the Fifth's sword , it will serve us both  
To watch with [ *Exeunt Tim and Tutor*

SIR WAL. I never was so near my wish  
As this chance makes me ere to-morrow noon  
I shall receive two thousand pound in gold,  
And a sweet maidenhead worth forty

*Re-enter Touchwood junior and Waterman*

TOUCH JUN O, thy news splits me !

WATER Half-drown'd, she cruelly tugg'd her by  
the hair,

Forc'd her disgracefully, not like a mother

[ *up on*] Old ed “ *vp vpon* ”

TOUCH JUN. Enough, leave me, like my joys —

[*Exit Waterman*

Sir, saw you not a wretched maid pass this way?  
Heart, villain, is it thou?

SIR WAL Yes, slave, 'tis I

TOUCH JUN I must break through thee then  
there is no stop

That checks my tongue<sup>z</sup> and all my hopeful fortunes,  
That breast excepted, and I must have way

SIR WAL Sir, I believe 'twill hold your life in  
play

TOUCH JUN Sir, you will gain the heart in my  
breast first<sup>a</sup>

SIR WAL There is no dealing then, think on the  
dowry

For two thousand pounds [They fight

TOUCH JUN O, now 'tis quit, sir

SIR WAL And being of even hand, I'll play no  
longer

TOUCH JUN No longer, slave?

SIR WAL I've certain things to think on,  
Before I dare go further

TOUCH JUN But one bout!  
I'll follow thee to death, but ha' it out [Exeunt.

## ACT V SCENE I.

*A room in Allwit's house*

*Enter ALLWIT, MISTRESS ALLWIT, and DAVY.*

MIS ALL A misery of a house!

<sup>z</sup> tongue] i.e. perhaps, surt — if it be not a misprint.

<sup>a</sup> first] Old ed. "at first"

ALLWIT What shall become of us !

DAVY I think his wound be mortal

ALLWIT Think'st thou so, Davy ?

Then am I mortal too, but a dead man, Davy ,  
This is no world for me, whene'er he goes ,  
I must e'en truss up all, and after him, Davy ,  
A sheet with two knots, and away

DAVY O see, sir '

*Enter SIR WALTER WHOREHOUND led in by two  
Servants, who place him in a chair*

How faint he goes ! two of my fellows lead him  
Mis ALL O me ! [Swoons]

ALLWIT Heyday, my wife's laid down too, here's  
like to be

A good house kept, when we're all together down  
Take pains with her, good Davy, cheer her up there,

Let me come to his worship, let me come

SIR WAL Touch me not, villain ! my wound aches  
at thee,

Thou poison to my heart !

ALLWIT He raves already , His senses are quite gone, he knows me not —  
Look up, an't like your worship , heave those eyes,  
Call me to mind , is your remembrance left ?

Look in my face , who am I, an't like your worship ?

SIR WAL If any thing be worse than slave or  
villain,

Thou art the man !

ALLWIT Alas, his poor worship's weakness !  
He will begin to know me by little and little

SIR WAL No devil can be like thee !

ALLWIT Ah, poor gentleman,  
Methinks the pain that thou endurest [mads thee]

SIR WAL Thou know'st me to be wicked, for thy  
baseness

Kept the eyes open still on all my sins,  
None knew the dear account my soul stood charg'd  
with

So well as thou, yet, like hell's flattering angel,  
Wouldst never tell me on't, lett'st me go on,  
And join with death in sleep, that if I had not  
Wak'd now by chance, even by a stranger's pity,  
I had everlastingly slept out all hope  
Of grace and mercy

ALLWIT Now he's worse and worse  
Wife, to him, wife, thou wast wont to do good on  
him

MIS ALL How is it with you, sir?

SIR WAL Not as with you,  
Thou loathsome strumpet! Some good, pitying man,  
Remove my sins out of my sight a little,  
I tremble to behold her, she keeps back  
All comfort while she stays Is this a time,  
Unconscionable woman, to see thee?  
Art thou so cruel to the peace of man,  
Not to give liberty now? the devil himself  
Shews a far fairer reverence and respect  
To goodness than thyself, he dares not do this,  
But part[s] in time of penitence, hides his face,  
When man withdraws from him, he leaves the place  
Hast thou less manners and more impudence  
Than thy instructor? prithee, shew thy modesty,  
If the least grain be left, and get thee from me  
Thou shouldst be rather lock'd many rooms hence  
From the poor miserable sight of me,  
If either love or grace had part in thee

MIS ALL He's lost for ever! [Aside]

ALLWIT Run, sweet Davy, quickly,  
And fetch the children hither, sight of them  
Will make him cheerful straight [Exit DAVY]

SIR WAL O death! is this

A place for you to weep? what tears are those!  
 Get you away with them, I shall fare the worse  
 As long as they're a-weeping, they work against me,  
 There's nothing but thy appetite in that sorrow,  
 Thou weep'st for lust, I feel it in the slackness  
 Of comforts coming towards me, I was well  
 Till thou began'st t' undo me this shews like  
 The fruitless sorrow of a careless mother,  
 That brings her son with dalliance to the gallows,  
 And then stands by and weeps to see him suffer

*Re-enter DAVY with NICK, WAT, and other children*

DAVY There are the children, sir, an't like your  
 worship,

Your last fine girl, in troth, she smiles,<sup>x</sup>  
 Look, look, in faith, sir

SIR WAL O my vengeance!

Let me for ever hide my cursed face  
 From sight of those that darken<sup>y</sup> all my hopes,  
 And stand<sup>z</sup> between me and the sight of heaven<sup>1</sup>  
 Who sees me now, O too,<sup>a</sup> and those so near me,  
 May rightly say I am o'ergrown with sin  
 O, how my offences wrestle with my repentance!  
 It hath scarce breath;  
 Still my adulterous guilt hovers aloft,  
 And with her black wings beats down all my prayers  
 Ere they be half-way up What's he knows now  
 How long I have to live? O, what comes then?  
 My taste grows bitter, the round world all gall  
 now,  
 Her pleasing pleasures now have<sup>b</sup> poison'd me,

<sup>x</sup> *she smiles*] Qy. "she smiles [on you]," for the measure?

<sup>y</sup> *darken*] Old ed. "darkens"

<sup>z</sup> *stand*] Old ed. "stands"

<sup>a</sup> *O too*] I can make nothing else of the "ho to" of old ed.

<sup>b</sup> *have*] Old ed. "hath"

Which I exchang'd my soul for  
Make way a hundred sighs at once for me !

ALLWIT Speak to him, Nick

NICK I dare not, I'm afraid

ALLWIT Tell him he hurts his wounds, Wat, with  
making moan

SIR WAL Wretched, death of seven <sup>c</sup>

ALLWIT Come, let's be talking

Somewhat to keep him alive Ah, sirrah Wat,  
And did my lord bestow that jewel on thee

For an epistle thou mad'st in Latin <sup>d</sup> thou

Art a good forward boy, there's great joy on thee

SIR WAL O sorrow !

ALLWIT Heart, will nothing comfort him ?

If he be so far gone, 'tis time to moan [Aside  
Here's pen and ink, and paper, and all things  
ready,

Will't please your worship for to make your will ?

SIR WAL My will ! yes, yes, what else ? who  
writes apace now ?

ALLWIT That can your man Davy, an't like your  
worship ,

A fair, fast, legible hand

SIR WAL Set it down then. [DAVY writes

*Imprimis*, I bequeath to yonder wittol <sup>d</sup>

Three times his weight in curses

ALLWIT How !

SIR WAL All plagues  
Of body and of mind.

ALLWIT Write them not down, Davy

DAVY It is his will , I must.

SIR WAL Together also  
With such a sickness ten days ere his death

<sup>c</sup> *seven*] i e the seven children see p 73, l 6 from bottom.  
<sup>d</sup> *wittol*] i e tame cuckold

ALLWIT There's a sweet legacy! I'm almost  
chok'd with't [Aside]  
SIR WAL Next, I bequeath to that foul whore  
his wife

All barrenness of joy, a drouth of virtue,  
And dearth of all repentance for her end,  
The common misery of an English strumpet,  
In French and Dutch, beholding, ere she dies,  
Confusion of her brats before her eyes,  
And never shed a tear for't

*Enter third Servant*

THIRD SER Where's the knight?—  
O sir, the gentleman you wounded is  
Newly departed!

SIR WAL Dead? lift, lift, who helps me?

ALLWIT Let the law lift you now, that must have  
all,

I have done lifting on you, and my wife too

THIRD SER You were best lock yourself close

ALLWIT Not in my house, sir,  
I'll harbour no such persons as men-slayers,  
Lock yourself where you will

SIR WAL What's this?

MIS ALL Why, husband!

ALLWIT I know what I do, wife

MIS ALL You cannot tell yet,

For having kill'd the man in his defence,  
Neither his life nor estate will be touch'd, husband

ALLWIT Away, wife! hear a fool! his lands will  
hang him

SIR WAL Am I denied a chamber?—What say  
you, forsooth?

MIS ALL Alas, sir, I am one that would have  
all well,  
But must obey my husband —Prithee, love,

Let the poor gentleman stay, being so sore wounded  
 There's a close chamber at one end of the garret  
 We never use, let him have that, I prithee

ALLWIT We never use<sup>e</sup> you forget sickness then,  
 And physic-times, is't not a place for easement?

SIR WAL O, death! do I hear this with part<sup>e</sup>  
 Of former life in me?—

*Enter Fourth Servant*

What's the news now?

FOURTH SER Troth, worse and worse, you're  
 like to lose your land,  
 If the law save your life, sir, or the surgeon

ALLWIT Hark you there, wife

SIR WAL Why, how, sir?

FOURTH SER Sir Oliver Kix's wife is new  
 quicken'd,  
 That child undoes you, sir

SIR WAL All ill at once!

ALLWIT I wonder what he makes here with his  
 consorts?

Cannot our house be private to ourselves,  
 But we must have such guests? I pray, depart, sirs,  
 And take your murderer along with you,  
 Good he were apprehended ere he go,  
 Has kill'd some honest gentleman, send for officers

SIR WAL I'll soon save you that labour

ALLWIT. I must tell you, sir,  
 You have been somewhat bolder in my<sup>f</sup> house  
 Than I could well like of, I suffer'd you  
 Till it stuck here at my heart, I tell you truly  
 I thought y'had been familiar with my wife once

MIS ALL With me! I'll see him hang'd first, I  
 defy him,  
 And all such gentlemen in the like extremity

<sup>e</sup> with part] Qy "any part"—for the measure?

SIR WAL If ever eyes were open, these are they  
Gamesters, farewell, I've nothing left to play

ALLWIT And therefore get you gone, sir

[*Exit Sir WALTER, led off by Servants*

DAVY Of all wittols<sup>f</sup>  
Be thou the head—thou the grand whore of spittles!  
[*Exit*

ALLWIT So, since he's like now to be rid of all,  
I am iight glad I'm so well rid of him

MIS ALL I knew he durst not stay when you  
nam'd officers

ALLWIT That stopp'd his spirits straight What  
shall we do now, wife?

MIS ALL As we were wont to do

ALLWIT We're richly furnish'd, wife,  
With household stuff

MIS ALL Let's let out lodgings then,  
And take a house in the Strand

ALLWIT In troth, a match, wench  
We're simply stock'd with cloth of-tissue cushions  
To furnish out bay-windows, push,<sup>g</sup> what not  
That's quaint and costly, from the top to the bottom.  
Life, for furniture we may lodge a countess  
There's a close-stool of tawny velvet too,  
Now I think on it, wife

MIS ALL There's that should be, sir,  
Your nose must be in every thing

ALLWIT I've done, wench,  
And let this stand in every gallant's chamber,—  
There is no gamester like a politic sinner,  
For whoe'er games, the box is sure a winner

[*Exeunt*

<sup>f</sup> *wittols*] i e tame cuckolds

<sup>g</sup> *push*] See note, vol 1 p 29

## SCENE II

*A room in YELLOWHAMMER's house.*

*Enter YELLOWHAMMER and MAUDLIN*

MAUD O husband, husband, she will die, she will die!

There is no sign but death

YEL 'Twill be our shame then

MAUD O, how she's chang'd in compass of an hour!

YEL Ah, my poor girl! good faith, thou wert too cruel

To drag her by the han

MAUD You'd have done as much, sir,  
To curb her of her humour

YEL 'Tis curb'd sweetly,  
She catch'd her bane o' th' water

*Enter TIM*

MAUD How now, Tim?

TIM Faith, busy, mother, about an epitaph  
Upon my sister's death

MAUD Death? she's not dead, I hope?

TIM No, but she means to be, and that's as good,  
And when a thing's done, 'tis done, you taught me<sup>s</sup> that, mother.

YEL What is your tutor doing?

TIM Making one too, in principal pure Latin,  
Cull'd out of Ovid<sup>b</sup> *de Tristibus*

YEL How does your sister look? is she not chang'd?

TIM Chang'd? gold into white money was ne'er so chang'd

As is my sister's colour into paleness

<sup>s</sup> you taught me, &c.] Does he allude to the foolish game called *A thing done, &c.*? See B Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels—Works*, vol. II. p. 806, ed. Giff

<sup>b</sup> Ovid] Qy "Ovidius"—for the measure?

*Enter MOLL, led in by Servants, who place her in a chair*

YEL O, here she's brought, see how she looks like death!

TIM Looks she like death, and ne'er a word made yet?

I must go beat my brains against a bed-post,  
And get before my tutor [Exit

YEL Speak, how dost thou?

MOL I hope I shall be well, for I'm as sick  
At heart as I can be

YEL Las, my poor girl!  
The doctor's making a most sovereign drink for thee,  
The worst ingredient dissolv'd pearl and amber,  
We spare no cost, girl

MOLL Your love comes too late,  
Yet timely thanks reward it What is comfort,  
When the poor patient's heart is past relief?  
It is no doctor's art can cure my grief

YEL All is cast away, then,  
[I] prithee, look upon me cheerfully

MAUD Sing but a strain or two, thou wilt not  
think

How 'twill revive thy spirits strive with thy fit,  
Prithee, sweet Moll

MOLL You shall have my good will, mother

MAUD Why, well said, wench

MOLL [sings]

*Weep eyes, break heart!*

*My love and I must part*

*Cruel fates true love do soonest sever*

*O, I shall see thee never, never, never!*

*O, happy is the maid whose life takes end*

*Ere it knows parent's frown or loss of friend!*

*Weep eyes, break heart!*

*My love and I must part*

MAUD O, I could die with music!—Well sung, girl  
 MOLI If you call't so, it was  
 YEL She plays the swan,  
 And sings herself to death

*Enter TOLCHWOOD senior*

TOLCH SEN By your leave, sir  
 YEL What are you, sir? or what's your business,  
 pray?  
 TOUCH SEN I may be now admitted, though the  
 brother  
 Of him your hate pursu'd it spreads no further,  
 Your malice sets in death, does it not, sir?  
 YEL In death?  
 TOUCH SEN He's dead 'twas a dear love to him,  
 It cost him but his life, that was all, sir,  
 He paid enough, poor gentleman, for his love  
 YEL There's all our ill remov'd, if she were well  
 now.— [Aside]  
 Impute not, sir, his end to any hate  
 That sprung from us, he had a fair wound brought  
 that  
 TOUCH SEN That help'd him forward, I must  
 needs confess,  
 But the restraint of love, and your unkindness,  
 Those were the wounds that from his heart drew  
 blood,  
 But being past help, let words forget it too  
 Scarcely three minutes ere his eyelids clos'd,  
 And took eternal leave of this world's light,  
 He wrote this letter, which by oath he bound me  
 To give to her own hands, that's all my business  
 YEL You may perform it then, there she sits  
 TOLCH SEN O, with a following look!  
 YEL Ay, trust me, sir,  
 I think she'll follow him quickly

TOLCH SEN Here's some gold  
 He will'd me to distribute faithfully  
 Amongst your servants [Gives gold to Servants  
 YEL 'Las, what doth he mean, sir?  
 TOLCH SEN How cheer you, mistress?  
 MOLL I must learn of you, sir  
 TOLCH SEN Here is a letter from a friend of  
 yours, [Giving letter to MOLL  
 And where that fails in satisfaction,  
 I have a sad tongue ready to supply  
 MOLL How does he, ere I look on't?  
 TOUCH SEN Seldom better,  
 Has a contented health now  
 MOLL I'm most glad on't  
 MAUD Dead, sir?  
 YEL He is now, wife, let's but get the girl  
 Upon her legs again, and to church roundly with  
 her  
 MOLL O, sick to death, he tells me how does  
 he after this?  
 TOLCH SEN Faith, feels no pain at all, he's dead,  
 sweet mistress  
 MOLL Peace close mine eyes! [Swoons  
 YEL The girl! look to the girl, wife!  
 MAUD Moll, daughter, sweet girl, speak! look  
 but once up,  
 Thou shalt have all the wishes of thy heart  
 That wealth can purchase!  
 YEL O, she's gone for ever!  
 That letter broke her heart  
 TOUCH SEN. As good now then  
 As let her lie in torment, and then break it

*Enter SUSAN*

MAUD O Susan, she thou loved'st so dear is gone!  
 SUSAN O sweet maid!

TOUCH SEN This is she that help'd her still —  
I've a reward here for thee

YEL Take her in,  
Remove her from our sight, our shame and sorrow

TOUCH SEN Stay, let me help thee, 'tis the last  
cold kindness

I can perform for my sweet brother's sake

[*Exeunt* TOUCHWOOD senior, SUSAN, and  
*Servants, carrying out MOLL.*

YEL All the whole street will hate us, and the  
world

Point me out cruel it's our best course, wife,  
After we've given order for the funeral,

T' absent ourselves till she be laid in ground

MAUD Where shall we spend that time?

YEL I'll tell thee where, wench  
Go to some private church, and marry Tim  
To the rich Brecknock gentlewoman

MAUD Mass, a match,  
We'll not lose all at once, somewhat we'll catch

[*Exeunt*

### SCENE III

*A room in SIR OLIVER KIX's house.*

*Enter SIR OLIVER KIX and Servants*

SIR OL Ho, my wife's quicken'd, I'm a man for  
ever!

I think I have bestirr'd my stumps, i'faith  
Run, get your fellows all together instantly,  
Then to the parish church and ring the bells

FIRST SER It shall be done, sir [Exit

SIR OL Upon my love  
I charge you, villain, that you make a bonfire  
Before the door at night

SEC SER A bonfire, sir?

SIR OL A thwacking one, I charge you

SEC SER This is monstrous [Aside, and exit

SIR OL Run, tell a hundred pound out for the  
gentleman

That gave my wife the drunk, the first thing you do

THIRD SER A hundred pounds, sir?

SIR OL A bargam as our joy<sup>h</sup> glows,  
We must remember still from whence it flows,  
Or else we prove ungrateful multipliers

[Exit Third Servant

The child is coming, and the land comes after,

The news of this will make a poor sir Walter

I've strook it home, i'faith

FOURTH SER. That you have, marry, sir,  
But will not your worship go to the funeral  
Of both these lovers?

SIR OL Both? go both together?

FOURTH SER Ay, sir, the gentleman's brother  
will have it so,  
'Twill be the pitiful'st sight! there is such running,  
Such rumours, and such throngs, a pair of lovers  
Had never more spectators, more men's pities,  
Or women's wet eyes

SIR OL My wife helps the number then

FOURTH SER There is such drawing out of hand-  
kerchers,  
And those that have no handkerchers lift up aprons

SIR OL Her parents may have joyful hearts at  
this

I would not have my cruelty so talk'd on  
To any child of mine for a monopoly

FOURTH SER I believe you, sir  
'Tis cast<sup>i</sup> so, too, that both their coffins meet,  
Which will be lamentable

SIR OL Come, we'll see't

[Exeunt

<sup>h</sup> joy] Old ed. "oyes"      <sup>i</sup> cast] i.e. contrived

## SCENE IV

*Near a church*

*Recorders<sup>3</sup> dolefully playing, enter at one door the coffin of Tolchwood junior, solemnly decked, his snord upon it, attended by many gentlemen in black, among whom are Sir Oliver Kix, Allwit, and Parson, Tolchwood senior being the chief mourner at the other door the coffin of Moil, adorned with a garland of flowers, and epitaphs pinned on it,<sup>4</sup> attended by many matrons and maids, among whom are Lady Kix, Mistress Allwit, and Slesay the coffins are set down, one right over against the other, and while all the company seem to weep and mourn, there is a sad song in the music-room<sup>5</sup>*

TOLCH SEN<sup>Y</sup> Never could death boast of a richer  
prize

From the first parent, let the world bring forth  
A pair of truer hearts To speak but truth  
Of this departed gentleman, in a brother  
Might, by hard censure, be call'd flattery,  
Which makes me rather silent in his right  
Than so to be deliver'd to the thoughts  
Of any envious hearer, starv'd in virtue,  
And therefore pining to hear others thrive,  
But for this maid, whom envy cannot hurt  
With all her poisons, having left to ages

*Recorders] 1 e flageolets*

<sup>1</sup> *epitaphs pinned on it]* According to the custom of the time  
<sup>1</sup> *music-room]* On the present stage-direction Mr J P Collier (*Hist of Engl Dram Poetry*, vol iii p 447) founders a conjecture, which, to me at least, is not quite satisfactory—viz that as in our early theatres the boxes were called *rooms*, one of them was probably appropriated to the musicians

The true, chaste monument of her living name,  
 Which no time can deface, I say of her  
 The full truth freely, without fear of censure  
 What nature could there shine,<sup>1</sup> that might redeem  
 Perfection home to woman, but in her  
 Was fully glorious<sup>2</sup> beauty set in goodness  
 Speaks what she was, that jewel so infir'd,  
 There was no want of any thing of life  
 To make these virtuous precedents man and wife

ALI'WIT Great pity of their deaths!

FIRST MOUR Never more pity!

LADY K'N It makes a hundred weeping eyes,  
 sweet gossip

TOUCH SEN I cannot think there's any one  
 amongst you

In this full fair assembly, maid, man, or wife,  
 Whose heart would not have sprung with joy and  
 gladness

To have seen their marriage day

SEC MOUR It would have made  
 A thousand joyful hearts

TOUCH SEN Up then apace,  
 And take your fortunes, make these joyful hearts,  
 Here's none but friend's

[MOLL and TOUCHWOOD junior rise out of  
 their coffins

THIRD MOUR Alive, sir?

FOURTH MOUR O sweet, dear couple!

TOUCH SEN Nay, do not hinder 'em now, stand  
 from about 'em,  
 If she be caught again, and have this time,

<sup>1</sup> *What nature could there shine]* i.e., perhaps, what good qualities, &c.—A friend conjectures “shrine”  
<sup>2</sup> *First Mour*] Old ed prefixes “All” to the speeches which I have assigned to different mourners

I'll ne'er plot further for 'em, nor this honest chambermaid,

That help'd all at a push

TOUCH JUN<sup>1</sup> Good sir, apace

PARSON Hands join now, but hearts for ever,

[MOLL and TOUCHWOOD junior join hands

Which no parent's mood shall sever

You shall forsake all widows, wives, and mards—

You lords, knights, gentlemen, and men of trades,—

And if in haste any article misses,

Go inteline it with a brace of kisses

TOUCH SEN Here's a thing troll'd nimblly —Give  
you joy, brother,  
Were't not better thou shouldst have her than the  
maid should die?

MIS ALL To you, sweet mistress bride

FIRST MOLR<sup>2</sup> Joy, joy to you both

TOUCH SEN Here be your wedding-sheets you  
brought along with you,

You may both go to bed when you please too

TOUCH JUN My joy wants utterance

TOUCH SEN Utter all at night

Then, brother.

MOLL I am silent with delight.

TOUCH. SEN Sister, delight will silence any woman,  
But you'll find your tongue again 'mong maid servants,

Now you keep house, sister.

SIC MOLR Never was hour so fill'd with joy and  
wonder

<sup>1</sup> Touch jun ] Old ed "T S"

<sup>2</sup> First Molr ] Old ed "All" (see note in preceding page)  
but as Mistress Allwit spoke last, the speech perhaps belongs  
to her husband, though in this scene old ed gives the abbreviation  
of his name "Allw"

TOLCH SEN To tell you the full story of this  
chambermaid,  
And of her kindness in this business to us,  
'Twould ask an hour's discourse, in brief, 'twas she  
That wrought it to this purpose cunningly

THIRD MOUR We shall all love her for't  
FOURTH MOUR See, who comes here now'

*Enter YELLOWHIMMER and MAUDLIN*

TOLCH SEN A storm, a storm! but we are shel-  
ter'd for it

YEL I will prevent<sup>p</sup> you all, and mock you thus,  
You and your expectations, I stand happy,  
Both in your lives, and your hearts' combination

TOLCH SEN Here's a strange day again!

YEL The knight's prov'd villain,  
All's come out now, his niece an arrant baggage,  
My poor boy Tim is cast away this morning,  
Even before breakfast, married a whore  
Next to his heart.

MOURERS A whore!

YEL His niece, forsooth.

ALLWIT I think we rid our hands in good time  
of him

MIS. ALL I knew he was past the best when I  
gave him over —

What is become of him, pray, sir?

YEL Who, the knight?

He lies i' th' Knights' ward,<sup>q</sup> — now your belly,  
lady, [To LADY KIX  
Begins to blossom, there's no peace for him,  
His creditors are so greedy

SIR OL Master Touchwood,  
Hear'st thou this news? I'm so endear'd to thee

<sup>p</sup> prevent] We anticipate

<sup>q</sup> Knights' ward] See note, vol. 1 p. 392

For my wife's fruitfulness, that I charge you both,  
 Your wife and thee, to live no more asunder  
 For the world's frowns, I've purse, and bed, and  
 board for you

Be not afraid to go to your business roundly,  
 Get children, and I'll keep them

*TOUCH SAW* Say you so sir?

*SIR OL* Prove me with three at a birth, and  
 thou dar'st now

*TOUCH SAW* Take heed how you dare a man,  
 while you live, sir,

That has good skill at his weapon

*SIR OL* 'Foot, I dare you, sir'

*Enter TRW, Welshwoman, and Tutor*

*YEL* Look, gentlemen, if e'er you saw<sup>s</sup> the pic-  
 ture

Of the unfortunate marriage, wonder 'tis

*WELSH* Nay, good sweet Tim —

*TRW* Come from the university  
 To marry a whore in London, with my tutor too!

*O tempora! O mores!*

*TUTOR* Prithee, Tim, be patient

*TIM* I bought a jade at Cambridge,  
 I'll let her out to execution, tutor,  
 For eighteenpence a-day, or Brainford<sup>t</sup> horse-races,  
 She'll serve to carry seven miles out of town well  
 Where be these mountains? I was promis'd moun-  
 tains,

But there's such a mist, I can see none of 'em  
 What are become of those two thousand runts?<sup>u</sup>  
 Let's have a bout with them in the meantime,  
 A vengeance runt thee!

<sup>r</sup> and] i.e. if

<sup>s</sup> sau] Old ed "say"

<sup>t</sup> Brainford] See note, p. 37

<sup>u</sup> runts] See note, p. 66

MAID Good sweet Tim, have patience

TIM *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta morebo,*  
mother

MAID I think you have married her in logic,  
Tim

You told me once by logic you would prove  
I whore an honest woman, prove her so, Tim,  
And take her for thy labour

TIM Troth, I thank you

I print you, I may prove another man's wife so,  
But not mine own

MAID There's no remedy now, Tim,  
You must prove her so as well as you may

TIM Why then

My tutor and I will about her as well as we can  
*Uxor non est meretrix, ergo falleris*<sup>w</sup>

WEISCH Sir, if your logic cannot prove me honest,  
There's a thing call'd marriage, and that makes me  
honest

MAID O, there's a trick beyond your logic, Tim!

TIM I perceive then a woman may be honest  
According to the English print, when she's  
A whore in the Latin, so much for marriage and  
logic

I'll love her for her wit, I'll pick out my runts there,  
And for my mountains, I'll mount upon —<sup>x</sup>

YEL So fortune seldom deals two marriages  
With one hand, and both lucky, the best is,  
One feast will serve them both marry, for room,  
I'll have the dinner kept in Goldsmiths' Hall,  
To which, kind gallants, I invite you all

[*Exeunt omnes*

<sup>v</sup> *Flectere, &c.*] Virg. *Aen.* vii. 312

<sup>w</sup> *falleris*] Old ed. "falacris" Compare p. 62, where Tim  
says "fulleris sane"

<sup>x</sup> —] So old ed.

## **THE SPANISH GIPSY**



*The Spanish Gipsie As it was Acted (with great Applause)  
at the Privat House in Drury-Lane, and Salisbury Court*

Written by  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{Thomas Middleton} \\ \text{and} \\ \text{William Rowley} \end{array} \right\}$  Gent

*Never Printed before London, Printed by J G for Richard  
Marriot in St Dunstan's Church yard, Fleet-street, 1693 4to*

Another ed appeared in 1691 4to  
*The Spanish Gipsy* has been reprinted in the 4th vol of  
*A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays* 1816

I have met with no earlier mention of it than that which occurs under a "Note of such plays as were acted at court in 1623 and 1624," in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, "Upon the fifth of November att Whitehall, the prince being there only, *The Gipsye*, by the Cockpit company" Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol iii p 227

"The Story of Roderigo and Clara," says Langbaine, "has near resemblance with (if it be not borrow'd from) a Spanish Novel, writ by Miguel de Cervantes, call'd *The Force of Blood*" *Acc of Engl Dram Poets*, p 373 The editor of 1816 chooses to "think it not improbable that the other plot was suggested to our writers by the *Beggar's Bush* of Fletcher, and the play-scene by the similar one in the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERNANDO, A valido, *oriente*, *fidalgo* &  
Pedro, *Cortes*  
Luisa, *la cocinera*  
Isabel, *la niña*  
Luisa, *la doncella*  
Dulce, *la criada*  
John, *sir to Fernando*  
Sánchez, *el Paje*  
Soto, *el maestro*  
ALVAREZ DE CANTILLA, disguised as the father of the gypsies  
CARLO,  
ANTONIO,  
and others, } disguised as gypsies  
Servants  
MARIÁ, wife to Pedro  
CLARA, their daughter  
GUIMARA, wife to Alvarez and sister to Fernando, disguised as  
the mother of the gypsies, and called by the name of Eugenia  
CONSTANZA, daughter to Fernando, disguised as a gypsy, and  
called by the name of Pretiosa  
CHRISTIANA, disguised as a gypsy  
CARDOCHEA, hostess to Alvarez and his companions

Scene, MADRID<sup>a</sup> and its neighbourhood

---

<sup>a</sup> Scene, Madrid, &c.] Old eds "The Scene, Allegant"  
[i.e. Alcant]

# THE SPANISH GIPSY.

---

## ACT I SCENE I

*The neighbourhood of Madrid*

*Enter RODERIGO, LOUIS, and DIEGO*

LOUIS Roderigo!

DIEGO Art mad?

Rod Yes, not so much with wine it's as rare to see a Spaniard a drunkard as a German sober, an Italian no whoremonger, an Englishman to pay his debts I am no borachio,<sup>b</sup> sack, malaga, nor canary, breeds the calenture in my brains, mine eye mads me, not my cups

LOUIS What wouldst have us do?

Rod Do?

DIEGO So far as 'tis fit for gentlemen<sup>c</sup> we'll venture

Rod I ask no more I ha' seen a thing has bewitched me, a delicate body, but this in the waist [shewing the size by a sign], foot and leg tempting, the face I had [only] a glimpse of, but the fruit must needs be delicious, the tree being so beautiful

LOUIS Prithee, to the point

Rod. Here 'tis an old gentleman—no matter

<sup>b</sup> *boracho*] i e drunkard "A *boracho* is a vessel made of skins, in which wine is kept in Spain" Editor of 1816  
<sup>c</sup> *for gentlemen*] First ed "for a gentlemen" Ed 1661, "for a gentleman"

who he is—an old gentlewoman—I ha' nothing to do with her—but a young creature that follows them, daughter or servant, or whatsoever she be, her I must have they are coming this way, shall I have her? I must have her

DILGO How, how?

LOLIS Thou speakest impossibilities

ROD Eisy, eisy, eisy! I'll seize the young gulf, stop you the old man, stay you the old woman

LOLIS How then?

ROD I'll fly off with the young bird, that's all, many of our Spanish gallants act these merry parts every night They are weak and old, we young and sprightly will you assist me?

LOLIS Troth, Roderigo, any thing in the way of honour

ROD For a wench, man, any course is honourable

LOLIS Nay, not any, her father, if he be<sup>c</sup> her father, may be noble

ROD I am as noble

LOLIS Would the adventure were so!

ROD Stand close, they come

*Enter PEDRO, MARIA, and CLARA*

PED 'Tis late, would we were in Madrill <sup>1d</sup>

MAR Go faster, my lord

PED Clara, keep close

[LOLIS and DIEGO hold PEDRO and MARIA,  
n'while RODERIGO seizes CLARA

CLA Help, help, help!

ROD Are you crying out? I'll be your midwife

[Exit, bearing off CLARA

PED What mean you, gentlemen?

<sup>c</sup> *be*] So ed 1661 Not in first ed

<sup>d</sup> *Madrill*] i.e. Madrid—a form of the word repeatedly found in our early writers

MAR Villains! thieves! murderers!

PED Do you [not] know me? I am De Cortes,  
Pedro de Cortes

LOUIS De Cortes?—Diego, come away

[Exit with DIEGO]

PED Clara!—where is my daughter?

MAR Clara!—these villains

Have robb'd us of our comfort, and will, I fear,  
Her of her honour

PED This had not wont to be  
Our Spanish fashion, but now our gallants,  
Our gentry, our young dons, heated with wine,—  
A fire our countrymen do seldom sit at,—  
Commit these outrages—Clara!—Maria,  
Let's homeward, I will raise Madrill to find  
These traitors to all goodness—Clara!

MAR Clara!

[Exeunt]

## SCENE II

*Another place in the neighbourhood of Madrid*

*Enter LOUIS and DIEGO*

LOUIS. O Diego, I am lost, I am mad!

DIEGO. So we are all.

LOUIS 'Tis not with wine, I'm drunk with too  
much horror,  
Inflam'd with rage, to see us two made bawds  
To Roderigo's lust did not the old man  
Name De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes?

DIEGO Sure he did

LOUIS O Diego, as thou lov'st me, nay, on the  
forfeit  
Of thine own life or mine, seal up thy lips,  
Let 'em not name De Cortes! stay, stay, stay,

Roderigo has into his father's house  
A passage through a garden —

DIEGO Yes, my lord

LORIS Thither I must find Roderigo out,  
And check him, check him home if he but dare—  
No more!—Diego, 'long' my soul does fight  
A thousand battles blacker than this night

[Exeunt

### SCENE III

*A bed-chamber in FERNANDO's house.*

RODERIGO and CLARA discovered

CLA Though the black veil of night hath over-clouded

The world in darkness, yet ere many hours  
The sun will rise again, and then this act  
Of my dishonour will appear before you  
More black than is the canopy that shrouds it  
What are you, pray? what are you?

ROD Husht—a friend, a friend

CLA A friend? be then a gentle ravisher,  
An honourable villain as you have  
Disrob'd my youth of nature's goodliest portion,  
My virgin purity, so with your sword  
Let out that blood which is infected now  
By your soul-staining lust

ROD Pish!

CLA Are you noble?  
I know you then will marry me, say

ROD Umh

CLA Not speak to me? are wanton devils dumb?  
How are so many harmless virgins wrought  
By falsehood of prevailing words to yield

Too easy forfeits of their shames and liberty,  
 It every orator of folly plead  
 In silence, like this untongu'd piece of violence ?  
 You shall not from me [Holding him

Rod Phew !—no more

Cla You shall not

Whoe'er you are, disease of nature's sloth,  
 Birth of some monstrous sin, or scourge of virtue,  
 Heaven's wrath and mankind's burden, I will hold  
 you,

I will be rough, and therein merciful,  
 I will not loose my hold else

Rod There , 'tis gold [Offers money

Cla Gold ? why, alas, for what ? the hne of  
 pleasure

Perhaps is payment, mine is misery ,

I need no wages for a ruin'd name,

More than a bleeding heart

Rod Nay, then, you're troublesome ,  
 I'll lock you safe enough [Shakes her off, and exit

Cla They cannot fear

Whom grief hath arm'd with hate and scorn of life  
 Revenge, I kneel to thee ' alas, 'gainst whom ?

By what name shall I pull confusion down

From justice on his head that hath betray'd me ?

I know not where I am up, I beseech thee,

Thou lady regent of the air, the moon,

And lead me by thy light to some brave vengeance !

It is a chamber sure , the guilty bed,

Sad evidence against my loss of honour,

Assures so much What's here, a window-curtain ?

O heaven, the stars appear too ' ha, a chamber,

A goodly one ? dwells rape in such a paradise ?

Help me, my quicken'd senses ! 'tis a garden

To which this window guides the covetous prospect,

A large one and a fair one , in the midst

A curious alabaster<sup>d</sup> fountain stands,  
 Fram'd like — like what? no matter— swift, remem-  
 brance'  
 Rich furniture within too? and what's this?  
 A precious crucifix<sup>e</sup> I have enough  
 [Takes the crucifix, and conceals it in her  
 bosom  
 Assist me, O you powers that guard the innocent!

*Re enter RODERIGO*

ROD Now  
 CLA Welcome, if you come armed in destruction  
 I am prepar'd to die  
 ROD Tell me your name,  
 And what you are  
 CLA. You urge me to a sin  
 As cruel as your lust, I dare not grant it  
 Think on the violence of my defame,  
 And if you mean to write upon my grave  
 An epitaph of peace, forbear to question  
 Or whence or who I am I know the heat  
 Of your desires is, after the performance  
 Of such a hellish act, by this time drown'd  
 In cooler streams of penance,<sup>f</sup> and for my part,  
 I have wash'd off the leprosy that cleaves  
 To my just shame in true and honest tears,  
 I must not leave a mention of my wrongs,  
 The stain of my unspotted birth, to memory,  
 Let it lie buried with me in the dust,  
 That never time hereafter may report  
 How such a one as you have made me live.  
 Be resolute, and do not stagger, do not,  
 For I am nothing

<sup>d</sup> *alabaster*] See note, vol 1 p 281

<sup>e</sup> *us*] Old eds. "are"      <sup>f</sup> *penance*] i.e. penitence

Rod Sweet, let me enjoy thee  
Now with a free allowance

CLA Ha, enjoy me?  
Insufferable villain!

Rod Peace, speak low,  
I mean no second force, and since I find  
Such goodness in an unknown frame of virtue,  
Forgive my foul attempt, which I shall grieve for  
So heartily, that could you be yourself  
Eye-witness to my constant vow'd repentance,  
Trust me, you'd pity me

CLA Sir, you can speak now  
Rod So much I am the executioner

Of mine own trespass, that I have no heart  
Nor reason to disclose my name or quality,  
You must excuse me that, but, trust me, fair one,  
Were this ill deed undone, this deed of wickedness,  
I would be proud to court your love like him  
Whom my first birth presented to the world.  
This for your satisfaction what remains,  
That you can challenge as a service from me,  
I both expect and beg it

CLA First, that you swear,  
Neither in riot of your mirth, in passion  
Of friendship, or in folly of discourse,  
To speak of wrongs done to a ravish'd maid.

Rod As I love truth, I swear!  
CLA Next, that you lead me  
Near to the place you met me, and there leave me  
To my last fortunes, ere the morning rise

Rod Say more  
CLA Live<sup>f</sup> a new man, if e'er you marry—

<sup>f</sup> [See] Is one of several important corrections made with a pen in a copy of the first 4to, by some early possessor, who, as he has also inserted some additions to the text, had, in all

O me, my heart's a-breaking'—but if e'er  
 You marry, in a constant love to her  
 That shall be then your wife, redeem the fault  
 Of my undoing I am lost for ever  
 Pray, use no more words

Rod You must give me leave  
 To veil you close

Cla Do what you will, no time  
 Can ransom me from sorrows or dishonours  
 [RODERIGO throws a veil over her  
 Shall we now go?

Rod My shame may live without me,  
 But in my soul I bear my guilt about me.  
 Lend me your hand, now follow [Exeunt

## SCENE IV.

*Before FERNANDO's house*

*Enter LOUIS, DIEGO, and Servant*

Louis Not yet come in, not yet?  
 Ser. No, I'll assure your lordship, I've seldom  
 known him  
 Keep out so long, my lord usually observes  
 More seasonable hours.

Louis What time of night is't?  
 Ser. On the stroke of three  
 Louis. The stroke of three? 'tis wondrous strange!  
 Dost hear? —  
 Ser. My lord?  
 Louis. Ere six I will be here again,  
 Tell thy lord so, ere six; 'a must not sleep,

probability, seen a manuscript of the piece — Both eds. "Lay," which, before the copy just mentioned came into my hands, I had altered to "Play"

Or if 'a do, I shall be bold to wake him  
Be sure thou tell'st him, do

SER My lord, I shall [Enters the house  
LOUIS Diego,

Walk thou the street that leads about the Prado,  
I'll round the west part of the city meet me  
At the Inquisition-chapel, if we miss him,  
We'll both back to his lodgings<sup>f</sup>

DIEGO At the chapel?

LOUIS Ay, there we'll meet

DIEGO Agreed, I this way

[Exit LOUIS<sup>g</sup> as DIEGO is going out,

Enter JOHN reading<sup>h</sup>

JOHN She is not noble, true, wise nature meant  
Affection should ennable<sup>i</sup> her descent,  
For love and beauty keep<sup>j</sup> as rich a seat  
Of sweetness in the mean-born as the great  
I am resolv'd [Exit.

<sup>f</sup> *lodging*] Must mean his apartments in Fernando's house  
see p. 106, l. 1

<sup>g</sup> *Exit Louis, &c.*] At p. 115, Diego tells Louis,

"as we parted, I perceiv'd  
A walking thing before me," &c.,

but I cannot help suspecting (as there was no painted moveable scenery when this drama was written see notes, vol. II pp. 142, 147, and p. 29 of the present vol.), that as soon as Diego had said, "I this way," the audience was to imagine a change in the place of action, and, perhaps, after these words, he made his exit "at one door," and "entered presently at the other" see note on the commencement of the 2d sc. of act v

<sup>h</sup> *reading*] By this direction we are to understand, perhaps, that John is looking on a paper which he afterwards gives to Constanza ("this paper tells you more," p. 128), for, surely, the rhyming lines now spoken by him are a soliloquy

<sup>i</sup> *ennoble*] Old eds. "enable."

<sup>j</sup> *keep*] Old eds. "keeps"

DIEGO. 'Tis Roderigo certainly,  
Yet his voice makes me doubt, but I'll o'erhear  
him

[*Exit*

### SCENE V

*A street*

*Enter Louis*

Louis That if [I], only I should be the man  
Made accessory and a party both  
To mine own torment, at a time so near  
The birth of all those comforts I have travail'd with  
So many, many hours of hopes and fears,  
Now at the instant—

*Enter RODERIGO.*

Ha! stand! thy name,

Truly and speedily

Rod Don Louis?

Louis The same;  
But who art thou? speak!

Rod. Roderigo.

Louis Tell me,  
As you're a noble gentleman, as ever  
You hope to be enroll'd amongst the virtuous,  
As you love goodness, as you wish t' inherit  
The blessedness and fellowship of angels,  
As you're my friend, as you are Roderigo,  
As you are any thing that would deserve  
A worthy name, where have you been to-night?  
O, how have you dispos'd of that fair creature  
Whom you led captive from me? speak, O speak!  
Where, how, when, in what usage have you left her?  
Truth, I require all truth

Rod Though I might question

The strangeness of your opportunity,  
 Yet, 'cause I note distraction in the height  
 Of curiosity, I will be plain  
 And brief

LOUIS I thank you, sir

Rod Instead of feeding

Too wantonly upon so rich a banquet,  
 I found, even in that beauty that invited me,  
 Such a commanding majesty of chaste  
 And humbly glorious virtue, that it did not  
 More check my rash attempt than draw to ebb  
 The float<sup>j</sup> of those desires, which in an instant  
 Were cool'd in their own streams of shame and folly

LOUIS Now all increase of honours  
 Fall in full showers on thee, Roderigo, ●  
 The best man living !

Rod You are much transported  
 With this discourse, methinks

LOUIS Yes, I am  
 She told ye her name too ?

Rod I could not urge it  
 By any importunity

LOUIS Better still !  
 Where did you leave her ?  
 Rod Where I found her, farther  
 She would by no means grant me to wait on her  
 O Louis, I am lost !

LOUIS This self-same lady  
 Was she to whom I have been long a suiter,  
 And shortly hope to marry.

Rod She your mistress, then ? Louis, since  
 friendship  
 And noble honesty conjure<sup>k</sup> our loves  
 To a continu'd league, here I unclasp

<sup>j</sup> float] i.e. flow, flood. -

<sup>k</sup> conjure] Old eds "conjures"

The secrets of my heart O, I have had  
 A glimpse of such a creature, that deserves  
 A temple<sup>1</sup> if thou lov'st her—and I blame thee not,  
 For who can look on her, and not give up  
 His life unto her service<sup>2</sup>—if thou lov'st her,  
 For pity's sake conceal her, let me not  
 As much as know her name, there's a temptation<sup>k</sup> in't,  
 Let me not know her dwelling, birth, or quality,  
 Or any thing that she calls hers, but thee,  
 In thee, my friend, I'll see her and t' avoid  
 The surfeits and<sup>1</sup> those rarities that tempt me,  
 So much I prize the happiness of friendship,  
 That I will leave the city —

Louis Leave it?

Rod Sp~~e~~d me

For Salamanca; court my studies now  
 For physic 'gainst infection of the mind

Louis You do amaze me

Rod. Here to live, and live

Without her, is impossible and wretched  
 For heaven's sake, never tell her what I was,  
 Or that you know me<sup>1</sup> and when I find that absence  
 Hath lost her to my memory, I'll dare  
 To see ye again Meantime, the cause that draws  
 me

From hence shall be to all the world untold,  
 No friend but thou alone, for whose sake only  
 I undertake this voluntary exile,  
 Shall be partaker of my griefs thy hand,  
 Farewell, and all the pleasures, joys, contents,  
 That bless a constant lover, henceforth crown thee  
 A happy bridegroom!

<sup>1</sup> temptation] Altered by the editor of 1816 to "temptation," and, I believe, with similar inconsiderateness, by myself, in a prose passage of one of the preceding plays, though I cannot recollect where <sup>1 and]</sup> Qy "of?"

LOUIS You have conquer'd friendship  
Beyond example

*Enter DIEGO*

DIEGO Ha, ha, ha! some one  
That hath slept well to-night, should 'a but see me  
Thus merry by myself, might justly think  
I were not well in my wits

LOUIS Diego?

DIEGO Yes,  
'Tis I, and I have had a fine *fegary*,<sup>k</sup>  
The rarest wild-goose chase!

LOUIS 'Thad made thee melancholy

DIEGO Don Roderigo here? 'tis well you met him,  
For though I miss'd him, yet I met an accident  
Has almost made me burst with laughter

LOUIS How so?

DIEGO I'll tell you as we parted, I perceiv'd  
A walking thing before me, strangely tickled  
With rare conceited raptures, him I dogg'd,  
Supposing 't had been Roderigo landed  
From his new pinnace, deep in contemplation  
Of the sweet *voyage*<sup>l</sup> he stole to-night

ROD You're pleasant

LOUIS Prithee, who was't?

ROD Not I

DIEGO You're i' the right, not you indeed,  
For 'twas that noble gentleman Don John,  
Son to the count Francisco de Carcomo

<sup>k</sup> *fegary*] 1 e vagary

<sup>l</sup> *Of the sweet voyage, &c*] Here the editor of 1816, "to complete the measure," prints,

" Of the sweet *voyage* [that] he stole to-night,"  
and a little after,

" You're i' the right, [it was] not you indeed,"  
but I apprehend that the speeches of Roderigo, " You're  
pleasant," and " Not I," make up the lines

LOUIS In love, it seems ?

DIEGO Yes, pepper'd, on my life,  
Much good may't do him, I'd not be so lin'd<sup>1</sup>  
For my cap full of double pistolets

LOUIS What should his mistress be ?

DIEGO That's yet a riddle  
Beyond my resolution, but of late  
I have<sup>m</sup> observ'd him oft to frequent the sports  
The gipsies newly come to th' city present

LOUIS It is said there is a creature with 'em,  
Though young of years, yet of such absolute beauty,  
Dexterity of wit, and general qualities,  
That Spain reports her not without admiration.

DIEGO Have you seen her ?

LOUIS Never.

DIEGO Nor you, my lord ?

ROD I not remember

DIEGO Why, then, you never saw the prettiest  
toy

That ever sung or danc'd

LOUIS Is she a gipsy ?

DIEGO In her condition, not in her complexion  
I tell you once more, 'tis a spark of beauty  
Able to set a world at gaze, the sweetest,  
The wittiest rogue ! shall's see 'em ? they've fine  
gambols,  
Are mightily frequented, court and city  
Flock to 'em, but the country does 'em worship

<sup>1</sup> *lin'd*] Qy "lin'd?"

<sup>m</sup> *I have, &c*] The editor of 1816, boldly deviating from the old eds., gives,

" I have observ'd him often to frequent  
The sports the gipsies newly come present,"

which, as he thinks, " improves the measure without affecting the sense "

This little ape gets money by the sack-full,  
It trolls upon her

Louis Will ye with us, friend ?

Rod You know my other projects, sights to  
me

Are but vexations

Louis O, you must be merry !—

Diego, we'll to th' gipsies.

Diego Best take heed

You be not snapp'd

Louis How snapp'd ?

Diego By that little fairy,

'T has a shrewd tempting face and a notable tongue

Louis I fear not either

Diego Go, then

Louis Will you with us ?

Rod I'll come after —

[*Exeunt Louis and Diego*

Pleasure and youth like smiling evils woo us

To taste new follies, tasted, they undo us [Exit.

## ACT II SCENE I

*A room in an Inn*

*Enter ALVAREZ, CARLO, and ANTONIO, disguised as  
gipsies*

Alv Come, my brave boys ! the tailor's shears  
has cut us into shapes fitting our trades

Car A trade free as a mason's

Ant A trade brave as a courtier's, for some of  
them do but shark, and so do we

Alv Gipsies, but no tanned ones, no red-ochre

rascals umbered with soot and bacon as the English gipsies are, that sally out upon pullen,<sup>n</sup> lie in am-buscado for a rope of onions, as if they were Welsh freebooters, no, our stile has higher steps to climb over, Spanish gipsies, noble gipsies

CAR I never knew nobility in baseness

ALV Baseness<sup>o</sup> the arts of Cocoquismo and Germania,<sup>o</sup> used by our Spanish pickaroës<sup>p</sup>—I mean filching, foisting,<sup>q</sup> nimming, jilting—we defy,<sup>r</sup> none in our college shall study 'em, such graduates we degrade

ANT I am glad Spain has an honest company

ALV We'll entertain no mountebanking stöll,  
No piper, fiddler, tumbler through small hoops,  
No ape-carrier, baboon-bearer,  
We must have nothing stale, trivial, or base  
Am I your major-domo, your teniente,<sup>s</sup>  
Your captain, your commander?

ANT Who but you?

ALV So then now being entered Madrill,<sup>t</sup> the enchanted circle of Spain, have a care to your new lessons

<sup>n</sup> *pullen*] i.e. poultry

<sup>o</sup> *the arts of Cocoquismo and Germania, &c.*] Alve... proceeds to explain his meaning, but I may just observe that *Cocoquismo* should perhaps be *Cacoquismo*, formed from the Spanish *caco*, a pickpocket (unless indeed it has some affinity with the phrase *hacer cocos*, to wheedle), and that *Germania* signifies, in that language, the jargon of the gipsies see Neuman's *Span and Engl Dict* in vv

<sup>p</sup> *pickaroës*] i.e. rogues —“*Picaro, knavish, roguish,*” &c Neuman's *Span and Engl Dict* in v

<sup>q</sup> *foisting*] See note, vol iii p 544

<sup>r</sup> *defy*] i.e. reject, renounce

<sup>s</sup> *teniente*] “*Teniente de una compañía, lieutenant of a company*” Neuman's *Span and Engl Dict* in v

<sup>t</sup> *Madrill*] See note, p 104

CAR }  
ANT } We listen

ALV Plough deep furrows, to catch deep root in  
th' opinion of the best, grandees,<sup>u</sup> dukes, marquesses,  
condes, and other titulados, shew your sports to  
none but them what can you do with three or four  
fools in a dish, and a blockhead cut into sippets?

ANT Scurvy meat!

ALV The Lacedemonians threw their beards over  
their shoulders, to observe what men did behind  
them as well as before, you must do['t]

CAR We shall never do't

ANT Our muzzles are too short<sup>v</sup>

ALV Be not English gypsies, in whose company  
a man's not sure of the ears of his head, they so  
pilfer<sup>l</sup> no such angling, what you pull to land catch  
fair there is no iron so foul but may be gilded,  
and our gipsy profession, how base soever in show,  
may acquire commendations

CAR Gipsies, and yet pick no pockets?

ALV Infamous and roguy<sup>l</sup> so handle your webs,  
that they never come to be woven in the loom of  
justice take any thing that's given you, purses,  
knives, handkerchers, rosaries, tweezes,<sup>w</sup> any toy,  
any money, refuse not a maravedi,<sup>x</sup> a blank<sup>y</sup> feather

<sup>u</sup> grandees] Old eds "grandos," which, perhaps, the author wrote.

<sup>v</sup> We shall short] One speech in old eds., with the prefix "Both"

<sup>w</sup> tweezes] i.e. tweezers

<sup>x</sup> maravedi] Or maravedi—"an extremely small [copper]  
Spanish coin" Editor of 1816

<sup>y</sup> blank] "Blanquilla, doit, a very small coin Neuman's  
*Span and Engl Dict* in v—Blanks "are said to be coins struck  
by Henry V in France, of baser alloy than sterling [silver],  
and running for eightpence They were called Blanks or

by feather birds build nests, grain pecked up after  
grain makes pullen<sup>z</sup> fat

ANT The best is, we Spaniards are no great  
feeders

ALV If one city cannot maintain us, away to  
another<sup>1</sup> our horses must have wings Does Ma-  
drill yield no money? Seville shall, is Seville close-  
fisted? Valladolid is open, so Cordova,<sup>a</sup> so Toledo  
Do not our Spanish wines please us? Italian can  
then, French can Preferment's bow is hard to  
draw, set all your strengths to it, what you get,  
keep, all the world is a second Rochelle,<sup>b</sup> make  
all sure, for you must not look to have your dinner  
served in with trumpets

CAR No, no, sack-but<sup>c</sup>s shall serve us

ALV When you have money, hide it, sell all our  
horses but one

ANT Why one?

ALV 'Tis enough to carry our apparel and trim-  
kets, and the less our ambler eats, our cheer is the  
better None be sluttish, none thievish, none lazy,  
all bees, no drones, and our hives shall yield us  
honey

Whites from their colour" Ruding's *Ann. of the Coinage*,  
vol ii. p 8, ed 4to

<sup>z</sup> *pullen*] i.e. poultry

<sup>a</sup> *Valladolid*      *Cordova*] Old eds "Vallidoly"      Cor-  
dica."

<sup>b</sup> *Rochelle*] "In the time of our poets, seems to have been  
a general asylum for those persecuted Protestants who knew  
not where to go, and Alvarez intimates that the whole world  
was equally open to people of their description, who had no  
settled home" Editor of 1816,—whether rightly or not, I  
cannot determine

<sup>c</sup> *sack-but<sup>s</sup>*] See the same play on the meanings of the word  
—*musical instruments and buts of sack*—in vol i p 177

*Enter GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, disguised  
as gypsies, and CARDOCCHIA*

CONST See, father, how I'm fitted how do you like

This our new stock of clothes?

ALV My sweet girl, excellent —  
See their old robes be safe

CARD That, sir, I'll look to,  
Whilst in my house you lie, what thief soever  
Lays hands upon your goods, call but to me,  
I'll make the<sup>d</sup> satisfaction

ALV Thanks, good hostess!  
CARD People already throng into the inn,  
And call for you into their private rooms

ALV No chamber-comedies hostess, ply you  
your tide, flow let 'em to a full sea, but we'll shew  
no pastime till after dinner, and that in a full ring  
of good people, the best, the noblest, no closet-  
sweetmeats, pray tell 'em so

CARD I shall

[Exit]

ALV How old is Pretiosa?

GUI Twelve and upwards

CONST I am in my teens, assure you, mother,  
as little as I am, I have been taken for an elephant,  
castles and lordships offered to be set upon me, if  
I would bear 'em why, your smallest clocks are  
the prettiest things to carry about gentlemen

GUI Nay, child, thou wilt be tempted

CONST Tempted? though I am no mark in re-  
spect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you great bubs-  
bers<sup>e</sup> have shot at me, and shot golden arrows, but

<sup>d</sup> the] Editor of 1816, "thee"

<sup>e</sup> bubsers] Which Nares (*Gloss* in v.) would alter to "lub-  
bers"—is (see Grose's *Class Dict. of Vulg. Tongue*, in v.) a  
vulgarised form of *bibbers*, Constanza having used the word  
*butt* in the double sense of *mark* and *liquor-vessel*

I myself gave aim,<sup>g</sup> thus,—wide, four bows , short,  
three and a half they that crack me shall find me  
as hard as a nut of Galicia , a parrot I am, but my  
teeth too tender to crack a wanton's almond<sup>h</sup>

ALV Thou art, my noble girl ! a many dons  
Will not believe but that thou art a boy  
In woman's<sup>i</sup> clothes , and to try that conclusion,<sup>j</sup>  
To see if thou be'st alcumy<sup>k</sup> or no,  
They'll throw down gold in musses,<sup>l</sup> but, Pretiosa,  
Let these proud sakers<sup>m</sup> and gerfalcons fly,  
Do not thou move a wing , be to thyself  
Thyself,<sup>n</sup> and not a changeling

Const How<sup>o</sup> not a changeling ?  
Yes, father, I will play the changeling ,  
I'll change myself into a thousand shapes,  
To court our brave spectators , I'll change my pos-  
tures  
Into a thousand different variations,  
To draw even ladies' eyes to follow mine ,  
I'll change my voice into a thousand tones,  
To chain attention not a changeling, father ?  
None but myself<sup>o</sup> shall play the changeling

<sup>g</sup> gave aim] See note, vol ii p 335 The editor of 1816 wrongly follows the reading of ed 1661, "give"

<sup>h</sup> a parrot almond] See note, vol iii p 112

<sup>i</sup> woman's] Old eds "womens"

<sup>j</sup> try that conclusion] i.e make that experiment

<sup>k</sup> alcumy] Or alchemy—a sort of base mixed metal (supposed originally to have been formed by the alchemist) Compare vol ii p 249, "here be the tavern beakers, and here peep out the fine alchemy knaves "

<sup>l</sup> in musses] "i.e to make a scramble of" Editor of 1816

<sup>m</sup> sakers] "A species of hawk." Editor of 1816

<sup>n</sup> Thyself] A MS addition in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109

<sup>o</sup> None but myself, &c ] Here the editor of 1816 thinks that "perhaps the performer who personated Pretiosa [Con-

ALV Do what thou wilt, Pretiosa  
 [A knocking within  
 What noise is this?

*Re-enter CARDOCHEIA*

CARD Here's gentlemen swear all the oaths in Spain they have seen you, must see you, and will see you

ALV To drown this noise let 'em enter

[*Exit CARDOCHEIA*

*Enter SANCHO and SOTO*

SAN Is your playhouse an inn, a gentleman cannot see you without crumpling his taffeta cloak?

SOTO Nay, more than a gentleman, his man being a diminutive don too

SAN Is this the little ape does the fine tricks?

CONST Come aloft,<sup>r</sup> Jack little ape!

SAN Would my jack might come aloft! please you to set the watermill with the ivory cogs<sup>a</sup> in't a-grinding my handful of purging comfits

[*Offers comfits*

SOTO My master desires to have you loose from your company

CONST Am I a pigeon, think you, to be caught with cummin-seeds?<sup>r</sup> a fly to glue my wings to sweetmeats, and so be ta'en?

SAN When do your gambols begin?

ALV Not till we ha' dined

SAN 'Foot, then your bellies will be so full, you'll be able to do nothing —Soto, prithee, set a

stanza] had before met with applause in Antonio, the character in *The Changeling* that gives name to the piece"

<sup>r</sup> come aloft] See note, vol. III p. 112

<sup>a</sup> cogs] i.e. teeth of the wheels

<sup>r</sup> cummin-seeds] Were used for luring pigeons to a dove-cote.

good face on't, for I cannot, and give the little monkey that letter

SOTO Walk off and hum to yourself [SANCHO retires]—I dedicate, sweet Destiny, into whose hand every Spaniard desires to put a distaff, these lines of love [Offering a paper to CONSTANZA

GUI What love? what's the matter?

SOTO Grave mother Bumby,<sup>s</sup> the mark's out a' your mouth

ALV What's the paper? from whom comes it?

SOTO The commodity wrapped up in the paper are verses, the warming-pan that puts heat into 'em, yon<sup>t</sup> fire-brained bastard of Helicon

SAN Hum, hum<sup>u</sup>

ALV. What's your master's name?

SOTO His name is Don Tomazo Portacareco, nuncle<sup>v</sup> to young Don Hortado de Mendonza, cousin-german to the Conde de Tindilla, and natural brother to Francisco de Bavadilla, one of the commendadors of Alcantara, a gentleman of long standing

ALV And of as long a style<sup>w</sup>

CONST Verses? I love good ones, let me see 'em [Taking paper

SAN [advancing] Good ones? if they were not good ones, they should not come from me, at the name of verses I can stand on no ground

<sup>s</sup> mother Bumby] Or *Bomby*—was a *wise or cunning woman* of great celebrity, who told fortunes, cast waters, &c Lilly wrote a comedy called *Mother Bombie* (first ed 1594), in which she figures

<sup>t</sup> yon] Old eds “you.”

<sup>u</sup> San Hum, hum] A MS addition in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109

<sup>v</sup> nuncle] i.e uncle—contracted from *mine uncle*

<sup>w</sup> Alv And of as long a style] A MS addition in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109

CONST Here's gold too! whose is this?

SAN Whose but yours? If there be<sup>x</sup> any fault  
in the verses, I can mend it extempore, for a stitch  
in a man's stocking not taken up in time, ravelles  
out all the rest

SOTO Botcherly poetry, botcherly! [Aside.]

CONST Verses and gold! these then are golden  
verses

SAN Had every verse a pearl in the eye, it  
should be thine

CONST A pearl in mine eye! I thank you for  
that, do you wish me blind?<sup>y</sup>

SAN Ay, by this light do I, that you may look  
upon nobody's rhymes<sup>z</sup> but mine

CONST I should be blind indeed then<sup>a</sup>

ALV Pray, sir, read your verses

SAN Shall I sing 'em or say 'em?

ALV Which you can best

SOTO Both scurvily [Aside]

SAN I'll set out a throat then

SOTO Do, master, and I'll run division behind  
your back<sup>b</sup>

SAN [sings]

*O that I were a bee, to sing*

*Hum, buz, buz, hum! I first would bring*

*Home honey to your hive, and there leave my sting*

SOTO [sings] *He maunders*<sup>c</sup>

<sup>x</sup> be] Old eds "been"

<sup>y</sup> do you wish me blind] "The whitish spots in the eye,  
arising from the small pox or other causes, and occasioning  
blindness, are still frequently called pearls" Editor of 1816

<sup>z</sup> rhymes] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see  
note, p 109 Old eds "crime"

<sup>a</sup> then] A MS addition, ibid

<sup>b</sup> Soto Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back]  
Another MS addition

<sup>c</sup> maunders] "I e speaks obscurely [rather,—whines], as  
beggars do [See note, vol n p 536]" Editor of 1816

SAN [sings]

*O that I were a goose, to feed  
At your barn-door! such corn I need,  
Nor would I bite, but goslings breed*

SOTO [sings] *And ganders*

SAN [sings]

*O that I were your needle's eye!  
How through your linen would I fly,  
And never leave one stitch awry!*

SOTO [sings] *He'll touse ye*

SAN [sings]

*O would I were one of your hairs,  
That you might comb out all my cares,  
And kill the nits of my despairs!*

SOTO [sings] *O lousy'*

SAN *How? lousy? can rhymes be lousy?*

CONST

CAR, &c d} No, no, they're excellent

AIV *But are these all your own?*

SAN *Mine own? would I might never see ink  
drop out of the nose of any goose-quill more, if  
velvet cloaks have not clapped me for 'em! Do  
you like 'em?*

CONST *Past all compare,  
They shall be writ out when you've as good or better,  
For these and those, pray, book me down your  
debtor*

*Your paper is long-liv'd, having two souls,  
Verses and gold* \*

SAN *Would both those were in thy<sup>e</sup> pretty little  
body, sweet gipsy!*

CONST *A pistolet<sup>f</sup> and this paper? 'twould choke  
me*

<sup>d</sup> *Const, Car, &c*] Old eds "Omnes"

<sup>e</sup> *thy*] Old eds "thee"

<sup>f</sup> *a pistolet*] A play on the word—which meant both a small  
coin and a small pistol

SOTO No more than a bribe does a constable  
the verses will easily into your head, then buy what  
you like with the gold, and put it into your belly  
I hope I ha' chawed a good reason for you

SAN Will you chaw my jennet ready, sir?

SOTO And eat him down, if you say the word

[*Exit*

SAN Now the coxcomb my man is gone, because  
you're but a country company of strolls, I think  
your stock is threadbare, here mend it with this  
cloak [ *Giving his cloak*

ALV What do you mean, sir?

SAN This scarf, this feather, and this hat

[ *Giving his scarf, &c*

ALV } Dear signor! —  
CAR, &c s } —

SAN If they be never so dear — pox o' this hot  
ruff! little gipsy, wear thou that [ *Giving his ruff*

ALV Your meaning, sir?

SAN. My meaning is, not to be an ass, to carry  
a burden when I need not. If you shew your gam-  
bols forty leagues hence, I'll gallop to 'em — Fare-  
well, old greybeard, — adieu, mother mumble-crust,  
— morrow, my little wart of beauty. [ *Exit*

*Enter behind JOHN, muffled*

ALV So, harvest will come in, such sunshine  
days  
Will bring in golden sheaves, our markets raise  
Away to your task

[ *Exeunt ALVAREZ, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, and  
ANTONIO, and as GUIAMARA and CON-  
STANZA are going out, JOHN pulls the latter  
back*

s *Alv, Car, &c ] Old eds " Omnes "*

CONST Mother! grandmother!

JOHN Two rows of kindred in one mouth?

GUI Be not uncivil, sir, thus have you used  
her thrice

JOHN Thrice? three thousand more may I not  
use mine own?

CONST Your own! by what tenure?

JOHN Cupid entails this land upon me, I have  
wooed thee, thou art coy by this air, I am a bull  
of Tarifa, wild, mad for thee! you told<sup>h</sup> I was some  
copper coin, I am a knight of Spain, Don Fran-  
cisco de Carcomo my father, I Don John his son,  
this paper tells you more [*Gives paper*]—Grumble  
not, old granam, here's gold [*gives money*], for I  
must, by this white hand, marry this cherry-lipped,  
sweet-mouthed villain

CONST There's a thing called *quando*

JOHN. Instantly

GUI Art thou so willing?

JOHN Peace, threescore and five!

CONST Marry me? eat a chicken ere it be out  
o' th' shell? I'll wear no shackles, liberty is sweet,  
that I have, that I'll hold. Marry me? can gold  
and lead mix together? a diamond and a button of  
crystal fit one ring? You are too high for me, I  
am too low, you too great, I too little

GUI I pray, leave her, sir, and take your gold  
again

CONST Or if you doat, as you say, let me try you  
do this

JOHN Any thing; kill the great Turk, pluck  
out the Mogul's eye-teeth, in earnest, Pretiosa,  
any thing!

CONST Your task<sup>i</sup> is soon set down, turn

<sup>h</sup> told] Qy “trowed?”

<sup>i</sup> task] Old eds “taste” and “tast”

gipsy<sup>j</sup> for two years, be one of us, if in that time  
you mishike not me nor I you, here's my hand  
farewell [Exit]

GUR There's enough for your gold — Witty  
child! [Aside, and exit]

JOHN Turn gipsy for two years? a capering  
trade,  
And I in th' end may keep a dancing-school,  
Having serv'd for it, gipsy I must turn  
O beauty, the sun's fires cannot so burn! [Exit]

## SCENE II

*A room in the house of PEDRO*

*Enter CLARA*

CLA I have offended, yet, O heaven, thou  
know'st  
How much I have abhorr'd, even from my birth,  
A thought that tended to immodest folly!  
Yet I have fallen, thoughts with disgraces strive,  
And thus I live, and thus I die alive.

*Enter PEDRO and MARIA*

PED. Fie, Clara, thou dost court calamity too  
much

MAR. Yes, girl, thou dost

PED Why should we fret our eyes out with our  
tears,

Weary [heaven with<sup>k</sup>] complaints? 'tis fruitless,  
childish

<sup>j</sup> *turn gipsy*] "Vincent and Hillard are required by Rachel  
and Meriel, in the *Jovial Crew* of Brome, to give a similar  
proof of their affection" Editor of 1816 If there be any  
imitation in the case, it is on the part of Brome

<sup>k</sup> [heaven with] So the editor of 1816 There is certainly  
some imperfection in the line

Impatience , for when mischief hath wound up  
 The full weight of the ravisher's foul life  
 To an equal height of ripe iniquity,  
 The poise will, by degrees, sink down his soul  
 To a much lower, much more lasting ruin  
 Than our joint wrongs can challenge

MAR<sup>1</sup> Darkness itself  
 Will change night's sable brow into a sunbeam  
 For a discovery , and be [thou] sure,  
 Whenever we can learn what monster 'twas  
 Hath robb'd thee of the jewel held so precious,  
 Our vengeance shall be noble

PED Royal, any thing  
 Till then let's live securely , to proclaim  
 Our sadness were mere vanity

CLA 'A needs not ,  
 I'll study to be merry

PED We are punish'd,  
 Maria, justly , covetousness to match  
 Our daughter to that matchless piece of ignorance,  
 Our foolish ward, hath drawn this curse upon us

MAR I fear it has

PED Off with this face of grief  
 Here comes<sup>m</sup> Don Louis

*Enter Louis and Diego*

Noble sir

Louis My lord,  
 I trust I have you[r] and your lady's leave  
 T' exchange a word with your fair daughter

PED Leave  
 And welcome—Hark, Maria —Your ear too

<sup>1</sup> Mar ] Old eds “ Ped.”

<sup>m</sup> Here comes, &c ] To this line old eds prefix DIE , which in copy of the first 4to (see note, p 109) is rightly drawn through with a pen

DIEGO Mine, my lord?

LOUIS Dear Clara, I have often sued for love,  
And now desire you would at last be pleas'd  
To style me yours

CLA Mine eyes ne'er saw that gentleman  
Whom I more nobly in my heart respected  
Than I have you, yet you must, sir, excuse me,  
If I resolve to use awhile that freedom  
My younger days allow

LOUIS But shall I hope?

CLA You will do injury to better fortunes,  
To your own merit, greatness, and advancement,  
Which I beseech you not to slack

LOUIS Then hear me,  
If ever I embrace another choice,  
Until I know you elsewhere match'd, may all  
The chief of my desires find scorn and ruin!

CLA O me!

LOUIS Why sigh you, lady?

CLA 'Deed, my lord,  
I am not well

LOUIS Then all discourse is tedious,  
I'll choose some fitter time, till when,<sup>n</sup> fair

Clara —

CLA You shall not be unwelcome hither, sir,  
That's all that I dare promise

LOUIS Diego

DIEGO My lord?

LOUIS What says Don Pedro?

DIEGO He'll go with you

LOUIS Leave us — [Exit DIEGO  
Shall I, my lord, entreat your privacy?

PED Withdraw, Maria, we'll follow presently

[Exeunt MARIA and CLARA

<sup>n</sup> when] The editor of 1816 follows the reading of ed 1661,  
"then"

LOUIS. The great corregidor, whose politic stream  
 Of popularity glides on the shore  
 Of every vulgar praise, hath often urg'd me  
 To be a suitor to his Catholic Majesty  
 For a repeal from banishment for him  
 Who slew my father, compliments in vows  
 And strange well-studied promises of friendship,  
 But what is new to me, still as he courts  
 Assistance for Alvarez, my grand enemy,  
 Still he protests how ignorant he is  
 Whether Alvarez be alive or dead  
 To-morrow is the day we have appointed  
 For meeting, at the lord Francisco's house,  
 The earl of Carcomo now, my good lord,  
 The sum of my request is, you will please  
 To lend your presence there, and witness wherein  
 Our joint accord consists

PED You shall command it

Louis But first, as you are noble, I beseech you  
 Help me with your advice what you conceive  
 Of great Fernando's importunity,  
 Or whether you imagine that Alvarez  
 Survive or not?

PED It is a question, sir,  
 Beyond my resolution I remember  
 The difference betwixt your noble father  
 And Conde de Alvarez, how it sprung  
 From a mere trifle first, a cast<sup>o</sup> of hawks,  
 Whose made the swifter flight, whose could mount  
 highest,  
 Lie longest on the wing from change of words  
 Their controversy grew to blows, from blows  
 To parties, thence to faction, and, in short,

<sup>o</sup> cast] i e couple see Gifford's note on B Jonson's *Worls*, vol iii p 447, and my note on Webster's *Works*, vol iv p 295

I well remember how our streets were frighted  
With brawls, whose end was blood, till, when no  
friends

Could mediate their discords, by the king  
A reconciliation was enforc'd,  
Death threaten'd [to] the first occasioner  
Of breach, besides the confiscation  
Of lands and honours yet at last they met  
Again, again they drew to sides, renew'd  
Their ancient quarrel, in which dismal uproar  
Your father hand to hand fell by Alvarez  
Alvarez fled, and after him the doom  
Of exile was se[n]t out he, as report  
Was bold to voice, retir'd himself to Rhodes,  
His lands and honours by the king bestow'd  
On you, but then an infant

Louis Ha, an infant?

Ped His wife, the sister to the corregidor,  
With a young daughter and some few that follow'd  
her,

By stealth were shipp'd for Rhodes, and by a storm  
Shipwreck'd at sea but for the banish'd Conde,  
'Twas never yet known what became of him  
Here's all I can inform you

Louis A repeal?  
Yes, I will sue for't, beg for't, buy it, any thing  
That may by possibility of friends  
Or money, I'll attempt

Ped 'Tis a brave charity  
Louis Alas, poor lady, I could mourn for her!  
Her loss was usury more than I covet,  
But for the man, I'd sell my patrimony  
For his repeal, and run about the world  
To find him out, there is no peace can dwell  
About my father's tomb, till I have sacrific'd

Some portion of revenge to his wrong'd ashes  
 You will along with me ?

PED You need not question it

LOUIS I have strange thoughts about me two  
 such furies

Revel amidst my joys as well may move  
 Distraction in a saint, vengeance and love  
 I'll follow, sir

PED Pray, lead the way, you know it —

[*Exit Louis*

*Enter SANCHO without his cloak, &c ,<sup>p</sup> and SOTO*  
 How<sup>q</sup> now ? from whence come you, sir ?

SAN From flaying myself, sir

SOTO From playing with fencers, sir, and they  
 have beat him out of his clothes, sir

PED Cloak, band, rapier, all lost at dice ?

SAN Nor cards neither

SOTO This was one of my master's dog-days,  
 and he would not sweat too much

SAN It was mine own goose, and I laid the  
 giblets upon another coxcomb's trencher you are  
 my guardian, best beg me for a fool<sup>r</sup> now

SOTO He that begs one begs t'other [Aside

PED Does any gentleman give away his things  
 thus ?

SAN Yes, and gentlewomen give away their  
 things too

SOTO To gulls sometimes, and are cony-catched<sup>s</sup>  
 for their labour

PED Wilt thou ever play the coxcomb ?

<sup>p</sup> without his cloak, &c ] See p 125

<sup>q</sup> How, &c ] Given to "Soto" in old eds

<sup>r</sup> beg me for a fool] See note, vol III p 16

<sup>s</sup> cony-catched] i.e cheated, deceived see vol I p 290

SAN If no other parts be given me, what would you have me do?

PED Thy father was as brave a Spaniard As ever spake the haut<sup>t</sup> Castilian tongue

SAN Put me in clothes, I'll be as brave<sup>u</sup> as he  
PED This is the ninth time thou hast play'd the ass,

Flinging away thy trappings and thy cloth<sup>v</sup>  
To cover others, and go nak'd thyself .

SAN I'll make 'em up ten, because I'll be even with you

PED Once more your broken walls shall have new hangings

SOTO To be well hung is all our desire

PED And what course take you next?

SAN What course? why, my man Soto and I will go make some maps

PED What maps?

SOTO Not such maps<sup>w</sup> as you wash houses with, but maps of countries

SAN I have an uncle in Seville, I'll go see him, an aunt in Siena in Italy, I[ll] go see her

SOTO. A cousin of mine in Rome, I[ll] go to him with a mortar<sup>x</sup>

<sup>t</sup> *haut*] i.e. high, lofty “to brave his enemy in the rich and *lofty Castilian* [tongue]” Dekker's *English Villaines*, &c sig M 4, ed 1632

<sup>u</sup> *brave*] A play on the word—fine

<sup>v</sup> *cloth*] Improperly altered by the editor of 1816 to “clothes”

<sup>w</sup> *maps*] i.e. mops

<sup>x</sup> *in Rome, I'll go to him with a mortar*] “The clown in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act v sc 2, makes use of a similar expression ‘He did measure the stars with a false yard, and may now travel to Rome with a mortar on's head, to see if he can recover his money’ On this Mason observes, ‘One class of presidents in the parliament of Paris were styled *presidents a mortier*, for a cap they wore resembling in shape

SAN There's a courtesan in Venice, I'll go tickle her

SOTO Another in England, I'll go tackle her

PED So, so<sup>1</sup> and where's the money to do all this?

SAN If my woods,<sup>y</sup> being cut down, cannot fill this pocket, cut 'em into trapsticks

SOTO And if his acres, being sold for a marvedi<sup>z</sup> a turf, for larks<sup>a</sup> in cages, cannot fill this pocket, give 'em to gold-finders

PED You'll gallop both to the gallows, so fare you well [Exit

SAN And be hanged you<sup>'</sup> new clothes, you'd best

SOTO Four cloaks, that you may give away three, and keep one

SAN We'll live as merrily as beggars, let's both turn gipsies

SOTO By any means, if they cog,<sup>b</sup> we'll lie, if they toss, we'll tumble

SAN Both in a belly, rather than fail

SOTO Come then, we'll be gipsified

SAN And tipsified too

SOTO And we will shew such tricks and such rare gambols,

As shall put down the elephant and camels<sup>c</sup>

[Exeunt

a mortar<sup>"</sup> Editor of 1816 See also Cotgrave's *Fr Engl Dict.* in *v mortier*, but in this expression, which seems to have been proverbial, does *mortar* mean a cap? "So that methinkes I could fye to Rome (at least hop to Rome, as the olde Prouerb is) with a morter on my head" *Dedicatory Epistle to Kemps nine daies wonder*, 1600

<sup>y</sup> woods] Old eds "wookes."

<sup>z</sup> marvedi] See note, p 119

<sup>a</sup> larks] So editor of 1816 Old eds "markes"

<sup>b</sup> cog] See note, p 67

<sup>c</sup> the elephant and camels] The writer thought only of Lon-

## ACT III SCENE I

*A street**Enter RODERIGO disguised as an Italian*

Rod A thousand stings are in me O, what vild<sup>d</sup>  
prisons

Make we our bodies to our immortal souls !  
Brave tenants to bad houses , 'tis a dear rent  
They pay for naughty lodg'ng the soul, the mistress ,  
The body, the caroch that carries her ,  
Sins the swift wheels that hurry her away ,  
Our will, the coachman rashly driving on ,  
Till coach and carriage both are quite o'erthrown  
My body yet 'scapes bruises , that known thief  
Is not yet call'd to th' bar there's no true sense  
Of pain but what the law of conscience  
Condemns us to , I feel that Who would lose  
A kingdom for a cottage ? an estate  
Of perpetuity for a man's life  
For annuity of that life, pleasure ? a spark  
To those celestial fires that burn about<sup>e</sup> us ,  
A painted star to that bright firmament  
Of constellations which each night are set  
Lighting our way , yet thither how few get !  
How many thousand in Madrill<sup>f</sup> drink off  
The cup of lust, and laughing, in one month,  
Not whining as I do ! Should this sad lady  
Now meet me, do I know her ? should this temple ,  
By me profan'd, lie in the ruins here,

don, where such shows were much followed see Gifford's notes  
on B Jonson's *Works*, vol ii pp 149, 152, and Chalmers's  
*Suppl. Apol.*, p 208

<sup>d</sup> vild] i e vile—a form common in our old authors

<sup>e</sup> about] Qy “above?”

<sup>f</sup> Madrill] See note, p 104

The pieces would scarce shew her me would they  
did'

She's mistress to Don Louis , by his steps,  
And this disguise, I'll find her To Salamanca  
Thy father thinks thou'rt gone , no, close here stay ,  
Where'er thou travell'st, scorpions stop thy way  
Who are<sup>g</sup> these ?

*Enter SANCHO and Soto disguised as gypsies*

SAN Soto, how do I shew ?

SOTO Like a rusty armour new scoured , but,  
master, how shew I ?

SAN Like an ass with a new piebald saddle on  
his back

SOTO If the devil were a tailor, he would scarce  
know us in these gaberdines<sup>h</sup>

SAN If a tailor were the devil, I'd not give a  
louse for him, if he should bring up this fashion  
amongst gentlemen, and make it common.

ROD The freshness of the morning be upon you  
both !

SAN The saltiness of the evening be upon you  
single !

ROD Be not displeas'd, that I abruptly thus  
Break in upon your favours , your strange habits  
Invite me with desire to understand  
Both what you are and whence, because no  
country —

And I have measur'd some—shew[s] me your like

SOTO Our like? no, we should be sorry we or  
our clothes should be like fish, new, stale, and  
stinking in three days

SAN. If you ask whence we are, we are Egyptian

<sup>g</sup> Who are] A MS addition in copy of the first 4to see  
note, p 109 The editor of 1816 supplied " But who are "

<sup>h</sup> gaberdines] i e coarse loose frocks

Spaniards, if what we are, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol,* jugglers, tumblers, any thing, any where, every where

Rod A good fate hither leads me by the hand —  
[*Aside*

Your quality I love, the scenical school  
Has been my tutor long in Italy,  
For that's my country, there have I put on  
Sometimes the shape of a comedian,  
And now and then some other

SAN A player! a brother of the tiring-house<sup>1</sup>!

SOTO A bird of the same feather!

SAN Welcome! wu't turn gipsy?

Rod I can nor dance nor sing, but if my pen  
From my invention can strike music-tunes,  
My head and brains are yours

SOTO A calf's head and brains were better for  
my stomach

SAN A rib of poetry!

SOTO A modicum of the Muses! a horse-shoe of  
Helicon!

SAN A magpie of Parnassus! welcome again!  
I am a firebrand of Phœbus myself, we'll invoke  
together, so you will not steal my plot

Rod 'Tis not my fashion

SAN But now-a-days 'tis all the fashion

SOTO What was the last thing you writ? a  
comedy?

Rod No, 'twas a sad, too sad a tragedy  
Under these eaves I'll shelter me

SAN See, here comes our company, do our tops,  
spin as you would have 'em?

SOTO If not, whip us round

<sup>1</sup> *tiring-house]* i.e. the dressing-room—in theatrical language

<sup>2</sup> *do our tops, &c.]* Qy. ought Alvarez and his companions  
to enter before these words?

*Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA,  
CARLO, ANTONIO, and others, disguised as before*

SAN I sent you a letter to tell you we were upon  
a march

ALV And you are welcome — Yet these fools  
will trouble us! [Aside]

GUI Rich fools shall buy our trouble

SAN Hang lands! it's nothing but trees, stones,  
and dirt Old father, I have gold to keep up our  
stock Precious Pretiosa, for whose sake I have  
thus transformed myself out of a gentleman into a  
gipsy, thou shalt not want sweet rhymes, my little  
musk-cat, for besides myself, here's an Italian poet,  
on whom I pray throw your welcomes

ALV. } He's welcome!  
GUI , &c <sup>k</sup>

CONST Sir, you're most welcome, I love a poet,  
So he writes chastely, if your pen can sell me  
Any smooth quaint romances, which I may sing,  
You shall have bays and silver

ROD Pretty heart, no selling,  
What comes from me is free

SAN And me too

ALV. We shall be glad to use you, sir our sports  
Must be an orchard, bearing several trees,  
And fruits of several taste, one pleasure dulls  
A time may come when we, besides these pastimes,  
May from the grandees<sup>1</sup> and the dons of Spain  
Have leave to try our skill even on the stage,  
And then your wits may help us.

SAN. And mine too

ROD They are your servants

<sup>k</sup> *Alv Guz , &c ]* Old eds " Omnes "

<sup>1</sup> *grandees ]* Old eds " grandoes " see note, p 119

CONST Trip softly through the streets till we  
arrive,  
You know at whose house, father  
SAN [sings<sup>m</sup>]  
*Trip it, gypsies, trip it fine,  
 Shew tricks and lofty capers,  
 At threading-needles<sup>n</sup> we repine,  
 And leaping over rapiers  
 Pindy pandy rascal toys'  
 We scorn cutting purses,  
 Though we live by making noise,  
 For cheating none can curse us  
 Over high ways, over low,  
 And over stones and gravel,  
 Though we trip it on the toe,  
 And thus for silver travel,  
 Though our dances waste our backs,  
 At night fat capons mend them,  
 Eggs well brew'd in butter'd sack  
 Our wenches say befriend them  
 O that all the world were mad!  
 Then should we have fine dancing,  
 Hobby-horses would be had,  
 And brave girls keep a-prancing,  
 Beggars would on cock-horse ride,  
 And boobes fall a-roaring,  
 And cuckolds, though no horns be spied,  
 Be one another goring  
 Welcome, poet, to our ging!<sup>o</sup>  
 Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason,*

<sup>m</sup> San [sings] I suspect that only a portion of this song should be assigned to Sancho

<sup>n</sup> *threading-needles*] "Thread my needle is yet a common sport, and to this, probably, the song alludes" Editor of 1816

<sup>o</sup> *ging*] i e gang see note, vol ii p 532

*Canary bees thy brains shall sting,  
 Mull-sack<sup>p</sup> did ne'er speak treason,  
 Peter-see-me<sup>q</sup> shall wash thy nouf,<sup>r</sup>  
 And malaga glasses fox<sup>s</sup> thee,  
 If, poet, thou toss not bon'l for bowl,  
 Thou shalt not kiss a doazy* [Exeunt]

## SCENE II

*A garden<sup>t</sup> belonging to FRANCISCO's house*

*Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, JOHN, PEDRO, MARIA,  
 LOUIS, and DIEGO*

FER Louis de Castro, since you circled are  
 In such a golden ring of worthy friends,  
 Pray, let me question you about that business  
 You and I last conferr'd on

LOUIS My lord, I wish it

FER Then, gentlemen, though you all know this  
 man,

Yet now look on him well, and you shall find  
 Such mines of Spanish honour in his bosom  
 As but in few are treasur'd.

LOUIS O, my good lord —

FER He's son to that De Castro o'er whose  
 tomb

Fame stands writing a book, which will take up  
 The age of time to fill it with the stories  
 Of his great acts, and that his honour'd father

<sup>p</sup> *Mull-sack*] A familiar contraction so "mull-wines,"  
 vol i p 391

<sup>q</sup> *Peter-see-me*] A corruption of *Pedro-Ximenes* see note,  
 vol iii p 213.

<sup>r</sup> *nouf*] i.e. noddle, head.

<sup>s</sup> *fox*] "i.e. intoxicate" Editor of 1816

<sup>t</sup> *A garden, &c*] See note, p 154

Fell in the quarrel of those families,  
His own and Don Alvarez de Castilla[<sup>s</sup>]

FRAN The volume of those quarrels<sup>u</sup> is too large  
And too wide printed in our memory

LOUIS Would it had ne'er come forth !

FRAN } So wish we all  
PED , &c }

FER But here's a son as matchless as the father,  
For his<sup>v</sup> mind's bravery , he lets blood his spleen,  
Tears out the leaf in which the picture stands  
Of slain De Castro, casts a hill of sand  
On all revenge, and stifles it

FRAN } 'Tis done nobly !  
PED , &c }

FER For I by him am courted to solicit  
The king for the repeal of poor Alvarez,  
Who lives a banish'd man, some say, in Naples

PED Some say in Arragon

LOUIS No matter where ,  
That paper folds in it my hand and heart,  
Petitioning the royalty of Spain  
To free the good old man, and call him home  
But what hope hath your lordship that these beams  
Of grace shall shine upon me ?

FER The word royal

FRAN } And that's enough  
PED , &c }

LOUIS Then since this sluice is drawn up to in-  
crease  
The stream, with pardon of these honour'd friends  
Let me set ope another, and that's this ,  
That you, my lord don Pedro, and this lady

<sup>u</sup> *quarrels*] Old eds "families"—"I have no doubt the printer caught the word from the preceding lines" Editor of 1816

<sup>v</sup> *his*] Old eds "he "

Your noble wife, would in this fair assembly,  
 If still you hold me tenant to your favour,  
 Repeat the promise you so oft have made me,  
 Touching the beauteous Clara for my wife

PED What I possess in her, before these lords  
 I freely once more give you

MAR<sup>w</sup> And what's mine,  
 To you, as right heir to it, I resign

FER } What would you more?  
 FRAN , &c }

LOUIS What would I more? the tree bows down  
 his head

Gently to have me touch it, but when I offer  
 To pluck the fruit, the top branch grows so high,  
 To mock my reaching hand, up it does fly,  
 I have the mother's smile, the daughter's frown

FRAN } O, you must woo hard!  
 PED , &c }

FER Woo her well, she's thine own

JOHN That law holds not 'mongst gipsies, I shoot  
 hard,

And am wide off from the mark

*[Aside]*

*[Flourish within]*

FER Is this, my lord, your music?

FRAN None of mine

*Enter Soto disguised as before, with a cornet in his  
 hand*

SOTO A crew of gipsies with desire  
 To shew their sports are at your gates a-fire.

FRAN How, how, my gates a-fire, knave?

JOHN Art panting? I am a-fire I'm sure! *[Aside]*

FER. What are the things they do?

SOTO They frisk, they caper, dance and sing,  
 Tell fortunes too, which is a very fine thing;

<sup>w</sup> Mar ] Old ed "Al"

They tumble—how? not up and down,  
 As tumblers do, but from town to town  
 Antics they have and gipsy-masquing,  
 And toys which you may have for asking  
 They come to devour nor wine nor good cheer,  
 But to earn money, if any be here,  
 But being ask'd, as I suppose,  
 Your answer will be, in your t'other hose,<sup>w</sup>  
 For there's not a gipsy amongst 'em that begs,  
 But gets his living by his tongue and legs  
 If therefore you please, dongs, they shall come in  
 Now I have ended, let them begin

FER } Ay, ay, by any means  
 PED, &c }

FRAN But, fellow, bring you music along with  
 you too?

SOTO Yes, my lord, both loud music and still  
 music, the loud is that which you have heard, and  
 the still is that which no man can hear [Exit

FER A fine knave!

FRAN There's report<sup>x</sup> of a fair gipsy,  
 A pretty little toy, whom all our gallants  
 In Madrill<sup>y</sup> flock to look on this she, trow,<sup>z</sup>

JOHN Yes, sure<sup>a</sup> 'tis she—I should be sorry else.  
 [Aside

<sup>w</sup> in your t'other hose]—hose, i.e. breeches—a sort of proverbial expression compare vol 1 p 262, and B Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*,

"We robb'd in St John's wood! *In my t'other hose!*"

Works (by Gifford), vol vi p 164

<sup>x</sup> report] Ed 1661, "a report"

<sup>y</sup> Madrill] See note, p 104

<sup>z</sup> trow] i.e. think you

<sup>a</sup> Yes, sure, &c] To this line, which in old eds forms part of Francisco's speech, the prefix "Joh" is added with a pen in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109

*Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO, SANCHO, SOTO, and others, disguised as before, with the following*

*Song*

*Come, follow your leader, follow,  
Our convoy be Mars and Apollo,  
The van comes brave up here,  
As hotly<sup>a</sup> comes the rear*

*Chorus*

*Our knackers are the fifes and drums,  
Sa, sa, the gipsies' army comes'*

*Horsemen we need not fear,  
There's none but footmen here,  
The horse sure charge without,  
Or if they wheel about,*

*Chorus*

*Our knackers are the shot that fly,  
Pit-a-pat rattling in the sky*

*If once the great ordnance play,  
That's laughing, yet run not away,  
But stand the push of pike,  
Scorn can but basely strike,*

*Chorus*

*Then let our armies join and sing,  
And pit-a-pat make our knackers ring*

*Arm, arm! what bands are those?  
They cannot be sure our foes,  
We'll not draw up our force,  
Nor muster any horse,*

<sup>a</sup> *As hotly, &c.]* To this line in old eds is prefixed "Ans"  
i.e., perhaps, the *Answer* of those who form the rear

*Chorus*

*For since they pleas'd to view our sight,  
Let's this way, this way give delight*

*A council of war let's call,  
Look either to stand or fall,  
If our weak army stands,  
Thank all these noble hands,*

*Chorus*

*Whose gates of love being open thronn,  
We enter, and then the towvn's our own*

FER A very dainty thing!

FRAN A handsome creature!

PED<sup>b</sup> Look what a pretty pit there's in her chin!

JOHN Pit? 'tis a grave to bury lovers in

ROD My father?<sup>c</sup> disguise guard me! [Aside

SAN Soto, there's De Cortes my guardian, but  
he smells not us

SOTO Peace, brother gipsy —Would any one  
here know his fortune?

FER } Good fortunes all of us!  
FRAN, &c }

PED 'Tis I, sir, need<sup>d</sup> a good one come, sir,  
what's mine?

MAR Mine and my husband's fortunes keep to-  
gether,  
Who is't tells mine?

SAN I, I, hold up, madam, fear not your  
pocket, for I ha' but two hands

[Examining her hands  
You are sad, or mad, or glad,  
For a couple of cocks that cannot be had,  
Yet when abroad they have pick'd store of grain,  
Doodle-doo they will cry on your dunghills again

<sup>b</sup> Ped] Old eds "Ro"      <sup>c</sup> father] Old eds "fathers."  
<sup>d</sup> need] Old eds "needs"

MAR Indeed I miss an idle gentleman,  
And a thing of his a fool, but neither sad  
Nor mad for them would that were all the lead  
Lying at my heart!

PED [while Soto examines his hand] What look'st  
thou on so long?

SOTO So long! do you think good fortunes are  
fresh herrings, to come in shoals? bad fortunes are  
like mackerel at midsummer you have had a sore  
loss of late

PED I have indeed, what is't?

SOTO I wonder it makes you not mad, for—  
Through a gap in your ground thence late have<sup>e</sup>  
been stole

A very fine ass and a very fine foal  
Take heed, for I speak not by habs and by nabs,  
Ere long you'll be horribly troubled with scabs

PED I am now so, go, silly fool

SOTO I ha' gr'n't him [Aside]

SAN O Soto, that ass and foal fattens me!

FER The mother of the gipsies, what can she do?  
I'll have a bout with her

JOHN I with the gipsy daughter

FRAN To her, boy!

GUI [examining FERNANDO's hand]

From you went a dove away,

Which ere this had been more white

Than the silver robe of day,

Her eyes, the moon has none so bright

Sate she now upon your hand,

Not the crown of Spain could buy it,

But 'tis flown to such a land,

Never more shall you come nigh it.

Ha! yes, if palmistry tell true,

This dove again may fly to you.

\* have] Old eds "hath"

FER Thou art a lying witch, I'll hear no more  
 SAN If you be so hot, sir, we can cool you with  
 a song

SOTO And when that song's done, we'll heat you  
 again with a dance

LOUIS Stay, dear sir, send for Clara, let her know  
 Her fortune.

MAR 'Tis too well known

LOUIS 'Twill make her

Merry to be in this brave company

PED Good Diego, fetch her [Exit DIEGO]

FRAN What's that old man? has he cunning too?

GUI } More than all we'

CAR, &c } More than all we'

LOUIS Has he? I'll try his spectacles

FER Ha! Roderigo there? the scholar  
 That went to Salamanca, takes he degrees  
 I th' school of gipsies? let the fish alone,  
 Give him line this is the dove,—the dove?—the  
 raven

That beldam mock'd me with [Aside

LOUIS [while ALVAREZ examines his hand] What  
 worms pick you out there now?

ALV This  
 When this line the other crosses,  
 Art tells me 'tis a book of losses —  
 Bend your hand thus —O, here I find  
 You have lost a ship in a great wind

LOUIS Lying rogue, I ne'er had any

ALV Hark, as I gather,  
 That great ship was De Castro call'd, your father

LOUIS And I must hew that rock that split him

ALV Nay, and<sup>s</sup> you threaten — [Retires

FRAN And what's, Don John, thy fortune?  
 Thou'rt long fumbling at it

<sup>t</sup> *Gu Car, &c*] Old eds "Omnes"      <sup>s</sup> and] i e if

JOHN She tells me tales of the moon, sir

CONST And now 'tis come to the sun, sir

[To FRAN] Your son would ride, the youth would run,

The youth would sail, the youth would fly,

He's tying a knot will ne'er be done,

He shoots, and yet has ne'er an eye

You have two, 'twere good you lent him one,

And a heart too, for he has none

FRAN Hoyday! lend one of mine eyes?

SAN They give us nothing, we'd<sup>h</sup> best put on a bold face and ask it

[Sings]

*Now that from the hive*

*You gather'd have the honey,*

*Our bees but poorly thrive*

*Unless the banks be sunny,*

*Then let your sun and moon,*

*Your gold and silver shine,*

*My thanks shall humming fly to you,*

### Chorus

*And mine, and mine, and mine*

[FRAN, FER, &c give money

ALV [sings]

*See, see, your<sup>i</sup> gypsy-toys,*

*You mad girls, you merry boys,*

*A boon voyage we have made,*

*Loud peals must then be had,*

*If I a gipsy be,*

*A crack-rope I'm for thee*

*O, here's a golden ring!*

*Such clappers please a king,*

### Chorus

*Such clappers please a king.*

<sup>h</sup> *we'd*] Old eds "hee'd"

<sup>i</sup> *your*] Qy "you?" compare p 145, 3d line from bottom

ALV [sings]

*You pleas'd may pass away,  
Then let your bell-ropes stay,  
Now chime, 'tis holyday,  
Chorus*

*Now chime, 'tis holyday*

CONST No more of this, pray, father, fall to your  
dancing [CONST, CAR, &c dance

LOUIS Clara will come too late now.

FER 'Tis great pity,

Besides your songs, dances, and other pastimes,  
You do not, as our Spanish actors do,  
Make trial of a stage

ALV We are, sir, about it,  
So please your high authority to sign us  
Some warrant to confirm us

FER My hand shall do't,  
And bring the best in Spain to see your sports

ALV Which to set off, this gentleman, a scholar —

ROD Pox on you!

[Aside

ALV Will write for us

FER A Spaniard, sir?

ROD No, my lord, an Italian

FER Denies

His country too? my son sings gipsy-ballads! [Aside  
Keep as you are, we'll see your poet's vein,  
And your's for playing time is not ill spent  
That's thus laid out in harmless merriment

[*Exeunt* ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA,  
CHRISTIANA, CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO,  
SANCHO, SOTO, and others, dancing

PED My lord of Carromo, for this entertainment  
You shall command our loves

FRAN You're nobly welcome

PED The evening grows upon us lords, to all  
A happy time of day

FER The like to you, Don Pedro  
 LOUIS To my heart's sole lady  
 Pray let my service humbly be remember'd,  
 We only miss'd her presence  
 MAR I shall truly  
 Report your worthy love

[*Exeunt PEDRO and MARIA*

FER You shall no further,  
 Indeed, my lords, you shall not

FRAN With your favour,  
 We will attend you home

*Re-enter DIEGO*

DIEGO Where's Don Pedro?—O sir!

LOUIS Why, what's the matter?

DIEGO The lady Clara,  
 Passing near to my lord corregidor's house,  
 Met with a strange mischance

FER How? what mischance?

DIEGO The jester that so late arriv'd at court,  
 And there was welcome for his country's sake,  
 By importunity of some friends, it seems,  
 Had borrow'd from the gentleman of your horse  
 The backing of your mettled Barbary,  
 On which being mounted, whilst a number gaz'd  
 To hear what jests he could perform on horseback,  
 The headstrong beast, unus'd to such a rider,  
 Bears the press of people [on] before him,  
 With which throng the lady Clara meeting,  
 Fainted, and there fell down, not bruis'd, I hope,  
 But frightened and entranc'd

LOUIS Ill-destin'd mischief!

FER Where have you left her?

DIEGO At your house, my lord,  
 A servant coming forth, and knowing who  
 The lady was, convey'd her to a chamber,  
 A surgeon, too, is sent for.

FER Had she been my daughter,  
My care could not be greater than it shall be  
For her recure

Louis But if she miscarry,  
I am the most unhappy man that lives [Exit]

FER Diego, [straightway<sup>c</sup>] coast about the fields,  
And overtake Don Pedro and his wife,  
They newly parted from us

Diego I'll run speedily [Exit]

FER A strange mischance but what I have, my lord

Francisco, this day noted, I may tell you,  
An accident of merriment and wonder

FRAN Indeed, my lord!

FER I have not thoughts enough  
About me to imagine what th' event  
Can come to, 'tis indeed about my son,  
Hereafter you may counsel me

FRAN Most gladly —

*Re-enter LOUIS*

How fares the lady?

Louis Called back to life,  
But full of sadness

FER Talks she nothing?

Louis Nothing,  
For when the women that attend on her  
Demanded how she did, she turn'd about,  
And answer'd with a sigh when I came near,  
And by the love I bore her begg'd a word  
Of hope to comfort me in her well-doing,  
Before she would reply, from her fair eyes  
She greets me with a bracelet of her tears,  
Then wish'd me not to doubt she was too well,

<sup>c</sup> [straightway] Inserted by the editor of 1816

Entreats that she may sleep without disturbance  
Or company until her father came  
And thus I left her

FRAN Sir,<sup>d</sup> she's past the worst  
Young maids are oft so troubled

FER Here come they  
You talk of —

*Re-enter PEDRO and MARIA*

Sir, your daughter, for your comfort,  
Is now upon amendment

MAR O, my lord,  
You speak an angel's voice !

FER Pray, in and visit her,  
I'll follow instantly [*Exeunt PEDRO and MARIA*]—  
You shall not part<sup>e</sup>

Without a cup of wine, my lord

FRAN 'Tis now  
Too troublesome a time — Which way take you,  
Don Louis ?

Louis No matter which, for till I hear  
My Clara be recover'd, I am nothing —  
My lord corregidor, I am your servant  
For this free entertainment

FER You have conquer'd me  
In noble courtesy

Louis O, that no art  
But love itself can cure a love-sick heart ! [*Exeunt*

<sup>d</sup> *Sir*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see note, p 109 Old eds "For" The editor of 1816 makes "For she's past the worst" the conclusion of Louis's speech

<sup>e</sup> *You shall not part, &c*] The audience, it seems, was to suppose that, after Francisco (p 152) had said,

"With your favour,  
We will attend you home,"

the scene had changed to the neighbourhood of Fernando's house !

## SCENE III

*A room in FERNANDO's house*

**CLARA** discovered seated in a chair, **PEDRO** and  
**MARIA** standing by

**MAR** Clara, hope of mine age!

**PED** Soul of my comfort!

Kill us not both at once why dost thou speed  
 Thine eye in such a progress 'bout these walls?

**CLA** Yon large window  
 Yields some fair prospect, good my lord, look out  
 And tell me what you see there

**PED** Easy suit  
 Clara, it overviews a spacious garden,  
 Amidst which stands an alabaster<sup>f</sup> fountain,  
 A goodly one

**CLA** Indeed, my lord!  
**MAR** Thy griefs grow wild,<sup>g</sup>  
 And will mislead thy judgment through thy weakness,  
 If thou obey thy weakness

**CLA** Who owns these glorious buildings?  
**PED** Don Fernando

De Azevida,<sup>h</sup> the corregidor  
 Of Madrill,<sup>i</sup> a true noble gentleman

**CLA** May I not see him?  
**MAR.** See him, Clara? why?  
**CLA** A truly noble gentleman, you said, sir?  
**PED** I did. lo, here he comes in person—

*Enter FERNANDO.*

We are,

My lord, your servants

<sup>f</sup> *alabaster*] See note, vol 1 p 281

<sup>g</sup> *Thy griefs grow wild*] So editor of 1816 Old eds "The  
 griefs grow wide"

<sup>h</sup> *Azevda*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see  
 note, p 109 Old eds "Azeutda."

<sup>i</sup> *Madrill*] See note, p 109

FER Good, no compliment —  
 Young lady, there attends below a surgeon  
 Of worthy fame and practice, is't your pleasure  
 To be his patient?

CLA With your favour, sir,  
 May I impart some few but needful words  
 Of secrecy to you, to you yourself,  
 None but yourself?

FER You may  
 PED Must I not hear 'em ?  
 MAR Nor I ?  
 CLA O yes — Pray, sit, my lord

FER Say on  
 CLA You have been married ?  
 FER To a wife, young lady.<sup>1</sup>  
 Who, whiles the heavens did lend her me, was fruitful  
 In all those virtues which style<sup>j</sup> woman good

CLA And you had children by her ?  
 FER Had, 'tis true,

Now have but one, a son, and he yet lives,  
 The daughter, as if in her birth the mother  
 Had perfected the errand she was sent for  
 Into the world, from that hour took her life  
 In which the other that gave it her lost hers,  
 Yet shortly she unhappily, but fatally,  
 Perish'd at sea

CLA Sad story !  
 FER Roderigo,  
 My son —  
 CLA How is he call'd, sir ?  
 FER Roderigo  
 He lives at Salamanca, and I fear  
 That neither time, persuasions, nor his fortunes,  
 Can draw him thence

<sup>1</sup> *a wife, young lady*] The editor of 1816 strangely follows the reading of ed 1661, " *a wise young lady*"

<sup>j</sup> *style*] Old eds " *stiles*"

CLA My lord, d'ye know this crucifix?<sup>g</sup>

[*Shewing the crucifix*

FER You drive me to amazement! 'twas my  
son's,

A legacy bequeath'd him from his mother  
Upon her deathbed, dear to him as life,  
On earth there cannot be another treasure  
He values at like rate as he does this

CLA O, then I am a cast-away!

MAR How's that?

PED Alas, she will grow frantic!

CLA In my bosom,

Next to my heart, my lord, I have laid up,  
In bloody characters, a tale of hoiror  
Pray, read the paper, and if there you find

[*Giving a paper*

Ought that concerns a maid undone and miserable,  
Made so by one<sup>h</sup> of yours, call back the piety  
Of nature to the goodness of a judge,  
An upright judge, not of a partial father,  
For do not wonder that I live to suffer  
Such a full weight of wrongs, but wonder rather  
That I have liv'd to speak them thou, great man,  
Yet read, read on, and as thou read'st consider  
What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do,<sup>i</sup>  
Thine own name, fatherhood, and my dishonour.  
Be just as heaven and fate are, that by miracle  
Have in my weakness wrought a strange discovery  
Truth copied from my heart is texted there  
Let now my shame be throughly understood,  
Sins are heard farthest when they cry in blood

FER True, true, they do not cry but holla here,

<sup>g</sup> crucifix] See p. 108

<sup>h</sup> one] Qy "son?"

<sup>i</sup> What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do] "I cannot  
but believe that the line that should follow this has been lost."

Editor of 1816—I see no reason for believing so

This is the trumpet of a soul drown'd deep  
 In the unfathom'd seas of matchless sorrows

I must lock fast the door

[*Exit*

MAR I have no words  
 To call for vengeance

PED I am lost in marvel

*Re-enter FERNANDO*

FER Sir,<sup>1</sup> pray sit as you sat before White paper,  
 This should be innocence, these letters gules<sup>2</sup>  
 Should be the honest oracles of revenge  
 What's beauty but a perfect white and red?  
 Both here well mix'd limn truth so beautiful,  
 That to distrust it, as I am a father,  
 Speaks me as foul as rape hath spoken my son,  
 'Tis true

CLA 'Tis true

FER Then mark me how I kneel  
 Before the high tribunal of your injuries [Kneels  
 Thou too, too-much-wrong'd maid, scorn not my  
 tears,

For these are tears of rage, not tears of love,—  
 Thou father of this too, too-much-wrong'd maid,—  
 Thou mother of her counsels and her cares,  
 I do not plead for pity to a villain,  
 O, let him die as he hath liv'd, dishonourably,  
 Basely and cursedly! I plead for pity  
 To my till now untainted blood and honour  
 Teach me how I may now be just and cruel,  
 For henceforth I am childless.

CLA Pray, sir, rise,  
 You wrong your place and age

FER [*rising*] Point me my grave

<sup>1</sup> *Sir*] Qy "Sit?"

<sup>2</sup> *gules*] i.e., in heraldic language, red

In some obscure by-path, where never memory  
Nor mention of my name may be found out

CLA My lord, I can weep with you, nay, weep  
for ye,

As you for me, your passions are instructions,  
And prompt my faltering tongue to beg at least  
A noble satisfaction, though not revenge

FER Speak that again

CLA Can you procure no balm  
To heal a wounded name?

FER O, thou'rt as fair  
In mercy as in beauty! wilt thou live,  
And I'll be thy physician?

CLA I'll be yours

FER Don Pedro, we'll to counsel,  
This<sup>k</sup> daughter shall be ours —Sleep, sleep, young  
angel,

My care shall wake about thee  
CLA Heaven is gracious,  
And I am eas'd!

FER We will be yet more private;  
Night<sup>1</sup> curtains o'er the world, soft dreams rest  
with thee<sup>1</sup>

The best revenge is to reform our crimes,  
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times

[*Exeunt all except CLARA, on whom the scene  
shuts*

\* *This*] The editor of 1816 prints "Thy"

\* *Night*] Old eds. "Might."

## ACT IV SCENE I

*A court before an inn*

ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, SANCHO, SOTO, ANTONIO, CARLO, RODERIGO, and others  
*discovered, disguised as before* A shout within  
 Enter JOHN

ALV, GUI, &c<sup>1</sup>} Welcome, welcome, welcome !

SOTO More sacks to the mill

SAN More thieves to the sacks

ALV Peace !

CONST I give you now my welcome without noise

JOHN 'Tis music to me [Offering to kiss CONST

ALV, GUI, &c } O sir !

SAN You must not be in your mutton<sup>m</sup> before we are out of our veal

SOTO Stay for vinegar to your oysters, no opening till then

GUI No kissing till you're sworn

JOHN Swear me then quickly,  
 I have brought gold for my admission

ALV What you bring leave, and what you leave count lost

SAN I brought all my teeth, two are struck out, them I count lost, so must you

SOTO I brought all my wits, half I count lost, so must you

JOHN To be as you are, I lose father, friends, Birth, fortunes, all the world what will you do With the beast I rode on hither ?

<sup>1</sup> *Alv, Gus, &c.*] Old ed here and afterwards, "All"

<sup>m</sup> *mutton*] See note, vol III p 102

SAN A beast? is't a mule? send him to Muly  
Crag a whee<sup>m</sup> in Barbary

SOTO Is't an ass? give it to a lawyer, for in  
Spain they ride upon none else

JOHN Kill him by any means, lest, being pursu'd,  
The beast betray me

SOTO He's a beast betrays any man

SAN Except a bailiff to be pumped

JOHN Pray, bury the carcass and the furniture

SAN Do, do, bury the ass's household stuff, and  
in his skin sew any man that's mad for a woman

ALV Do so then, bury it now to your oath

GUI All things are ready

ALV [sings<sup>n</sup>]

*Thy best<sup>o</sup> hand lay on this turf of grass,  
There thy heart lies, vow not to pass  
From us two years for sun nor snow,  
For hill nor dale, hove'er winds blow,  
Vow the hard earth to be thy bed,  
With her green cushions under thy head,  
Flower-banks or moss to be thy board,  
Water thy wine —*

SAN [sings] And drink like a lord

*Chorus*

*Kings can have but coronations,  
We are as proud of gipsy-fashions  
Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border  
Close this new brother of our order.*

ALV [sings]

*What we get with us come share,  
You to get must vow to care,*

<sup>m</sup> *Muly Crag a whee*] A corrupted name probably, used with a quibble

<sup>n</sup> [sings] Had there not been a "Chorus" (in old eds "Omnes"), I should have supposed that the rhyming lines in this initiation-scene were spoken, not sung

<sup>o</sup> *best*] Qy "left?"

*Nor strike gipsy, nor stand by  
 When strangers strike, but fight or die,  
 Our gipsy-wenches are not common,  
 You must not kiss a fellow's leman,<sup>o</sup>  
 Nor to your own, for one you must,  
 In songs send errands of base lust*

*Chorus*

*Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border  
 Close this new brother of our order*

JOHN [sings]

*On this turf of grass I vow  
 Your laws to keep, your laws allow*

ALL. A gipsy! a gipsy! a gipsy!

GUI [sings]

*Now choose what maid has yet no mate,  
 She's yours*

JOHN [sings] *Here then fix I my fate*

[Takes CONSTANZA by the hand, and offers  
 to kiss her]

SAN Again fall to before you ha' washed?

SOTO Your nose in the manger before the oats  
 are measured, jade so hungry?

ALV. [sings]

*Set foot to foot, those garlands hold,  
 Now mark<sup>p</sup> [well] what more is told  
 By cross arms, the lover's sign,  
 Vow, as these flowers themselves entwine,  
 Of April's wealth building a throne  
 Round, so your love to one or none,  
 By those touches of your feet,  
 You must each night embracing meet,*

*Chaste, howe'er disjoin'd by day,  
You the sun with her must play,  
She to you the marigold,  
To none but you her leare's unfold,  
Wake she or sleep, your eyes so charm,  
Want, woe, nor weather do her harm.*

CAR P [sings]

*This is your market now of kisses,  
Buy and sell free each other blisses*

JOHN Most willingly

*Chorus*

*Holydays, high days, gipsy-fairs,  
When kisses are fairings, and hearts meet in pairs*

ALV All ceremonies end here welcome, brother  
gipsy!

SAN And the better to instruct thee, mark what  
a brave life 'tis all the year long [Sings]

*Brave don, cast your eyes  
On our gipsy fashions  
In our antic hey-de-gaize<sup>a</sup>  
We go beyond all nations,  
Plump Dutch  
At us grutch,  
So do English, so do French,  
He that lopes<sup>b</sup>  
On the ropes,  
Shew me such another wench<sup>c</sup>*

<sup>a</sup> Car ] Old eds "Cla"

<sup>a</sup> hey-de-guize] A kind of rural dance—a word variously  
spelt, and of doubtful etymology

<sup>b</sup> lopes] i.e. leaps

<sup>b</sup> wench] Qy "wrench?" Compare Sir John Davies's  
*Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing,*

"Such winding sleights, such turns and tricks he hath,  
Such creeks, such wrenches, and such dalliaunce" St. 53

*We no camels have to shew,  
 Nor elephant with growt<sup>t</sup> head,  
 We can dance, he cannot go,  
 Because the beast is corn-fed,<sup>u</sup>  
 No blind bears  
 Shedding tears,  
 For a collier's whipping,  
 Apes nor dogs,  
 Quicke as frogs,  
 Over cudgels skipping  
 Jack[s]-in-boxes,<sup>v</sup> nor decoys,  
 Puppets, nor such poor things,*

<sup>t</sup> *growt*] a corruption of *great*

<sup>u</sup> *because the beast is corn-fed*] "This seems so odd a reason why the elephant could not go, that I believe we should read, 'is not fed.'" Editor of 1816 — But does not *corn fed* mean, even in the present day, fattened up? and, perhaps, there is a quibble—*cornified* (having corns)

<sup>v</sup> *Jack[s] in-boxes*] I have to regret that the following passage does not well admit of abridgment "This Jacke in a Boxe, or this Diuell in mans shape, wearing (like a player on a stage, good clothes on his backe) comes to a Goldsmiths Stall, to a Drapers, a Habberdashes, or into any other shoppe, where he knowes good store of siluer faces are to be seene And there drawing forth a faire new boxe, hammered all out of Siluer plate, he opens it, and powres forth twenty or forty Twenty-shillings pieces in new Gold. To which heape of worldly temptation thus much hee addes in words, that either he himselfe, or such a Gentleman (to whom he belongs) hath an occasion for fourre or ffe dayes to vse forty pound But because he is very shortly (nay he knowes not how suddenly) to trauaile to Venice, to Jerusalem or so, and would not willingly bee disfurnished of Gold, he doth therefore request the Citizen to lend (vpon those Forty Twenty-shilling pieces) so much in white money (but for fourre, or hue, or sixe dayes at the most) and for his good will he shall receiue any reasonable satisfaction The Citizen (knowing the pawnie to be better then a Bond) powreth downe forty pound in siluer the other drawes it, and hauing so much gold in hostage, marcheth away with Bag and Baggage Ffe dayes being expired, Jacke in a Boxe (according to his bargaine) beeing a man of his

*Nor are we those roaring boys  
That cozen fools with gilt rings,<sup>s</sup>*

word, comes againe to the shop or stall, (at which he Angleſ for fresh Fish) and there casting out his line with a siluer hooke, that is to say, powring out the forty pound which he borrowed. The Citizen sends in, or steppes himselfe for the Boxe with the Golden Deuill in it it is opened, and the army of Angels being mustered together, they are all found to be there. The Boxe is shut againe and set on the stal whilſt the Citizen is telling of his mony. But whilſt the muscike is sounding, Jacke in a Boxe actes his part in a dumbe shew thus, he shifts out of his fingers another Boxe of the same mettall and making that the former beares, which ſecond Boxe is filled only with ſhillings, and being poized in the hand, ſhall ſeeme to carry the weight of the former, and is clap d downe in place of the firſt. The Citizen in the meane time (whilſt this Pitfall is made for him) telling the forty pounds, miſſeth thirty or forty ſhillings in the whole ſumme at which the Jacke in a Boxe ſtarting backe (as if it were a matter ſtrange vnto him) at laſt (making a gathering within himſelfe for his wits) he remembers, he ſayes, that he layd by ſo much money as is wanting (of the forty pounds) to diſpatch ſome busineſſe or other, and forgot to put it into the bag againe, notwithstanding, he intreathes the Citizen to keepe his Gold ſtill, he will take the white mony home to fetch the reſt and make vp the ſumme, his abſence ſhall not bee aboue an hour or two before which time hee ſhall bee ſure to heare of him, and with this the little Deuill vaniſheth carrying that away with him which in the end will ſend him to the Gallowes, (that is to ſay, his owne Gold) and forty pound beſides of the Shop-keepers which he borrowed, the other being glad to take forty ſhillings for the whole debt, and yet is ſoundly boxt for his labor." *English Villaines, &c.,* sig H, ed 1632

<sup>s</sup> *cozen fools with gilt rings]* " You haue another kind of Lifter, or more properly a cunning night ſhifter, and it is thus. You ſhall haue a fellow that in an evening or night time, or ſome time at noone dayes, as hee liketh the company and ſorts his opportunity, that will wilfully drop ſometime a ſpoon, other while a ring or elſe ſome peece of coyned mony, as the likenes of gold and siluer, and ſo ſpurning it afore them in the view of others, to the end they ſhould cry halfe part, which he taking hold of, ſayth, nay by my troth, what will you glue me and take it all? and ſo ſome greedy foolies offer thus much, thinking it gold, which the Lifter takes as

*For an ocean,  
Not<sup>s</sup> such a motion  
As the city Nineveh,<sup>t</sup>  
Dancing, singing,  
And fine ringing,*  
*You these sports shall hear and see*

Come now, what shall his name be?

CONST His name shall now be Andrew —Friend Andrew, mark me

Two years I am to try you, prove fine gold,  
The uncrack'd diamond of my faith shall hold

JOHN My vows are rocks of adamant

CONST Two years you are to try me black<sup>u</sup>  
when I turn

May I meet youth and want, old age and scorn!

JOHN Kings' diadems shall not buy thee

CAR<sup>v</sup> Do you think

You can endure the life, and love it?

JOHN As usurers doat upon their treasure.

SOTO But when your face shall be tann'd  
Like a sailor's worky-day hand —

SAN When your feet shall be gall'd,  
And your noddle be mall'd<sup>w</sup> —

SOTO When the woods you must forage,  
And not meet with poor pease-porridge —

SAN. Be all to-be-dabbled,<sup>x</sup> yet he in no  
sheet —

Knowing it counterfeit, and so are they cunny-caught" Dekker's *Belman of London*, sig g 4, ed 1608

\* Not] Ed. of 1816, "Rot," mistaking for an *r* the broken *n* of ed 1661

<sup>t</sup> such a motion as the city Nineveh] See note, vol 1 p 229

<sup>u</sup> black] May be the right reading but qy "back?"

<sup>v</sup> Car] Old eds "Cla"

<sup>w</sup> mall'd] So written for the rhyme

<sup>x</sup> all to-be-dabbled] A writer in the additions to Boucher's *Gloss* (new ed in v All) has well observed, that in such expressions as this it is a mistake to suppose that *all* is coupled

SOTO With winter's frost, hail, snow, and sleet,  
What life will you say it is then?

JOHN As now, the sweetest

DIEGO [within] Away! away! the corregidor has  
sent for you

SAN [sings]

*Hence merrily fine to get money!  
Dry are the fields, the banks are sunny,  
Silver is sweeter far than honey,*

*Fly like swallows,  
We for our comes must get mallows,  
Who loves not his dill,<sup>x</sup> let him die at the gallows  
Hence, bonny girls, foot it trimly,  
Smug up your beetle-brows, none look grimly,  
To shew a pretty foot, O 'tis seemly!*

[Exeunt all except Soto as he is going out,

Enter CARDOCIA, who stays him

CARD Do you hear, you gipsy? gipsy!

SOTO Me?

CARD There's a young gipsy newly entertain'd,  
Sweet gipsy, call him back for one two words,  
And here's a jewel for thee.

SOTO I'll send him

CARD What's his name?

SOTO Andrew

CARD A very handsome fellow, I ha' seen  
courtiers

Jet<sup>y</sup> up and down in their full bravery,<sup>z</sup>  
Yet here's a gipsy worth a drove of 'em

with *to*, and that it becomes equivalent to *omnino* from being thus conjoined the *to* is connected with the following participle as a prefix

<sup>x</sup> *dell*] 1 e, perhaps, darling see Nares's *Gloss* in v *Dilling*, and Moor's *Suff Words* in v *Dills*, or, perhaps, another form of *dell*—see note, vol 11 p 538

<sup>y</sup> *Jet*] 1 e. strut.

<sup>z</sup> *bravery*] 1 e. finery

*Re-enter JOHN*

JOHN With me, sweetheart?

CARD Your name is Andrew?

JOHN Yes

CARD You can tell fortunes, Andrew?

JOHN I could once,

But now I ha' lost that knowledge, I'm in haste,  
And cannot stay to tell you yours

CARD I cannot tell yours then,  
And 'cause you're in haste, I'm quick, I am a  
maid —

JOHN So, so, a maid quick?

CARD Juanna Cardochia,

That's mine own name, I am my mother's heir  
Here to this house, and two more

JOHN I buy no lands

CARD They shall be given you, with some plate  
and money,

And free possession during life of me,  
So the match like<sup>a</sup> you, for so well I love you,  
That I, in pity of this trade of gipsying,  
Being base, idle, and slavish, offer you  
A state to settle you, my youth and beauty,  
Desir'd by some brave Spaniards, so I may call you  
My husband shall I, Andrew?

JOHN 'Las, pretty soul,  
Better stars guide you! may that hand of Cupid  
Ache, ever shot this arrow at your heart!  
Sticks there one such indeed?

CARD I would there did not,  
Since you'll not pluck it out

JOHN Good sweet, I cannot,  
For marriage, 'tis a law amongst us gipsies

<sup>a</sup> like] i e please

We match in our own tribes, for me to wear you,  
I should but wear you out

CARD I do not care,  
Wear what you can out, all my life, my wealth,  
Ruin me, so you lend me but your love,  
A little of your love!

JOHN Would I could give it,  
For you are worth a world of better men,  
For your free noble mind! all my best wishes  
Stay with you, I must hence

CARD Wear for my sake  
This jewel

JOHN I'll not rob you, I'll take nothing

CARD Wear it about your neck but one poor  
moon,

If in that time your eye be as 'tis now,  
Send my jewel home again, and I protest  
I'll never more think on you, deny not this,  
Put it about your neck

JOHN Well then, 'tis done [Putting on jewel  
CARD And vow to keep it there

JOHN By all the goodness  
I wish attend your fortunes, I do vow it! [Exit  
CARD Scorn'd! thou hast temper'd poison to kill  
me

Thyself shall drink, since I cannot enjoy thee,  
My revenge shall

*Enter DIEGO*

DIEGO Where are the gipsies?

CARD Gone

Diego, do you love me?

DIEGO Love thee, Juanna?  
Is my life mine? it is but mine so long  
As it shall do thee service

CARD There's a young<sup>b</sup> gipsy newly entertain'd  
 DIEGO A handsome rascal, what of him?  
 CARD That slave in obscene language courted me,  
 Drew reals<sup>c</sup> out, and would have bought my body,  
 Diego, from thee  
 DIEGO Is he so itchy? I'll cure him  
 CARD Thou shalt not touch the villain, I'll spin  
     his fate,  
 Woman strikes sure, fall the blow ne'er so late  
 DIEGO Strike on, since<sup>d</sup> thou wilt be a striker<sup>e</sup>  
 [Exeunt

## SCENE II

*A room in FERNANDO's house**Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, and LOUIS*

FER See, Don Louis, an arm,<sup>f</sup>  
 The strongest arm in Spain, to the full length  
 Is stretch'd to pluck old count Alvarez home  
 From his sad banishment  
 LOUIS With longing eyes,  
 My lord, I expect the man your lordship's pardon,  
 Some business calls me from you

<sup>b</sup> *young*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to, see note,  
 p 109, and so the editor of 1816 Old eds "younger"  
<sup>c</sup> *reals*] "Real, a Spanish sixpence" Minsheu, *Guide into Tongues* in v — "A coin worth forty maravedis" Neuman's *Span and Engl Dict* in v

<sup>d</sup> *since*] A MS correction *ubi sup*, and so the editor of 1816 Old eds "sinne," and "sin"  
<sup>e</sup> *a straker*] A quibble

"nor was old Lais liker  
 Unto herselfe then shee is to *a straker*."

Brathwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p 167

The word is more frequently applied to the dissolute of the other sex see note, vol 11 p 454

<sup>f</sup> *arm*] A MS correction *ubi sup* Old eds "army," which the editor of 1816 vainly endeavoured to explain

FER Prithee, Don Louis,  
 Unless th' occasion be too violent,  
 Stay and be merry with us, all the gipsies  
 Will be here presently

LOUIS I'll attend your lordship  
 Before their sports be done

FER Be your own carver [Exit Louis  
 [To FRAN] Not yet shake off these fetters? I see  
 a son

Is heavy when a father carries him  
 On his old heart

FRAN Could I set up my rest  
 That he were lost, or taken prisoner,  
 I could hold truce with sorrow, but to have him  
 Vanish I know not how, gone none knows whither,  
 'Tis that mads me

PED You said he sent a letter

FRAN A letter? a mere riddle, he's gone to see[k]  
 His fortune in the wars, what wars have we?  
 Suppose we had, goes any man to th' field  
 Naked, unfurnish'd both [of] arms and money?

FER Come, come, he's gone a-wenching, we in  
 our youth  
 Ran the self-same bias

*Enter DIEGO*

DIEGO. The gipsies, my lord, are come

FER Are they? let them enter [Exit DIEGO  
 My lord De Cortes, send for your wife and  
 daughter,  
 Good company is good physic take the pains  
 To seat yourselves in my great chamber See,  
 They<sup>f</sup> are here —

[*Exeunt FRANCISCO and PEDRO*

<sup>f</sup> See they, &c.] Given to "Al" in first ed by a mistake,  
 which is corrected in ed 1661

*Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, JOHN, RODERIGO, ANTONIO, CARLO, SANCHO, and SOTO, disguised as before*

What's your number?

SAN The figure of nine casts us all up, my lord

FER Nine? let me see—you are ten, sure

SOTO That's our poet, he stands for a cipher

FER Ciphers make numbers —what plays have you?

ALV Five or six, my lord

FER It's well so many already

SOTO We are promised a very merry tragedy, if all hit right, of Cobby Nobby

FER So, so, a merry tragedy! there is a way  
Which the Italians and the Frenchmen use,  
That is, on a word given, or some slight plot,  
The actors will extempore fashion out

Scenes neat and witty

ALV We can do that, my lord,  
Please you bestow the subject

FER Can you?—Come hither,  
You master poet to save you a labour,  
Look you, against your coming I projected  
This comic passage [producing a paper], your  
drama, that's the scene —

ROD Ay, ay, my lord.

FER I lay in our own country, Spain

ROD 'Tis best so

FER Here's a brave part for this old gipsy, look  
you,

The father read the plot, this young she-gipsy,  
This lady now the son, play him yourself

ROD My lord, I am no player

FER Pray, at this time,  
The plot being full, to please my noble friends,

Because your brains must into theirs put language,  
Act thou the son's part, I'll reward your pains

ROD Protest, my lord —

FER Nay, nay, shake off protesting,  
When I was young, sir, I have play'd myself

SAN Yourself, my lord? you were but a poor  
company then

FER Yes, full enough, honest fellow — Will you  
do it?

ROD I'll venture

FER I thank you let this father be a don  
Of a brave spirit — Old gipsy, observe me —

ALV Yes, my lord

FER Play him up high, not like a pantaloon,<sup>s</sup>  
But hotly, nobly, checking this his son,  
Whom make a very rake-hell, a debosh'd fellow —  
This point, I think, will shew well

ROD This of the picture?

It will indeed, my lord

SAN My lord, what part play I?

FER What parts dost use to play?

SAN If your lordship has ever a coxcomb, I  
think I could fit you

FER I thank your coxcombship

SOTO Put a coxcomb upon a lord!

FER There are parts to serve you all, go, go,  
make ready,

And call for what you want [Exit.

ALV Give me the plot, our wits are put to trial  
What's the son's name? Lorenzo that's your part,

[To RODERIGO

Look only you to that, these I'll dispose

<sup>s</sup> not like a pantaloon] “ i e represent him in the full pos-  
session of his strength and mental faculties, and not like a  
feeble old man ‘The lean and shipper'd pantaloon’ of Shake-  
speare will occur to every reader” Editor of 1816

Old Don Avero, mine, Hialdo, Lollo,  
Two servants,—you for them

[*To SANCHO and SOTO*

SAN One of the foolish knaves give me, I'll be  
Hialdo.

SOTO And I, Lollo

SAN Is there a banquet in the play? we may  
call for what we will

ROD Yes, here is a banquet

SAN I'll go, then, and bespeak an ocean of sweet-  
meats, marmalade, and custards

ALV Make haste to know what you must do

SAN Do? call for enough, and when my belly  
is full, fill my pockets.

SOTO To a banquet there must be wine, fortune's  
a scurvy whore, if she makes not my head sound  
like a rattle, and my heels dance the canaries<sup>g</sup>

ALV So, so, despatch, whilst we employ our  
brains

To set things off to th' life

ROD I'll be straight with you —

[*Exeunt all except RODERIGO*

Why does my father put this trick on me?  
Spies he me through my vizard? if he does,  
He's not the king of Spain, and 'tis no treason,  
If his invention jet<sup>h</sup> upon a stage,  
Why should not I use action? A debosh'd fellow!  
A very rake-hell! this reflects on me,  
And I'll retort it grown a poet, father?  
No matter in what strain your play must run,  
But I shall fit you for a roaring son

[*Exit*

<sup>g</sup> *canaries*] A quick and lively dance see note, vol. III  
p. 39  
<sup>h</sup> *jet*] i.e. strut.

## SCENE III

*A large apartment in FERNANDO's house*

*Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, DIEGO, MARIA,  
CLARA, and Servants*

FER Come, ladies, take your places [Flourish  
 within] This their music?  
 'Tis very handsome O, I wish this room  
 Were freighted but with [pleasures<sup>h</sup>], noble friends,  
 As are to you my welcomes'—Begin there, masters  
 SAN [nuthin] Presently, my lord, we want but  
 a cold capon for a property<sup>1</sup>  
 FER Call, call for one

*Enter SANCHO as Prologue*

Now they begin

SAN Both short and sweet some say is best,  
 We will not only be sweet, but short  
 Take you pepper in the nose,<sup>2</sup> you mar our sport

FER By no means pepper  
 SAN Of your love measure us forth but one span,  
 We do, though not the best, the best we can [Exit.  
 FER A good honest gipsy!

*Enter ALVAREZ (as AVERO), and SOTO (as LOLLIO)*

ALV Slave, where's my son Lorenzo?

SOTO I have sought him, my lord, in all four  
 elements in earth, my shoes are full of gravel, in  
 water, I drop at nose with sweating, in air, where-  
 soever I heard noise of fiddlers, or the wide mouths

<sup>h</sup> [pleasures] Compare p 172, last line, but I am by no means confident that I have supplied the right word

<sup>1</sup> property] i e in theatrical language, a thing necessary for the scene

<sup>2</sup> Take you pepper in the nose] "i e if you be captious and ready to take offence" Editor of 1816

*of gallon-pots roaring, and in fire, what chimney soever I saw smoking with good cheer, for my master's dinner, as I was in hope*

ALV *Not yet come home? before on this old tree Shall grow a branch so blasted, I'll hew it off, And bury it at my foot! Didst thou inquire At my brother's?*

SOTO *At your sister's*

ALV *At my wife's father's?*

SOTO *At your uncle's mother's no such sheep has broke through their hedge, no such calf as your son sucks or bleats in their ground*

ALV *I am unbless'd to have but one son only, One staff to bear my age up, one taper left To light me to my grave, and that burns dimly, That leaves me darkling hid in clouds of woe He that should prop me is mine overthrow*

FER *Well done, old fellow! is't not?*

FRAN } Yes, yes, my lord

PED, &c }  
SOTO *Here comes his man Hialdo*

*Enter SANCHO (as HIALDO)*

ALV *Where's the prodigal your master, sirrah?*

SAN *Eating acorns amongst swine, draf<sup>f</sup> amongst hogs, and gnawing bones amongst dogs, has lost all his money at dice, his wits with his money, and his honesty with both, for he bum-fiddles me, makes the drawers curvet, pitches the plate over the bar, scores up the vintner's name in the Ram-head, flirts his wife under the nose, and bids you with a pox send him more money*

ALV *Art thou one of his curs to bite me too? To nail thee to the earth were to do justice*

SAN *Here comes Bucephalus my prancing master, nail me now who dares.*

*Enter Roderigo (as Lorenzo)*

ROD *I sit like an owl<sup>k</sup> in the ivy-bush of a tavern, Hialdo, I have drawn red wine from the vintner's own hogshead*

SAN *Here's two more, pierce them too*

ROD *Old don, whom I call father, am I thy son? if I be, flesh me with gold, fat me with silver, had I Spain in this hand, and Portugal in this, puff it should fly where's the money I sent for?—I'll tickle you for a rake-hell!* [Aside]

SAN *Not a marvedi<sup>l</sup>*

ALV *Thou shalt have none of me*

SOTO *Hold his nose<sup>m</sup> to the grin'stone, my lord*

ROD *I shall have none?*

ALV *Charge me a case<sup>n</sup> of pistols, What I have built I'll ruin shall I suffer A slave to set his foot upon my heart? A son? a barbarous villain! or if heaven save thee Now from my justice, yet my curse pursues thee*

ROD. *Hialdo, carbonado thou the old rogue my father*

SAN *Whilst you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man there.*

ROD *No money? Can taverns stand without anon, anon? fiddlers live without scraping? taffeta girls look plump without pampering? If you will*

<sup>k</sup> *like an owl, &c.]* “To look like an owl in an ivy-bush” is a proverbial expression see Ray's *Proverbs*, p 61, ed 1768 A tuft or bu-h of ivy was formerly hung out at the door of a vintner

<sup>l</sup> *marvedi]* See note, p 119

<sup>m</sup> *Hold his nose, &c.]* 1 e “confine him to a short allowance” Editor of 1816

<sup>n</sup> *case]* 1 e pair

<sup>o</sup> *anon, anon]* “Was the reply of the waiters [drawers] when called, as sufficiently appears in act ii sc iv of the *First Part of Henry IV*” Editor of 1816

*not lard me with money, give me a ship, furnish me to sea.*

ALV *To have thee hanged for piracy?*

SAN *Trum, tram, hang master, hang man!*

ROD *Then send me to the West Indies, buy me some office there*

ALV *To have thy throat cut for thy quarrelling?*

ROD *Else send me and my nngle<sup>o</sup> Haldo to the uars.*

SAN. *A match, we'll fight dog, fight bear*

*Enter ANTONIO (as HERNANDO)*

ALV<sup>p</sup> *O dear Hernando, uelcome! — Clap wings to your heels,* [To SOTO  
*And pray my worthy friends bestow upon me Their present visitation<sup>q</sup> —* [Exit Soto  
*Lorenzo, see the anger of a father,*  
*Although it be as loud and quick as thunder,*  
*Yet 'tis done instantly, cast off thy wildness,*  
*Be mine, be mine, for I to call thee home*  
*Hare, with my honour d friend here Don Hernando,*  
*Provided thee a wife*

ROD. *A wife! is she handsome? is she rich? is she fair? is she witty? is she honest? hang honesty! has she a sweet face, cherry-cheek, strawberry-lip, white skin, dainty eye, pretty foot, delicate legs, as there's a girl now?*

ANT *It is a creature both for birth and fortunes, And for most excellent graces of the mind, Few like her are in Spain*

ROD *When shall I see her? —*

*Now, father, pray take your curse off*

ALV. *I do the lady*

<sup>o</sup> *nngle*] i.e. intimate, favourite see note, vol 11 p 498

<sup>p</sup> *Alv*] Old eds “An”

<sup>q</sup> *visitation*] Ed. 1661, “visitations”

*Lives from Madrill<sup>a</sup> very near fourteen leagues,  
But thou shalt see her picture*

ROD *That! that! most ladies in these days are  
but very fine pictures*

Enter CARLO, JOHN, GIAMARA, CONSTANZA, and  
CHRISTIANA (*as friends of AVERO*)

ALV *Ladies, to you first welcome, my lords,  
Alonzo,*  
*And you worthy marquis, thanks for these honours —*  
*Away you!* [Exit SANCHO<sup>r</sup>  
*To th' cause now of this meeting My son Lorenzo,  
Whose wildness you all know, comes now to th' lure,  
Sits gently, has call'd home his wandering thoughts,  
And now will marry*

CONST *A good wife fate send him!*

GUI *One staid may settle him*

ROD *Fly to the mark, sir, shew me the wench,  
or her face, or any thing I may know 'tis a woman  
fit for me*

ALV *She is not here herself, but here's her pic-  
ture* [Shews a picture.

FER. *My lord De Carcomo, pray, observe this*

FRAN *I do, attentively —Don Pedro, mark it.*

*Re-enter SOTO*

SOTO [*to John*] *If you ha' done your part, yon-  
der's a wench would ha' a bout with you* [Exit.

JOHN *Me?* [Exit

DIEGO *A wench!* [Exit

ALV *Why stand you staring at it? how do you  
like her?*

<sup>a</sup> *Madrill*] See note, p 104

<sup>r</sup> *Exit Sancho*] So the editor of 1816 but I suspect a mis-  
print in the words "Away you" It is necessary, however,  
that Sancho should quit the stage see p 180

ROD *Are you in earnest?*

ALV *Yes, sir, in earnest*

ROD *I am not so hungry after flesh to make the devil a cuckold*

ANT *Look not upon the face, but on the goodness That dwells within her*

ROD *Set fire on the tenement!*

ALV *She's rich, nobly descended*

ROD *Did ever nobility look so scurvy?*

ALV *I'm sunk in fortunes, she may raise us both*

ROD *Sink let her to her granam! marry a witch? have you fetched a wife for me out of Lapland? an old midwife in a velvet hat were a goddess to this that a red lip?*

CONST *There's a red nose*

ROD *That a yellow haire?*

GUI. *Why, her teeth may be yellow*

ROD *Where's the full eye?*

CHRIS *She has full blabber-cheeks*

ALV *Set up thy rest, her marriest thou or none*

ROD *None then were all the water in the world one sea, all kingdoms one mountain, I would climb on all four up to the top of that hill, and headlong hurl myself into that abyss of waves, ere I would touch the skin of such rough haberdine; for the breath of her picture stinks hither*

*A noise within Re-enter, in a hurry, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHO, and SOTO, with CARDOCIA*

FER *What tumult's this?*

SAN *Murder, murder, murder!*

SOTO *One of our gipsies is in danger of hanging, hanging!*

PED *Who is hurt?*

\* *haberdine*] See note, p 64

- DIEGO 'Tis I, my lord, stabbed by this gipsy.  
 JOHN He struck me first, and I'll not take a  
     blow  
 From any Spaniard breathing.  
 PED Are you so brave ?  
 FER Break up your play, lock all the doors  
 DIEGO I faint, my lord  
 FRAN Have him to a surgeon —  
     [*Servants remove Diego*  
     How fell they out ?  
 CARD O, my good lord, these gipsies, when they  
     lodg'd  
 At my house, I had a jewel from my pocket  
 Stolen by this villain  
 JOHN 'Tis most false, my lords,  
 Her own hands gave it me  
 CONST She that calls him villain,  
 Or says he stole —  
 FER Hoyday ! we hear your scolding  
 CARD And the hurt gentleman finding it in his  
     bosom,  
 For that he stabb'd him  
 FER Hence with all the gipsies !  
 PED Ruffians and thieves, to prison with 'em  
     all !  
 ALV My lord, we'll leave engagements in plate  
     and money  
 For all our safe forthcomings, punish not all  
 For one's offence, we'll prove ourselves no thieves  
 SAN O Soto, I make buttons !<sup>t</sup>  
 SOTO Would I could make some, and leave this  
 trade !  
 FER Iron him then, let the rest go free, but stir  
     not

<sup>t</sup> *I make buttons]* Compare vol 1 p 135 and note

One foot out of Madrill<sup>a</sup> Bring you in your witness

[*Exeunt JOHN in custody of servants, ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, ANTONIO, CARLO, and CARDUCHIA*

SOTO Prick him with a pin, or pinch him by the elbow, any thing

SAN My lord Don Pedro, I am your ward, we have spent a little money to get a horrible deal of wit, and now I am weary of it

PED My runaways turn'd jugglers, fortunetellers?

SOTO No great fortunes

FER To prison with 'em both a gentleman play the ass!

SAN If all gentlemen that play the ass should to prison, you must widen your jails —Come, Soto, I scorn to beg, set thy foot to mine, and kick at shackles

FER So, so, away with 'em!

SOTO Send all our company after, and we'll play there, and be as merry as you here

[*Exeunt SANCHO and SOTO with Servants*

FER Our comedy turn'd tragical! Please you, lords, walk

This actor here and I must change a word,  
And I come to you

FRAN }  
PED , &c } Well, my lord, your pleasure

[*Exeunt all except FERNANDO and RODERIGO*

FER Why, couldst thou think in any base disguise

To blind my sight? fathers have eagles' eyes.

<sup>a</sup> *Madrill*] See note, p 104.

But pray, sir, why was this done? why, when I  
thought you

Fast lock'd in Salamanca at your study,  
Leap'd you into a gipsy?

Rod Sir, with your pardon,  
I shall at fit time to you shew cause for all  
FER Meantime, sir, you have got a trade to live  
by

Best to turn player; an excellent ruffian, ha!  
But know, sir, when I had found you out, I gave  
you

This project of set purpose, 'tis all myself,  
What the old gipsy spake must be my language,  
Nothing are left me but my offices  
And thin-fac'd honours, and this very creature,  
By you so scorn'd, must raise me by your marrying  
her

Rod You would not build your glory on my  
ruins?

FER The rascal has belied the lady,  
She is not half so bad, all's one, she's rich

Rod O, will you sell<sup>v</sup> the joys of my full youth  
To dunghill muck? seek out some wretch's daughter,  
Whose soul is lost for gold then you're more  
noble

Than t' have your son, the top-branch of your  
house,  
Grow in a heap of rubbish I must marry a thing  
I shall be ashamed to own, ashamed to bring her  
Before a sunbeam

FER I cannot help it, sir,  
Resolve upon't, and do't  
Rod And do't and die!

<sup>v</sup> sell] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see note,  
p 109 Old eds "see"

Is there no face in Spain for you to pick out  
 But one to fright me<sup>w</sup> when you sat the play here,  
 There was a beauty, to be lord of which  
 I would against an army throw defiance

FER She? alas!

ROD How<sup>w</sup> she<sup>w</sup> at every hair of hers  
 There hangs a very angel, this! I'm ready  
 To drop down looking at it sir, I beseech you  
 Bury me in this earth [kneels], on which I'm  
 humbled

To beg your blessing on me, for a gipsy,  
 Rather than—O, I know not what to term it!  
 Pray, what is that young pensive piece of beauty?  
 Your voice for her, I ey'd her all the scene

FER. I saw you did

ROD. Methought 'twas a sweet creature

FER Well, though my present state stands now  
 on ice,

I'll let it crack and fall rather than bar thee  
 Of thy content, this lady shall go by then

ROD Hang let her there, or any where!

FER That young lannard,<sup>x</sup>  
 Whom you have such a mind to, if you can whistle  
 her

To come to fist, make trial, play the young fal-  
 coner,

I will nor mar your marriage nor yet make,  
 Beauty, no wealth,—wealth, ugliness,—which you  
 will, take

ROD I thank you, sir [Exit FERNANDO]—Put  
 on your mask, good madam, [To the picture  
 The sun will spoil your face else [Exit

<sup>w</sup> *she*] A MS correction *ubr sup* Old eds "how"  
<sup>x</sup> *lannard*] "Or laner, is a species of hawk." Editor of  
 1816

## ACT V SCENE I

*A room in FERNANDO's house*

FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, RODERIGO, CLARA,  
*and MARIA, pass over the stage from church as  
 the others exeunt, FERNANDO stays RODERIGO*

FER. Thou hast now the wife of thy desires

Rod Sir, I have,

And in her every blessing that makes life

Loath to be parted with

FER Noble she is,

And fair, has to enrich her blood and beauty,

Plenty of wit, discourse, behaviour, carriage

Rod I owe you duty for a double birth,

Being in this happiness begot again,

Without which I had been a man of wretchedness

FER Then henceforth, boy, learn to obey thy  
 fate,

'Tis fallen upon thee, know it, and embrace it,

Thy wife's a wanton

Rod A wanton?

FER Examine through the progress of thy youth  
 What capital sin,<sup>x</sup> what great one 'tis, for 'tis

A great one, thou'st committed.

Rod I a great one?

FER Else heaven is not so wrathful to pour on  
 thee

A misery so full of bitterness

I am thy father, think on't, and be just;

Come, do not dally

Rod Pray, my lord ——

FER Fool, 'twere

Impossible that justice should rain down

<sup>x</sup> *sin*] Old eds "sins"

In such a frightful horror without cause  
 Sir, I will know it, rather blush thou didst  
 An act thou dar'st not name, than that it has  
 A name to be known by

Rod Turn from me then,  
 And as my guilt sighs out this monster,—rape,  
 O, do not lend an ear!

FER Rape? fearful!

Rod Hence,  
 Hence springs my due reward  
 FER Thou'lt none of mine,  
 Or if thou be'st, thou dost belie the stamp<sup>x</sup>  
 Of thy nativity

Rod Forgive me!  
 FER Had she,  
 Poor wronged soul, whoe'er she was, no friend,  
 Nor father, to revenge? had she no tongue  
 To roar her injuries?

Rod Alas, I know her not!  
 FER Peace! thou wilt blaze a sin beyond all  
 precedent

Young man, thou shouldst have married her, the  
 devil  
 Of lust that riots in thy eye should there  
 Have let fall<sup>y</sup> love and pity, not on this stranger  
 Whom thou hast doted on

Rod O, had I married her,  
 I had been then the happiest man alive!

*Re-enter CLARA, MARIA, and PEDRO, from behind  
 the arras*

CLA As I the happiest woman, being married  
 Look on me, sir

PED You shall not find a change

<sup>x</sup> stamp] So ed 1661 First ed "stamps"  
<sup>y</sup> fall] Old eds "full"

So full of fears as your most noble father,  
In his wise trial, urg'd

MAR Indeed you shall not,  
The forfeit of her shame shall be her pawn  
ROD Why, pray, d'ye mock my sorrows? now,

O, now,  
My horrors flow<sup>y</sup> about me!

FER No, thy comforts,  
Thy blessings, Roderigo.

CLA By this crucifix [Shewing crucifix  
You may remember me

ROD Ha! art thou  
That lady wrongèd?

CLA I was, but now am  
Righted in noble satisfaction

ROD How can I turn mine eyes, and not behold  
On every side my shame!

FER No more hereafter  
We shall have time to talk at large of all  
Love her that's now thine own, do, Roderigo,  
She's far from what I character'd

CLA My care  
Shall live about me to deserve your love

ROD Excellent Clara!—Fathers both, and mo-

ther,

I will redeem my fault

FER }  
PED } Our blessings dwell on ye'

MAR }

*Re-enter FRANCISCO with LOUIS*

LOUIS Married to Roderigo?

FRAN Judge yourself,

See where they are

[Exit

<sup>y</sup> *flow*] Old eds "flew"

LOUIS Is this your husband, lady?

CLA He is, sir heaven's great hand, that on record

Fore-points the equal union of all hearts,  
Long since decreed what this day hath been perfected

LOUIS 'Tis well then, I am free, it seems

CLA Make smooth,

My lord, those clouds, which on your brow deliver  
Emblems of storm,<sup>y</sup> I will, as far as honour  
May privilege, deserve a noble friendship,  
As you from me deserve a worthy memory

LOUIS Your husband has prov'd himself a friend  
[to me],

Trusty and tried, he's welcome, I may say,  
From the university

ROD To a new school  
Of happy knowledge, Louis

LOUIS Sir, I am<sup>z</sup>  
Not so poor to put this injury up,  
The best blood flows within you is the price

ROD Louis, for this time calm your anger, and if  
I do not give you noble satisfaction,  
Call me to what account you please

LOUIS So, so—I come for justice t'ye,  
And you shall grant it

FER Shall and will

LOUIS. With speed too,  
My poor friend bleeds the whiles

FER. You shall yourself,

<sup>y</sup> *storm*] Ed 1661, "storms"

<sup>z</sup> *Sir, I am, &c.] Qy*

"Sir, I'm not

*So poor in spirit to put this injury up?"*

Six lines after, the metre is imperfect

Before we part, receive the satisfaction  
You come for — Who attends ?

SERVANT [*within*] My lord ?

FER The prisoner !

SERVANT [*within*] He attends your lordship's  
pleasure

*Enter CONSTANZA, GUIAMARA, and ALVAREZ.*

LOUIS What would this girl ?

Foh, no tricks , get you to your cabin, huswife ,  
We have no ear for ballads

FER Take her away

CLA A wondrous lovely<sup>z</sup> creature !

CONST Noble gentlemen,

If a poor maid's, a gipsy-virgin's tears

May soften the hard edge of angry justice,  
Then grant me gracious hearing , as you're merciful,  
I beg my husband's life !

FER Thy husband's, little one ?

CONST Gentle sir, our plighted troths are chro-  
nicled

In that white book above which notes the secrets  
Of every thought and heart , he is my husband,  
I am his wife

LOUIS Rather his whore

CONST Now, trust me,

You're no good man to say so , I am honest,  
'Deed, la, I am , a poor soul, that deserves not  
Such a bad word were you a better man

Than you are, you do me wrong

LOUIS The toy grows angry !

CLA And it becomes her sweetly , troth, my lord,  
I pity her

\* *lovely*] So MS correction in copy of the first 4to see  
note, p 109 Old eds " lively "

ROD I thank you, sweet<sup>a</sup>  
 LOUIS Your husband,  
 You'll say, is no thief  
 CONST Upon my conscience,  
 He is not  
 LOUIS Dares not strike a man  
 CONST Unworthily  
 He dares not, but if trod upon, a worm  
 Will turn again  
 LOUIS That turning turns your worm  
 Off from the ladder, minion.  
 CONST Sir, I hope  
 You're not his judge, you are too young, too cho-  
     leric,  
 Too passionate, the price of life or death  
 Requires a much more grave consideration  
 Than your years warrant here sit they,<sup>b</sup> like gods,  
 Upon whose head[s] the reverend badge of time  
 Hath seal'd the proof of wisdom; to these oracles  
 Of riper judgment, lower in my heart [Kneels  
 Than on my knees, I offer up my suit,  
 My lawful suit, which begs they would be gentle  
 To their own fames, their own immortal stories  
 O, do not think, my lords, compassion thrown  
 On a base low estate, on humble people,  
 Less meritorious than if you had favour'd  
 The faults of great men<sup>c</sup> and indeed great men  
 Have oftentimes great faults he whom I plead for  
 Is free, the soul of innocence itself .  
 Is not more white<sup>b</sup> will you pity him?

<sup>a</sup> sweet] A MS correction *ubi sup* Old eds "sir"

<sup>b</sup> here sit they] A MS correction *ubi sup* First ed "he  
sit they" Ed 1661 has only "they sit"

<sup>c</sup> white] Qy for the metre, "whiter"? The double comp  
was common "his more braver daughter" Shakespeare's  
*Tempest*, act ii sc 1

I see it<sup>b</sup> in your eyes, 'tis a sweet sunbeam,  
 Let it shine out, and to adorn your praise,  
 The prayers of the poor shall crown your days,  
 And theirs are sometimes heard<sup>c</sup>

FER Beshrew the girl,  
 She has almost melted me to tears!

LOUIS Hence, trifler!—Call in my friends!<sup>d</sup>—

*Enter JOHN, DIEGO, CARDOCCHIA, and Servants*

What hope of ease?

DIEGO Good hope, but still I smart,  
 The worst is in my pain

LOUIS The price is high  
 Shall buy thy vengeance to receive a wound  
 By a base villan's hand, it mad[den]s me

JOHN Men subject to th' extremity of law  
 Should carry peace about 'em to their graves,  
 Else, were you nobler than the blood you boast of  
 Could any way, my lord, derive you, know  
 I would return sharp answer to your slanders,  
 But it suffices, I am none of ought

Your rage misters me

LOUIS None of 'em? no rascal?

JOHN No rascal

LOUIS Nor no thief?

JOHN Ask her that's my accuser could your eyes  
 Pierce through the secrets of her foul desires,  
 You might without a partial judgment look into  
 A woman's lust and malice.

CARD My good lords,  
 What I have articled against this fellow,  
 I justify for truth

<sup>b</sup> *it*] Old eds "it is"

<sup>c</sup> *sometimes heard*] A MS correction *ub<sup>r</sup> sup*, which the editor of 1816 had anticipated Old eds "something hard"

<sup>d</sup> *friends*] Qy "friend"

JOHN On then, no more  
This being true she says, I have deserv'd  
To die

FER We sit not here to bandy words,  
But minister [the] law, and that condemns thee  
For theft unto the gallows

CONST O my misery !  
Are you all marble-breasted ? are your bosoms  
Hoop'd round with steel ? to cast away a man,  
More worthy life and honours than a thousand  
Of such as only pray unto the shadow  
Of abus'd greatness !

JOHN 'Tis in vain to storm ,  
My fate is here determinèd

CONST Lost creature ,  
Art thou grown dull too ? is my love so cheap  
That thou court'st thy destruction 'cause I love  
thee ?—

My lords, my lords !—Speak, Andrew, prithee, now ,  
Be not so cruel to thyself and me ;  
One word of thine will do't

FER Away with him !  
To-morrow is his day of execution

JOHN Even when you will  
CONST Stay, man , thou shalt not go ,  
Here are more women yet —Sweet madam, speak '  
You, lady, you methinks should have some feeling  
Of tenderness , you may be touch'd as I am .  
Troth, were't your cause, I'd weep with you, and  
join

In earnest suit for one you held so dear  
CLA My lord, pray speak in his behalf

Rod I would ,  
But dare not , 'tis a fault so clear and manifest

Louis Back with him to his dungeon !  
JOHN Heaven can tell

I sorrow not to die, but to leave her  
Who whiles I live is my life's comforter

[*Exit with Servants*

CARD Now shall I be reveng'd!

[*Aside, and exit with DIEGO*

CONST O me unhappy!

[*Swoons*

FER See, the girl falls!

Some one look to her

CLA 'Las, poor maid!

GUI Pretiosa'

She does recover mine honourable lord ——

FER In vain, what is't?

GUI Be pleas'd to give me private audience,  
I will discover something shall advantage  
The noblest of this land

FER Well, I will hear thee,  
Bring in the girl

[*Eaeunt FERNANDO, MARIA, PEDRO, CLARA,  
RODERIGO, GUIAMARA, and CONSTANZA*

ALVAREZ stays LOUIS

LOUIS Ought with me? what is't?  
I care not for thy company, old ruffian,  
Rascal, art impudent?

ALV To beg your service.

LOUIS. Hang yourself!

ALV By your father's soul, sir, hear me!

LOUIS Despatch!

ALV First promise<sup>c</sup> me you'll get reprieve  
For the condemned man, and by my art  
I'll make you master of what your heart on earth  
Can wish for or desire

LOUIS Thou hast, thou canst not!

<sup>c</sup> *First promise, &c ]* The editor of 1816 gives the line thus  
First, promise me [that] you will get reprieve,"  
but the preceding "Despatch!" makes up the measure

ALV Try me

LOUIS Do that, and then, as I am noble,  
I will not only give thy friend his life,  
But royally reward thee, love thee ever

ALV I take your word, what would you ?

LOUIS If thou mock'st me,  
'Twere better thou wert damn'd !

ALV Sir, I am resolute

LOUIS Resolve me, then, whether the count Al-  
varez,

Who slew my father, be alive or dead ?

ALV Is this the mighty matter ? the count lives

LOUIS How ?

ALV The count lives.

LOUIS O fate ! Now tell me where,  
And be my better genius

ALV I can do't

In Spain 'a lives, more, not far from Madrill,<sup>d</sup>  
But in disguise, much alter'd

LOUIS Wonderful scholar !  
Miracle of artists ! Alvarez living ?  
And near Madrill too ? now, for heaven's sake,  
where ?

That's all, and I am thine

ALV Walk off, my lord,  
To the next field, you shall know all

LOUIS Apace, then !  
I listen to thee with a greedy ear  
The miserable and the fortunate  
Are alike in this, they cannot change their fate

[*Exeunt*

<sup>d</sup> *Madrill*] See note, p 104

## SCENE II

*A field* <sup>e</sup>*Enter ALVAREZ and LOUIS*

ALV Good, good you would fain kill him, and  
revenge  
Your father's death?

LOUIS I would

ALV Bravely, or scurvily? <sup>f</sup>

LOUIS Not basely, for the world!

ALV We are secure [*Produces two swords*  
Young Louis, two more trusty blades than these  
Spain has not in her arm[or]y with this  
Alvarez slew thy father, and this other  
Was that the king of France wore when great  
Charles

In a set battle took him prisoner,  
Both I resign to thee

LOUIS This is a new mystery

ALV Now see this naked bosom, turn the points  
Of either on this bulwark, if thou covet'st,  
Out of a sprightly youth and manly thirst  
Of vengeance, blood, if blood be thy ambition,  
Then call to mind the fatal blow that struck  
De Castro, thy brave father, to his grave,  
Remember who it was that gave that blow,  
His enemy Alvarez hear, and be sudden,  
Behold Alvarez!

<sup>e</sup> *Scene II A field*] Old eds have only "Er at one done,  
*Enter presently at the other*" (a stage-direction which occurs  
again in *The Changeling*) as there was no moveable painted  
scenery (see notes, vol 11 pp 142, 147, and pp 29, 111, 154,  
of this vol), the audience was to suppose that, on the re-  
entrance of Alvarez and Louis, the stage represented a field

<sup>f</sup> *scurvily*] A MS correction in copy of the first 4to see  
note, p 109 Old eds "securely"

Louis Death, I am deluded!

Alv Thou art incredulous, as fate is certain,  
I am the man

Louis Thou that butcher?

Alv Tremble not, young man, trust me, I have  
wept

Religiously to wash off from my conscience  
The stain of my offence twelve years and more,  
Like to a restless pilgrim I have run  
From foreign lands to lands to find out death  
I'm weary of my life, give me a sword  
That thou mayst know with what a perfect zeal  
I honour old De Castro's memory,  
I'll fight with thee, I would not have thy hand  
Dipp'd in a wilful murder, I could wish  
For one hour's space I could pluck back from time  
But thirty of my years, that in my fall  
Thou might'st deserve report now if thou con-  
quer'st,  
Thou canst not triumph, I'm half dead already,  
Yet I'll not start a foot

Louis Breathes there a spirit  
In such a heap of age?<sup>g</sup>

Alv O, that I had  
A son of equal growth with thee, to tug  
For reputation<sup>l</sup> by thy father's ashes,  
I would not kill thee for another Spain,  
Yet now I'll do my best. Thou art amaz'd,  
Come on

Louis Twelve tedious winters' banishment?  
'Twas a long time

Alv Could they redeem thy father,

<sup>g</sup> age] A MS correction *ubisup*. Old eds "rage," which the editor of 1816 altered to "rags." Compare *The Old Law*, "Take hence that *pile of years*" Vol 1 p 31

Would every age had been twelve ages, Louis,  
And I for penance every age a-dying!

But 'tis too late to wish

Louis I am o'ercome,  
Your nobleness hath conquer'd me here ends  
All strife between our families, and henceforth  
Acknowledge me for yours

ALV O, thou reviv'st  
Flesh horrors to my fact! for in thy gentleness  
I see my sin anew

Louis Our peace is made,  
Your life shall be my care 'twill be glad news  
To all our noble friends

ALV Since heaven will have it so,  
I thank thee, glorious majesty! My son,  
For I will call thee [so], ere the next morrow  
Salute the world, thou shalt know strange<sup>r</sup> mys-  
teries

Louis I have enough to feed on sn, I'll follow  
ye [Exeunt]

### SCENE III

*A room in FERNANDO's house*

*Enter FERNANDO, GUIAMARA, and CONSTANZA*

FER Don John, son to the count of Carcomo?  
Woman, take heed thou trifle not

GUI Is this,  
My lord, so strange?

FER Beauty in youth, and wit  
To set it forth, I see, transform<sup>h</sup> the best  
Into what shape love fancies

CONST Will you yet  
Give me my husband's life?

<sup>h</sup> transform] Old eds "transforms"

FER Why, little one,  
He is not married to thee.

CONST In his faith  
He is, and faith and troth I hope bind faster  
Than any other ceremonies can,  
Do they not, pray, my lord ?

FER Yes, where the parties  
Pledg'd are not too unequal in degree,  
As he and thou art

CONST This is new divinity  
GUI My lord, behold this child well in her face  
You may observe, by curious insight, something  
More than belongs to every common birth

FER True, 'tis a pretty child  
GUI The glass of misery

Is, after many a change of desperate fortune,  
At length run out you had a daughter call'd  
Constanza ?

FER Ha !  
GUI A sister, Guiamara,  
Wife to the count Alvarez ?

FER Peace, O, peace !  
GUI And to that sister's charge you did commit  
Your infant daughter, in whose birth your wife,  
Her mother, died ?

FER Woman, thou art too cruel !  
CONST What d'ye mean, granam ? 'las, the noble-  
man

Grows angry !  
FER Not I, indeed I do not —  
But why d'ye use me thus ?

GUI Your child and sister,  
As you suppos'd, were drown'd ?

FER Drown'd ? talking creature !  
Suppos'd ?

GUI They live, Fernando, from my hand,

Thy sister's hand, receive thine own Constanza,  
The sweetest, best child living

CONST Do you mock me?

FER Torment me on, yet more, more yet, and  
spare not,

My heart is now a-breaking, now!

GUI O brother!

Am I so far remov'd off from your memory,

As that you will not know me? I expected

Another welcome home look on this casket,

[*Shriving casket*

The legacy your lady left her daughter,

When to her son she gave her crucifix

FER Right, right, I know ye now

GUI In all my sorrows,

My comfort has been here, she should be [yours],

Be yours [at last] — Constanza, kneel, sweet child,

To thy old father

CONST How? my father?

[*Kneels*

FER Let not

Extremity of joys ravish life from me

Too soon, heaven, I beseech thee! Thou art my  
sister,

My sister Guiamara! How have mine eyes

Been darken'd all this while! 'tis she!

GUI 'Tis, brother,

And this Constanza, now no more a stranger,  
No Pretiosa henceforth

FER My soul's treasure,

Live to an age of goodness, and so thrive

In all thy ways, that thou mayst die to live!

CONST But must I call you father?

FER Thou wilt rob me else

Of that felicity, for whose sake only

I am ambitious of being young again

Rise, rise, mine own Constanza!

CONST [rising] 'Tis a new name,  
But 'tis a pretty one, I may be bold  
To make a suit t'ye?

FER Any thing

CONST O father,

And if you be my father, think upon  
Don John my husband! without him, alas,  
I can be nothing!

FER As I without thee,  
Let me alone, Constanza—Tell me, tell me,  
Lives yet Alvarez?

GUI In your house

FER Enough

Cloy me not, let me by degrees digest<sup>1</sup>  
My joys—Within, my lords Francisco, Pedro!  
Come all at once! I have a world within me,  
I am not mortal sure, I am not mortal

*Enter FRANCISCO, PEDRO, MARIA, RODERIGO, and CLARA*

My honourable lord[s], partake my blessings,  
[The] count Alvarez lives here in my house,  
Your son, my lord Francisco, Don John, is  
The condemn'd man falsely accus'd of theft,  
This, my lord Pedro, is my sister Guiamara,  
Madam, this [is] Constanza, mine own child,  
And I am a wondrous merry man—Without!  
The prisoner!

*Enter ALVAREZ, LOUIS, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHO, SOTO, and CARDUCHIA*

LOUIS Here, free and acquitted,  
By her whose folly drew her to this error,

<sup>1</sup> *digest*] Frequently used for *digest* by our old writers.

And she for satisfaction is assur'd<sup>k</sup>  
To my wrong'd friend

CARD I crave your pardons,  
He whose I am speaks for me

DIEGO We both beg it'

FER Excellent! admirable! my dear brother!

ALV Never a happy man till now, young Louis  
And I are reconcil'd

LOUIS For ever, faithfully,  
Religiously

FRAN } My noble lord, most welcome!  
PED, &c<sup>l</sup> }

ALV To all my heart pays what it owes, due  
thanks,  
Most, most, brave youth, to thee!

JOHN I all this while  
Stand but a looker-on, and though my father  
May justly tax the violence of my passions,  
Yet if this lady, lady of my life,  
Must be denied, let me be as I was,  
And die betimes

CONST You promis'd me —  
FER I did —

My lord of Carromo, you see their hearts  
Are join'd already, so let our consents  
To this wish'd marriage

FRAN I forgive thine errors,  
Give me thy hand

FER Me thine<sup>m</sup>—But wilt thou love  
My daughter, my Constanza?

<sup>k</sup> *assur'd*] i.e. affianced

<sup>l</sup> *Fran, Ped, &c*] Old eds "Omnes"

<sup>m</sup> *Me thine*] For these words the editor of 1816 rashly substituted "And me," observing, in a note, "'Me thine' is the reading of the quartos, but as Francisco and Fernando both address Don John, the change was, I think, necessary to make

JOHN As my bliss

CONST I thee as life, youth, beauty, any thing  
That makes life comfortable

FER Live together  
One, ever one'

FRAN } And heaven crown your happiness!  
ROD, &c n }  
 }

PED Now, sir, how like you a prison?

SAN As gallants do a tavern, being stopped for  
a reckoning, scurvily

SOTO Though you caged us up never so close,  
we sung like cuckoos

FER Well, well, you be<sup>o</sup> yourself now

SAN Myself?—am I out of my wits, Soto?

FER Here now are none but honourable friends  
Will you, to give a farewell to the life  
You ha' led as gipsies, these being now found none,  
But noble in their births, alter'd in fortunes,  
Give it a merry shaking by the hand,  
And cry adieu to folly?

SAN We'll shake our hands, and our heels, if  
you'll give us leave [A dance

FER On, brides and bridegrooms! to your Spa-  
nish feasts

Invite with bent knees<sup>p</sup> all these noble guests

[Exeunt omnes

sense of the passage" Fernando evidently addresses Constanza, and taking her hand, gives it to John

" Fran, Rod, &c ] Old eds " Omnes "

<sup>o</sup> you be] Qy " be you "

<sup>p</sup> bent knees] Here, of course, the performers were to kneel  
—perhaps, to pray, according to the old custom see note,  
vol ii p 418

## **THE CHANGELING.**



*The Changeling As it was Acted (with great Applause) at  
the Privat house in Drury-Lane, and Salisbury Court*

Written by  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Thomas Middleton,} \\ \text{and} \\ \text{William Rowley} \end{array} \right\}$  Gent

*Never Printed before London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley,  
and are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Princes-Arms in  
St Pauls Church-yard, 1658 4to* The edition just described  
was put forth with a new title-page in 1668,—*The Changeling  
As it was Acted (with great Applause) by the Servants of His  
Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the Theatre in Lincolns-  
Inn Fields, &c*

*The Changeling* has been reprinted in the 4th vol of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816

“The foundation of the Play,” says Langbaine, “may be found in Reynold[s]’s *Gods Revenge against Murther* See the Story of Alsemoro and Beatrice Joanna, Book I Hist 4” *Acc of Engl Dram Poets*, p 371 To the story in Reynolds’s work the following Argument is prefixed “Beatrice-Joana, to marry Alsemoro, causeth De Flores to muither Alfonso Piracquo, who was a Suiter to her Alsemoro marries her, and finding De Flores and her in adultery, kills them both Thomaso Piracquo challengeth Alsemoro for his Brothers death Alsemoro kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea At his Execution he confesseth his Wife and De Flores murthered Alfonso Piracquo their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their Ashes thrown into the Air” The authors of *The Changeling*, as the reader will perceive, have deviated in some important points from the prose narrative of Reynolds, nor are they indebted to that source for the characters of Jasperino, Alibus, Lollo, Pedro, Antonio, Francisca, and Isabella.

An edition (I believe, the earliest) of the First Book of *The Triumphs of Gods Revenge against Murther*, was printed in 1621 see *Cat Bibl Bodleian*

A “Note of such playes as were acted at court in 1623 and 1624,” in Sir Henry Herbert’s Office-book, records “Upon the Sonday after, beinge the 4 of January 1623, by the Queene

of Bohemias company, *The Changeling*, the prince only being there Att Whitehall" Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol iii p 227

The part of Antonio, from which this once-popular drama has its name (*Changeling*—i.e. idiot, fool), appears to have been much relished by the audience—the last comic performer before the Civil Wars who obtained reputation in it was Robins see Collier's *Hist of Engl Dram Poetry*, vol ii p 107 Downes mentions that Betterton, when about twenty-two years of age, was highly applauded in the character of De Flores, and that Sheppy gave great satisfaction in that of Antonio see *Roscus Anglicanus*, p 26, ed Waldron Pepys has noted, under date of 23d Feb 1660-1, "To the Playhouse, and there saw *The Changeling*, the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly" *Diary*, vol i p 179, ed Svo

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VERMANDERO, *governor of the castle of Alicant*  
ALONZO DE PIRACQUO, } brothers  
TOVASO DE PIRACQUO, }  
ALSEMERO  
JASPERINO, *his friend*  
ALIBIUS, *a doctor, who undertakes the cure of fools and madmen*  
LOLLIO, *his man*  
ANTONIO, *a pretended changeling*  
PEDRO, *his friend*  
FRANCISCUS, *a counterfeit madman*  
DE FLORES, *an attendant on Vermandero*  
*Madmen*  
*Servants*  
BEATRICE-JOANNA, *daughter to Vermandero*  
DIAPHANTA, *her waiting-woman*  
ISABELLA, *wife to Alibus*

Scene, ALICANT



# THE CHANGELING

---

## ACT I SCENE I

*A street*

*Enter ALSEMERO*

ALS 'Twas in the temple where I first beheld her,  
And now again the same what omen yet  
Follows of that? none but imaginary,  
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?  
The place is holy, so is my intent  
I love her beauties to the holy purpose,  
And that, methinks, admits comparison  
With man's first creation, the place blessed,  
And is his right home back, if he achieve it  
The church hath first begun our interview,  
And that's the place must join us into one,  
So there's beginning and perfection too

*Enter JASPERINO*

JAS O sir, are you here? come, the wind's fair  
with you,  
You're like to have a swift and pleasant passage  
ALS Sure, you're deceiv'd, friend, it is contrary,  
In my best judgment  
JAS What, for Malta?<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Malta*] " Yet his [Alsemero's] thoughts ran still on the Wars, in which Heroick and Illustrious profession he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity, and so taking order for his Lands and affairs, he resolves to see Malta, that inex-

If you could buy a gale<sup>b</sup> amongst the witches,  
 They could not seive you such a lucky pennyworth  
 As comes a' God's name

ALS Even now I observ'd  
 The temple's vane to turn full in my face,  
 I know it is against me

JAS Against you?  
 Then you know not where you are

ALS Not well, indeed  
 JAS Are you not well, sir?

ALS Yes, Jasperino,  
 Unless there be some hidden malady  
 Within me, that I understand not

JAS And that  
 I begin to doubt, sir I never knew  
 Your inclination to travel<sup>c</sup> at a pause,  
 With any cause to hinder it, till now  
 Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,  
 And help to trap your horses for the speed,  
 At sea I've seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,  
 Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,  
 Be in continual prayers for fair winds,  
 And have you chang'd your orisons?

ALS No, friend,  
 I keep the same church, same devotion

pugnable Rampier of Mars, the glory of Christendome and  
 the terror of Turky, to see if he could gain any place of  
 command and honour either in that Island or in their Gallies  
 . and so building many Castles in the air, he comes  
 to Alicant, hoping to find passage there for Naples, and from  
 thence to ship himself upon the Neapolitan Gallies for Malta."  
 Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p 34,  
 ed 1726—See note, p 205

<sup>b</sup> *buy a gale, &c*] "It has been observed by Steevens, in  
 a note on *Macbeth*, act i sc 8, that the selling of winds was  
 an usual practice amongst the witches," &c &c Editor of  
 1816

<sup>c</sup> *inclination to travel*] Old ed "inclinations to travels."

JAS Lover I'm sure you're none, the stoic was  
Found in you long ago, your mother nor  
Best friends, who have set snares of beauty, ay,  
And choice ones too, could never trap you that way  
What might be the cause?

ALS Lord, how violent  
Thou art! I was but meditating of  
Somewhat I heard within the temple

JAS Is this  
Violence? 'tis but idleness compar'd  
With your haste yesterday

ALS I'm all this while  
A-going, man

JAS Backwards, I think, sir Look, your ser-  
vants

*Enter Servants*

FIRST SER The seamen call, shall we board your  
trunks?

ALS No, not to-day  
JAS 'Tis the critical day, it seems, and the sign  
in Aquarius

SEC SER We must not to sea to-day, this smoke  
will bring forth fire

ALS Keep all on shore, I do not know the end,  
Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand  
Ere I can go to sea

FIRST SER Well, your pleasure  
SEC SER Let him e'en take his leisure too, we  
are safer on land. [ *Exeunt Servants*

*Enter BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, and Servants ALSE-  
MERO accosts BEATRICE and then kisses her*

JAS How now? the laws of the Medes are  
changed sure, salute a woman! he kisses too,  
wonderful! where learnt he this? and does it per-  
fectly too, in my conscience, he ne'er rehearsed it

before Nay, go on, this will be stranger and better news at Valencia than if he had ransomed half Greece from the Turk [Aside

BEAT You are a scholar, sir?

ALS A weak one, lady

BEAT Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

ALS From your tongue I take it to be music

BEAT You're skilful in it, can sing at first sight

ALS And I have shew'd you all my skill at once, I want more words to express me further, And must be forc'd to repetition, I love you dearly

BEAT Be better advis'd, sir

Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments, And should give certain judgment what they see, But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders Of common things, which when our judgments find, They can then check the eyes, and call them blind

ALS But I am further, lady, yesterday Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now They brought my judgment, where are both agreed Both houses then consenting, 'tis agreed, Only there wants the confirmation By the hand royal, that is your part, lady

BEAT There's one<sup>c</sup> above me, sir — O, for five days past To be recall'd! sure mine eyes were mistaken, This was the man was meant me that he should come

So near his time, and miss it! [Aside

JAS We might have come by the carriers from Valencia, I see, and saved all our sea-provision,

<sup>c</sup> *There's one, &c*] So editor of 1816 old ed,

" Oh there's one above me, sir, for five dayes past "

we are at farthest sure methinks I should do something too,  
 I meant to be a venturer in this voyage  
 Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her,  
 If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail  
 [Accosts DIAPHANTA]

*Enter DE FLORES*

DE F Lady, your father ——  
 BEAT Is in health, I hope  
 DE F Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady,  
 He's coming hitherward  
 BEAT What needed then  
 Your duteous preface? I had rather  
 He had come unexpected, you must stale<sup>d</sup>  
 A good presence with unnecessary blabbing,  
 And how welcome for your part you are,  
 I'm sure you know

DE F Will't never mend this scorn,  
 One side nor other? must I be enjoin'd  
 To follow still whilst she flies from me? well,  
 Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself with sight  
 Of her at all opportunities,  
 If but to spite her anger I know she had  
 Rather see me dead than living, and yet  
 She knows no cause for't but a peevish will [Aside  
 ALS You seem'd displeasèd, lady, on the sudden

<sup>d</sup> *you must stale*] "The quartos [there is but one <sup>4</sup>to see note, p 205] read 'you must stall,' and it may be understood for *forestall*, I have no doubt, however, that the right word is restored So Montaigne, in the *Unnatural Combat of Masisnger*, act iv sc ii

——— 'I'll not stale the jest  
 By my relation'

[i.e. "render flat, deprive it of zest by previous intimation"] Gifford *ad loc*] "And many other places" Editor of 1816

BEAT Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity,  
 No<sup>t</sup> can I other reason render you,  
 Than his or hers, of<sup>d</sup> some particular thing  
 They must abandon as a deadly poison,  
 Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome,  
 Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,  
 The same that report speaks of the basilisk

ALS This is a frequent frailty in our nature,  
 There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found  
 But hath his imperfection one distastes  
 The scent of roses, which to infinites  
 Most pleasing is and odiferous,  
 One oil, the enemy of poison,  
 Another wine, the cheerer of the heart  
 And lively refresher of the countenance  
 Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general,  
 There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd  
 Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty

BEAT And what may be your poison, sir? I'm  
 bold with you

ALS Whate<sup>m</sup> might be your desire, perhaps, a  
 cherry

BEAT I am no enemy to any creature  
 My memory has, but yon gentleman

ALS He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew  
 it

BEAT He cannot be ignorant of that, sir,  
 I have not spar'd to tell him so, and I want  
 To help myself, since he's a gentleman  
 In good respect with my father, and follows him.

ALS He's out of his place then now

[They talk apart]

JAS I am a mad wag, wench

DIA So methinks, but, for your comfort, I can

<sup>d</sup> of] Old ed. "or"

<sup>a</sup> What] Old ed. "And what"

tell you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the cure of such

JAS Tush, I know what physic is best for the state of mine own body.

DIA 'Tis scarce a well-governed state, I believe

JAS I could shew thee such a thing with an ingredience<sup>e</sup> that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again

DIA A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep

JAS Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo-what-you-call<sup>f</sup> another I'll discover no more now, another time I'll shew thee all

[Exit]

BEAT My father, sir

*Enter VERMANDERO and Servants*

VER O Joanna, I came to meet thee,  
Your devotion's ended?

BEAT For this time, sir —

I shall change my saint, I fear me, I find  
A giddy turning in me [Aside] —Sir, this while  
I am beholding<sup>f</sup> to this gentleman, who  
Left his own way to keep me company,  
And in discourse I find him much desirous  
To see your castle,<sup>g</sup> he hath deserv'd it, sir,  
If ye please to grant it

VER With all my heart, sir  
Yet there's an article between, I must know

<sup>e</sup> *ingredience*] Compare p. 88, l. 14 Old ed "ingredian"

<sup>f</sup> *beholding*] See note, p. 40

<sup>g</sup> *your castle*] "He [Vermandero] being Captain of the castle of that City [Alicant]" Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 34, ed. 1726 —See note, p. 205

Your country, we use not to give survey  
 Of our chief strengths to strangers, our citadels  
 Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,  
 On promont<sup>h</sup> tops, but within are secrets

ALS A Valencian, sir

VER A Valencian?

That's native, sir of what name, I beseech you?

ALS Alsemero, sir

VER Alsemero? not the son

Of John de Alsemero?

ALS The same, sir

VER My best love bids you welcome

BEAT He was wont

To call me so, and then he speaks a most

Unfeignèd truth

VER O sir, I knew your father,  
 We two were in acquaintance long ago,  
 Before our chins were worth iulan<sup>1</sup> down,  
 And so continu'd till the stamp of time  
 Had coin'd us into silver well, he's gone,  
 A good soldier went with him

ALS You went together in that, sir

VER No, by Saint Jaques, I came behind him,  
 Yet I've done somewhat too an unhappy day  
 Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar,  
 In fight with those rebellious Hollanders,  
 Was it not so?

ALS Whose death I had reveng'd,

<sup>h</sup> *promonts*] i.e. promontories

<sup>1</sup> *iulan down*] i.e. the first tender down (Gr. ιούλος)—a somewhat pedantic expression Old ed has “Julan,” and the editor of 1816, thinking that the word was a disyllable, and that it contained an allusion to the beard of the emperor Julian, printed “[the] Julian,” &c

<sup>1</sup> *Whose death I had reveng'd, &c]* “Boylng thus in the heat of his youthful blood, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he [Alsemero] resolves to go to Validolyd,

Or follow'd him in fate, had not the late league  
Prevented me

VER Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe —  
O, Joanna, I should ha' told thee news,  
I saw Piracquo lately

BEAT That's ill news

[*Aside*]

VER He's hot preparing for this<sup>h</sup> day of triumph  
Thou must be a bride within this sevennight

ALS Ha'

[*Aside*]

BEAT Nay, good sir, be not so violent, with  
speed

I cannot render satisfaction  
Unto the dear companion of my soul,  
Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with,  
And part with it so rude and suddenly,  
Can such friends divide, never to meet again,  
Without a solemn farewell?

VER Tush, tush! there's a toy<sup>1</sup>

ALS I must now part, and never meet again  
With any joy on earth [*Aside*]—Sir, your pardon,  
My affairs call on me

VER How, sir<sup>2</sup> by no means  
Not chang'd so soon, I hope<sup>3</sup> you must see my  
castle,  
And her best entertainment, ere we part,

and to employ some Grandees either to the King or the Duke of Lerma his great favourit, to procure him a Captains place and a Company under the Arch-Duke Albertus, who at that time made bloody Wars against the Netherlands, thereby to draw them to obedience But as he began this sute, a general truce of both sides laid aside Arms, which (by the mediation of England and France) was shortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the Daughter, which was concluded at the Hague by his Excellency of Nassaw and Marquess Spinold, being chief Commissioners of either party" [Teynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p 34, ed. 1726 —See note, p 205

<sup>1</sup> *this*] Qy "his"

<sup>1</sup> *toy*] i e trifle

I shall think myself unkindly usèd else  
 Come, come, let's on, I had good hope your stay  
 Had been a while with us in Aligant,<sup>1</sup>  
 I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding

ALS He means to feast me, and poisons me beforehand — [Aside]

I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,  
 Did my occasions suit as I could wish

BEAT I shall be sorry if you be not there  
 When it is done, sir, but not so suddenly

VER I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,  
 A courtier and a gallant, enrich'd  
 With many fair and noble ornaments,  
 I would not change him for a son-in-law  
 For any he in Spain, the proudest he,  
 And we have great ones, that you know

ALS He's much  
 Bound to you, sir

VER He shall be bound to me  
 As fast as this tie can hold him, I'll want  
 My will else

BEAT I shall want mine, if you do it [Aside]

VER But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him

ALS How shall I dare to venture in his castle,  
 When he discharges murderers<sup>2</sup> at the gate?  
 But I must on, for back I cannot go [Aside]

BEAT Not this serpent gone yet?

[Aside] Drops a glove

VER Look, girl, thy glove's fallen  
 Stay, stay, De Flores, help a little

[Exeunt VERMANDERO, ALSEMERO, and Servants  
 DE F Here, lady. [Offers her the glove

<sup>1</sup> *Aligant*] i.e. Alcant compare vol. III p. 8, and note.

<sup>2</sup> *murderers*] The same as *murdering-pieces* see note, vol. III p. 466

BEAT Mischief on your officious forwardness !  
 Who bade you stoop ? they touch my hand no more  
 There ! for the other's sake I part with this ,

[Takes off and throws down the other glove  
 Take 'em, and draw thine own skin off with 'em !  
 [Exit with DIAPHANTA and Servants

DE F Here's a favour come with a mischief now !

I know

She had rather wear my pelt<sup>j</sup> tann'd in a pair  
 Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers  
 Into her sockets here I know she hates me,  
 Yet cannot choose but love her no matter  
 If but to vex her, I will haunt her still ,  
 Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will [Exit

## SCENE II

*A room in the house of ALIBIUS*

*Enter ALIBIUS and LOLLIO*

ALIB Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,  
 But thou must keep it

LOL I was ever close to a secret, sir

ALIB The diligence that I have found in thee,  
 The care and industry already past,  
 Assure<sup>k</sup> me of thy good continuance  
 Lollio, I have a wife

LOL Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret, she's  
 known to be married all the town and country over

ALIB Thou goest too fast, my Lollio, that  
 knowledge

I allow no man can be barr'd it ,  
 But there is a knowledge which ~~is~~ nearer,  
 Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio

<sup>j</sup> pelt] i e skin

<sup>k</sup> Assure] Old ed " Assures "

LOL Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I

ALIB. 'Tis that I go about, man Lollo,  
My wife is young

LOL So much the worse to be kept secret, sir

ALIB Why, now thou meet'st the substance of  
the point,

I am old, Lollo

LOL No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollo

ALIB Yet why may not these<sup>k</sup> concord and sym-  
pathise?

Old trees and young plants often grow together,  
Well enough agreeing

LOL Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves  
higher and broader than the young plants

ALIB Shrewd application<sup>l</sup> there's the fear, man,  
I would wear my ring on my own finger,  
Whilst it is borrow'd, it is none of mine,  
But his that useth it

LOL You must keep it on still then, if it but  
lie by, one or other will be thrusting into 't

ALIB Thou conceiv'st me, Lollo, here thy  
watchful eye

Must have employment, I cannot always be  
At home

LOL I dare swear you cannot

ALIB I must look out

LOL I know't, you must look out, 'tis every  
man's case

ALIB Here, I do say, must thy employment be,  
To watch her treadings, and in my absence  
Supply my place

<sup>k</sup> these] Old ed. "this"

<sup>l</sup> Shrewd application] "The 'shrewd application' meant is,  
I conceive, to that perpetual jest of the age, the cuckold's  
horns, which Lollo supposes might raise Alibus's head  
above his wife's" Editor of 1816

LOL I'll do my best, sir, yet surely I cannot see  
who you should have cause to be jealous of

ALIB Thy reason for that, Lolloio, it is  
A comfortable question

LOL We have but two sorts of people in the  
house, and both under the whip, that's fools and  
madmen, the one has not wit enough to be knaves,  
and the other not knavery enough to be fools

ALIB Ay, those are all my patients, Lolloio,  
I do profess the cure of either sort,  
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it,  
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift,  
The daily visitants, that come to see  
My brain-sick patients, I would not have  
To see my wife gallants I do observe  
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,  
Of stature and proportion very comely  
These are most shrewd temptations, Lolloio

LOL They may be easily answered, sir, if they  
come to see the fools and madmen, you and I may  
serve the turn, and let my mistress alone, she's of  
neither sort

ALIB 'Tis a good ward,<sup>1</sup> indeed, come they to see  
Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more  
Than what they come for, by that consequent  
They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool

LOL And I'm sure she's no madman

ALIB Hold that buckler fast, Lolloio, my trust  
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong  
What hour is't, Lolloio?

LOL Towards belly-hour, sir

ALIB Dinner-time? thou mean'st twelve a'clock?

LOL Yes, sir, for every part ~~has~~ his hour we  
wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour, at

<sup>1</sup> *ward*] i e guard—(in ~~fining~~)

seven we should pray, that's knee-hour, at eight walk, that's leg-hour, at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose,<sup>k</sup> that's nose-hour, at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour, at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour, at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour

ALIB Profoundly, Lollo! it will be long  
Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and  
I did look to have a new one enter'd,—stay,  
I think my expectation is come home

*Enter PEDRO, and ANTONIO disguised as an idiot*

PED Save you, sir, my business speaks itself,  
This sight takes off the labour of my tongue

ALIB Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you mean  
Him for my patient

PED And if your pains prove but commodious,  
to give but some little strength to the<sup>l</sup> sick and  
weak part of nature in him, these are [gives him  
money] but patterns to shew you of the whole pieces  
that will follow to you, beside the charge of diet,  
washing, and other necessaries, fully defrayed

ALIB Believe it, sir, there shall no care be  
wanting

LOL Sir, an officer in this place may deserve  
something, the trouble will pass through my hands

PED 'Tis fit something should come to your  
hands then, sir [Gives him money]

LOL Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet, and  
read to him what is his name?

PED His name is Antonio, marry, we use but  
half to him, only Tony.

LOL Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good  
name for a fool — What's your name, Tony?

<sup>k</sup> *pluck a rose*] See Grose's *Class Dict. of Vulgar Tongue*,  
in v *Pluck*      <sup>in</sup>      <sup>the</sup>      Old ed "his"

ANT He, he, he<sup>1</sup> well, I thank you, cousin, he,  
he, he<sup>1</sup>

LOL Good boy<sup>1</sup> hold up your head—He can  
laugh, I perceive by that he is no beast

PED Well, sir,  
If you can raise him but to any height,  
Any degree of wit, might he attain,  
As I might say, to creep but on al<sup>b</sup> four  
Towards the chain of wit, or walk on crutches,  
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,  
And a great family might pray for you,  
To which he should be heir, had he discretion  
To claim and guide his own assure you, sir,  
He is a gentleman

LOL Nay, there's nobody doubted that, at first  
sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no  
other yet

PED Let him have good attendance and sweet  
lodging

LOL As good as my mistress lies in, sir, and as  
you allow us time and means, we can raise him to  
the higher degree of discretion

PED Nay, there shall no cost want, sir  
Lol He will hardly be stretched up to the wit  
of a magnifico

PED O no, that's not to be expected, far shorter  
will be enough

Lol I'll warrant you [I'll] make him fit to bear  
office in five weeks, I'll undertake to wind him up  
to the wit of constable

PED If it be lower than that, it might serve turn  
Lol No, fie, to level him with a headborough,  
beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he  
is constable I'll able<sup>1</sup> him, if he do come to be a

<sup>1</sup> *able*] i e warrant, answer for

justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper or  
I'll go further with you, say I do bring him up to  
my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself

PED Why, theie I would have it

LOL Well, go to, either I'll be as arrant a fool  
as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think  
'twill serve his turn

PED Nay, I do like thy wit passing well

LOL Yes, you may, yet if I had not been a fool,  
I had had more wit than I have too remember  
what state<sup>m</sup> you find me in

PED I will, and so leave you your best cares,  
I beseech you

ALIB Take you none with you, leave 'em all  
with us [Exit PEDRO

ANT O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O'

LOL Peace, peace, Tony, you must not cry,  
child, you must be whipped if you do, your cousin  
is here still, I am your cousin, Tony

ANT He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my  
cousin, he, he, he!

LOL I were best try his wit a little, that I may  
know what form to place him in

ALIB Ay, do, Lollo, do

LOL I must ask him easy<sup>y</sup> questions at first —  
Tony, how many true<sup>n</sup> fingers has a tailor on his  
right hand?

ANT As many as on his left, cousin

LOL Good and how many on both?

ANT Two less than a deuce, cousin

LOL Very well answered I come to you again,  
cousin Tony, how many fools go<sup>o</sup> to a wise man?

<sup>m</sup> what state] "i e as a keeper of fools and madmen"  
Editor of 1816

"true] "i e honest" Editor of 1816

<sup>o</sup> go] Old ed "goes"

ANT Forty in a day sometimes, cousin

LOL Forty in a day? how prove you that?

ANT All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends

LOL A parlous<sup>o</sup> fool! he must sit in the fourth form at least, I perceive that—I come again, Tony, how many knaves make an honest man?

ANT I know not that, cousin

LOL No, the question is too hard for you I'll tell you, cousin, there's three knaves may make an honest man, a sergeant, a jailor, and a beadle, the sergeant catches him, the jailor holds him, and the beadle lashes him, and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him

ANT Ha, ha, ha! that's fine sport, cousin

ALIB This was too deep a question for the fool, Lolloio

LOL Yes, this might have served yourself, though I say't—Once more, and you shall go play, Tony

ANT Ay, play at push-pin, cousin, ha, he!

LOL So thou shalt say how many fools are here—

ANT Two, cousin, thou and I

LOL Nay, you're too forward there, Tony mark my question, how many fools and knaves are here? a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave, how many fools, how many knaves?

ANT I never learnt so far, cousin

ALIB Thou puttest too hard questions to him,

Lolloio

LOL I'll make him understand it easily—Cousin, stand there

ANT Ay, cousin

LOL Master, stand you next the fool

<sup>o</sup> *parlous*] A corruption of *perilous*,—dangerously shrewd.

ALIB Well, Lollo

LOL Here's my place mark now, Tony, there's [s]  
a fool before a knave

ANT That's I, cousin

LOL Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I, and  
between us two fools there is a knave, that's my  
master, 'tis but we three, that's all

ANT We three, we three,<sup>p</sup> cousin

FIRST MAD [within] Put's head i' th' pillory, the  
bread's too little

SEC MAD [within] Fly, fly, and he catches the  
swallow

THIRD MAD [within] Give her more onion, or  
the devil put the rope about her crag<sup>q</sup>

LOL You may hear what time of day it is, the  
chimes of Bedlam go<sup>r</sup>

ALIB Peace, peace, or the wire<sup>s</sup> comes!

THIRD MAD [within] Cat whore, cat whore! her  
parmasant, her parmasant!<sup>t</sup>

ALIB Peace, I say! — Their hour's come, they  
must be fed, Lollo

LOL There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh  
madman, was undone by a mouse that spoiled him  
a parmasant, lost his wits for<sup>t</sup>

ALIB Go to your charge, Lollo, I'll to mine

LOL Go you to your madmen's ward, let me  
alone with your fools

ALIB And remember my last charge, Lollo

[Exit

<sup>p</sup> *we three*] "Antonio probably alludes to the old sign of  
*two idiots' heads*, with an inscription,

*We three*  
Loggerheads be" Editor of 1816 —

Perhaps the allusion is to some song

<sup>q</sup> *crag*] i.e. neck

<sup>r</sup> *go*] Old ed. "goes"

<sup>s</sup> *wire*] i.e. whip

<sup>t</sup> *parmasant*] i.e. Parmesan cheese compare Ford's *Works*,  
vol 1 p 148, ed Giff

Lol Of which your patients do you think I am?  
 —Come, Tony, you must amongst your school-fellows now, there's pretty scholars amongst 'em, I can tell you, there's some of 'em at *stultus, stulta, stultum*

ANT I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not bite me

Lol No, they shall not bite thee, Tony

ANT They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, coz?

Lol They bite at dinner indeed, Tony Well, I hope to get credit by thee, I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself

[*Exeunt*

## ACT II SCENE I

*An apartment in the castle*

*Enter BEATRICE and JASPERINO severally*

BEAT O sir, I'm ready now for that fair service  
 Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you!  
 Good angels and this conduct be your guide!

[*Giving a paper*

Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir

JAS The joy I shall return rewards my service

[*Exit*

BEAT How wise is Alsemoro in his friend!  
 It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment,  
 Then I appear in nothing more approv'd  
 Than making choice of him, for 'tis a principle,  
 He that can choose  
 That bosom well who of his thoughts partakes,  
 Proves most discreet in every choice he makes

Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgment,  
And see the way to merit, clearly see it  
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles,  
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,  
Which is the greatest darkness falls on love,  
Yet is he best discern'd then  
With intellectual eye-sight What's Piracquo,  
My father spends his breath for? and his blessing  
Is only mine as I regard his name,  
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,  
Transform'd into a curse some speedy way  
Must be remember'd, he's so forward too,  
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath  
To speak to my new comforts

*Enter DE FLORES*

DE F Yonder's she,  
Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,  
I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her,  
Some twenty times a-day, nay, not so little,  
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses,  
To come into her sight, and I've small reason for't,  
And less encouragement, for she baits me still  
Every time worse than other, does profess herself  
The cruellest enemy to my face in town,  
At no hand can abide the sight of me,  
As if danger or ill luck hung in my looks  
I must confess my face is bad enough,  
But I know far worse has better fortune,  
And not endur'd alone, but doted on,  
And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like witches',  
Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,  
As if they grew in fear one of another,  
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills  
The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash  
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye,

Yet such a one plucks<sup>r</sup> sweets without restraint,  
 And has the grace of beauty to his sweet  
 Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,  
 I tumbled into th' world a gentleman  
 She turns hei blessed eye upon me now,  
 And I'll endue all storms before I part with't

[*Aside*

BEAT Again?  
 This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me  
 Than all my other passions

[*Aside*

DE F Now 't begins again,  
 I'll stand this storm of hail, though the stones pelt  
 me

[*Aside*

BEAT Thy business? what's thy business?

DE F Soft and fair!

I cannot part so soon now

[*Aside*

BEAT The villain's fix'd —

[*Aside*

Thou standing toad-pool —

DE F The shower falls amain now

[*Aside*

BEAT Who sent thee? what's thy errand? leave  
 my sight!

DE F My lord, your father, charg'd me to deliver  
 A message to you

BEAT What, another since?

Do't, and be hang'd then, let me be rid of thee

DE F True service merits mercy

BEAT What's thy message?

DE F Let beauty settle but in patience,  
 You shall hear all

BEAT. A dallying, trifling torment!

DE F Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,  
 Sole brother to Tomaso de Puacquo —

BEAT Slave, when wilt make an end?

DE F Too soon I shall

<sup>r</sup> *plucks*] Old ed "pluckt"

BEAT What all this while of him ?  
 DE F The said Alonzo,  
 With the foresaid Tomaso ——  
 BEAT Yet again ?  
 DE F Is new alighted  
 BEAT Vengeance strike the news !  
 Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in  
 this  
 To bring thee to my sight ?  
 DE F My lord, your father,  
 Charg'd me to seek you out  
 BEAT Is there no other  
 To send his errand by ?  
 DE F It seems 'tis my luck  
 To be i' th' way still  
 BEAT Get thee from me !  
 DE F So  
 Why, am not I an ass to devise ways  
 Thus to be rail'd at ? I must see her still !  
 I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,  
 I know't, and, like a common Garden-bull,<sup>s</sup>  
 I do but take breath to be lugg'd again  
 What this may bode I know not, I'll despair the  
 less,  
 Because there's daily precedents of bad faces  
 Belov'd beyond all reason, these foul chops  
 May come into favour one day 'mongst their<sup>t</sup> fel-  
 lows  
 Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime,  
 As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen  
 Women have chid themselves a-bed to men

[*Aside, and exit*  
 BEAT I never see this fellow but I think

<sup>s</sup> *Garden-bull*] The allusion is to Paris Garden in Southwark, where both bears and bulls were baited

<sup>t</sup> *their*] So the editor of 1816 Old ed "his"

Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still,  
 I scarce leave trembling of an hour after  
 The next good mood I find my father in,  
 I'll get him quite discarded O, I was  
 Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot  
 Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes  
 To bear down all my comforts'

*Enter VERMANDERO, ALONZO, and TOMASO*

VER You're both welcome,  
 But an especial one belongs to you, sir,  
 To whose most noble name our love presents  
 Th' addition of a son, our son Alonzo

ALON The treasury of honour cannot bring forth  
 A title I should more rejoice in, sir

VER You have improv'd it well — Daughter,  
 prepare,

The day will steal upon thee suddenly

BEAT Howe'er, I will be sure to keep the night,  
 If it should come so near me [Aside  
 [BEATRICE and VERMANDERO talk apart

TOM Alonzo

ALON Brother?

TOM In troth I see small welcome in her eye

ALON Fie, you are too severe a censurer  
 Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you,  
 If lovers should mark every thing a fault,  
 Affection would be like an ill-set book,  
 Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume

BEAT That's all I do intreat.

VER It is but reasonable,  
 I'll see what my son says to't — Son Alonzo,  
 Here is a motion made but to reprieve  
 A maidenhead three days longer, the request  
 Is not far out of reason, for indeed  
 The former time is pinching

ALON Though my joys  
 Be set back so much time as I could wish  
 They had been forward, yet since she desires it,  
 The time is set as pleasing as before,  
 I find no gladness wanting

VER May I ever  
 Meet it in that point still! you're nobly welcome,  
 sirs [*Exit with BEATRICE*  
 TOM So, did you mark the dulness of her part-  
 ing now?

ALON What dulness? thou art so exceptionous  
 still!

TOM Why, let it go then, I am but a fool  
 To mark your harms so heedfully.

ALON Where's the oversight?

TOM Come, your faith's cozen'd in her, strongly  
 cozen'd

Unsettle your affection with all speed  
 Wisdom can bring it to, your peace is ruin'd else  
 Think what a torment 'tis to marry one  
 Whose heart is leap'd into another's bosom  
 If ever pleasure she receive from thee,  
 It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift,  
 She lies but with another in thine arms,  
 He the half-father unto all thy children  
 In the conception, if he get 'em not,  
 She helps<sup>u</sup> to get 'em for him, and how dangerous  
 And shameful her restraint may go in time to,  
 It is not to be thought on without suffering.

ALON You speak as if she lov'd some other, then.

<sup>u</sup> *She helps, &c*] "The reading of the quartos [there is but  
 one 4to see note, p 205]—

"She helps to get 'em for him, *in his passions*, and how dan-  
 gerous"—

not only destroys the measure, but obscures the sense" Edi-  
 tor of 1816 —See notes <sup>m</sup> and <sup>p</sup>, vol u p 134

TOM Do you apprehend so slowly?

ALON Nay, and<sup>u</sup> that

Be your fear only, I am safe enough  
 Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother,  
 For times of more distress, I should depart  
 An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,  
 To any but thyself, that should but think  
 She knew the meaning of inconstancy,  
 Much less the use and practice yet we're friends,  
 Pray, let no more be urg'd, I can endure  
 Much, till I meet an injury to her,  
 Then I am not myself Farewell, sweet brother,  
 How much we're bound to heaven to depart lovin-

ingly' [Exit]

TOM Why, here is love's tame madness, thus a man

Quickly steals into his vexation [Exit]

## SCENE II

*Another apartment in the castle*

*Enter DIAPHANTA and ALSEMERO*

DIA The place is my charge, you have kept  
 your hour,  
 And the reward of a just meeting bless you!  
 I hear my lady coming complete gentleman,  
 I dare not be too busy with my praises,  
 They're dangerous things to deal with [Exit]

ALS This goes well,  
 These women are the ladies' cabinets,  
 Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em

*Enter BEATRICE*

BEAT I have within mine eye all my desires

<sup>u</sup> and] i e if

Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,  
 And bring<sup>v</sup> 'em down to furnish our defects,  
 Come not more sweet to our necessities  
 Than thou unto my wishes

ALS We're so like  
 In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow  
 The same words, I shall never find their equals  
 BEAT How happy were this meeting, this em-  
 brace,

If it were free from envy! this poor kiss,  
 It has an enemy, a hateful one,  
 That wishes poison to't how well were I now,  
 If there were none such name known as Piracquo,  
 Nor no such tie as the command of parents!  
 I should be but too much bless'd

ALS One good service  
 Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near't  
 too,  
 Since you are so distress'd, remove the cause,  
 The command ceases, so there's two fears blown  
 out

With one and the same blast

BEAT Pray, let me find you, sir  
 What might that service be, so strangely happy?

ALS The honourablest piece about man, valour  
 I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly

BEAT How? call you that extinguishing of fear,  
 When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?  
 Are not you ventur'd in the action,  
 That's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more,  
 sir

Say you prevail'd, you're danger's and not mine  
 then,  
 The law would claim you from me, or obscurity

<sup>v</sup> bring] Old ed "brings"

Be made the grave to bury you alive  
 I'm glad these thoughts come forth , O, keep not  
 one

Of this condition,<sup>w</sup> sir ! here was a course  
 Found to bring sorrow on her way to death ,  
 The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had  
 chok'd 'em

Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,—  
 And now I think on one , I was to blame ,  
 I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn ,  
 'Thad been done questionless the ugliest creature  
 Creation fram'd for some use , yet to see  
 I could not mark so much where it should be !

[*Aside*

ALS Lady ——

BEAT Why, men of art make much of poison ,  
 Keep one to expel another , where was my art ?

[*Aside*

ALS Lady, you hear not me

BEAT I do especially, sir ,  
 The present times are not so sure of our side  
 As those hereafter may be ; we must use 'em then  
 As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now ,  
 Till the time opens

ALS You teach wisdom, lady

BEAT Within there ! Diaphanta !

*Re-enter DIAPHANTA*

DIA Do you call, madam ?

BEAT Perfect your service, and conduct this  
 gentleman

The private way you brought him

DIA I shall, madam

ALS My love's as firm as love e'er built upon

[*Exit with DIAPHANTA*

<sup>w</sup> *condition*] i.e. quality

*Enter DE FLORES*

DE F I've watch'd this meeting, and do wonder  
much

What shall become of t'other, I'm sure both  
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress, haply  
Then I'll put in for one, for if a woman  
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,  
She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic,  
One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,  
Proves in time sutler to an army royal  
Now do I look to be most richly sail'd at,  
Yet I must see her

[*Aside*]

BEAT Why, put case I loath'd him  
As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,  
Must I needs shew it? cannot I keep that secret,  
And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here —

[*Aside*]

De Flores.

DE F Ha, I shall run mad with joy!  
She call'd me fairly by my name De Flores,  
And neither rogue nor rascal

[*Aside*]

BEAT What ha' you done  
To your face a' late? you've met with some good  
physician,  
You've prun'd yourself,<sup>x</sup> methinks you were not  
wont

To look so amorously<sup>y</sup>

DE F Not I,—  
'Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and pimple,  
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago  
How is this?

[*Aside*]

<sup>x</sup> *prun'd yourself*] i.e. beautified yourself, improved your looks Birds (hawks especially) are said to *prune* themselves when they pick, oil, and set in order their feathers

<sup>y</sup> *so amorously*] i.e. so much an object of love Compare *Epigrams and Satyres*, by Richard Middleton, 1608,

"Longato amorous in his Maies eie," &c P 3

BEAT Come hither, nearer, man

DE F I'm up to the chin in heaven! [Aside]

BEAT Turn, let me see,

Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive't,  
I thought it had been worse

DE F Her fingers touch'd me!

She smells all amber <sup>y</sup> [Aside]

BEAT I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this  
Within a fortnight

DE F With your own hands, lady?

BEAT Yes, mine own [hands],<sup>z</sup> sir, in a work of  
cure

I'll trust no other

DE F 'Tis half an act of pleasure  
To hear her talk thus to me [Aside]

BEAT When we're us'd  
To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing,  
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends,  
I see it by experience

DE F I was bless'd  
To light upon this minute, I'll make use on't [Aside]

BEAT Hardness becomes the visage of a man well,  
It argues service, resolution, manhood,  
If cause were of employment

DE F 'Twould be soon seen,  
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it,  
I would but wish the honour of a service  
So happy as that mounts to

BEAT We shall try you <sup>a</sup>  
O my De Flores!

<sup>y</sup> amber] i.e. ambergris

<sup>z</sup> [hands] So the editor of 1816 but, perhaps, the author  
considered "cure" as a dissyllable

<sup>a</sup> We shall try you, &c

You are too quick, sir] So these speeches are arranged by

DE F How's that? she calls me hers,  
Already, *my* De Flores! [Aside]—You were about  
To sigh out somewhat, madam?

BEAT No, was I?  
I forgot,—O!—

DE F There 'tis again, the very fellow on't  
BEAT You are too quick, sir  
DE F There's no excuse<sup>a</sup> for't now, I heard it  
twice, madam,  
That sigh would fain have utterance, take pity on't,  
And lend it a free word, 'las, how it labours  
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet  
Beat at your bosom

BEAT Would creation——  
DE F Ay, well said, that is it  
BEAT Had form'd me man!  
DE F Nay, that's not it  
BEAT O, 'tis the soul of freedom!  
I should not then be forc'd to marry one  
I hate beyond all depths, I should have power  
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em  
For ever from my sight

the editor of 1816 but, perhaps, the following disposition of  
the lines is preferable,

“BEAT We shall try you O my De Flores!  
DE F How's that?  
She calls me hers already, *my* De Flores!— [Aside  
You were about to sigh out somewhat, madam?  
BEAT No, was I? I forgot,—O!—  
DE F There 'tis again,  
The very fellow on't  
BEAT You are too quick, sir”

<sup>a</sup> *There's no excuse, &c.*] The editor of 1816, by the insertion  
of a syllable, has given a perhaps more musical arrangement  
of this speech but he did not perceive that the conclusion  
of it, “beat at your bosom,” was evidently intended to make  
up a line with “Would creation”

DE F O bless'd occasion ! [Aside  
Without change to your sex you have your wishes,  
Claim so much man in me

BEAT In thee, De Flores ?  
There is small cause for that

DE F Put it not from me,  
It is a service that I kneel for to you [Kneels]

BEAT You are too violent to mean faithfully  
There's horror in my service, blood, and danger,  
Can those be things to sue for ?

DE F If you knew  
How sweet it were to me to be employ'd  
In any act of yours, you would say then  
I fail'd, and us'd not reverence enough  
When I receiv'[d] the charge on't

BEAT This is much, methinks,  
Belike his wants are greedy, and to such  
Gold tastes like angel's food [Aside]—[De Flores,]<sup>b</sup>

RISE

DE F I'll have the work first

BEAT Possible his need  
Is strong upon him [Aside]—There's to encourage  
thee, [Gives money]  
As thou art forward, and thy service dangerous,  
Thy reward shall be precious

DE F That I've thought on,  
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,  
And know it will be precious, the thought ravishes '

BEAT Then take him to thy fury !

DE F I thirst for him

BEAT Alonzo de Piracquo

DE F [rising] His end's upon him ,  
He shall be seen no more  
BEAT How lovely now

<sup>b</sup> [De Flores] So the editor of 1816

Dost thou appear to me ! never was man  
Dealler rewarded

DE F I do think of that

BEAT Be wondrous careful in the execution

DE F Why, aie not both our lives upon the cast ?

BEAT Then I throw all my fears upon thy se-  
vice

DE F They ne'er shall rise to hurt you

BEAT When the deed's done,

I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight ,  
Thou may'st live biauely in another country

DE F Ay, ay , we'll talk of that heieafter

BEAT I shall rid myself

Of two inveterate loathings at one time,

Piracquo, and his dog-face [ *Aside, and exit*

DE F O my blood !

Methinks I feel her in mine arms already ,

Her wanton fingers combing out this beard ,

And, being pleasèd, praising this bad face

Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend sometimes

Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em ,

Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em

Some women are odd feeders,—I'm too loud

Here comes the man goes supperless to bed ,

Yet shall not rise to-moriorow to his dinne!

*Enter ALONZO.*

ALON De Flores

DE F My kind, honourable lord ?

ALON I'm glad I ha' met with thee

DE F Sir ?

ALON Thou canst shew me

The full strength of the castle ?

DE F That I can, sir

ALON I much desire it

DE F. And if the ways and straits

Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you,  
I'll assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord

ALON Pooh, that shall be no hindrance

DE F I'm your servant then

'Tis now near dinner-time, 'gainst your lordship's  
rising

I'll have the keys about me

ALON Thanks, kind De Flores

DE F He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes

[*Aside*  
[*Exeunt severally*

### ACT III SCENE I

*A narrow passage in the castle*

Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES (*In the act-time*<sup>c</sup>  
DE FLORES hides a naked rapier behind a door)

DE F Yes, here are all the keys, I was afraid,  
my lord,

<sup>c</sup> In the act-time, &c ] i.e while the music plays before the commencement of the act, &c This circumstance is taken from the "history," where the murder of Alonzo (there called Alfonso) is thus narrated "Whiles Piracquo is at dinner with Vermandero, De Flores is providing of a bloody banquet in the East Casemate, whereof purpose he goes and hides a naked Sword and Ponyard behind the door Now dinner being ended, Piracquo finds out De Flores, and summons him of his promise, who tells him he is ready to wait on him so away they go from the Walls to the Ravelins, Sconces, and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Postern to the Ditches, and so, in again to the Casemates, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater whereon we shall presently see acted a mournful and bloody Tragedy At the descent hereof De Flores puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behind him, treacherously informing Piracquo that the descent is narrow and craggy See here the Policy and Villany of this devilish and treacherous Miscreant Piracquo, not doubting nor dreaming of any Treason, follows his example,

I'd wanted for the postern, this is it  
 I've all, I've all, my lord this for the sconce

ALON 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort  
 DE F You will tell me more, my lord this  
 descent

Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass  
 Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble us

ALON Thou sayest true

DE F Pray, let me help your lordship

ALON 'Tis done thanks, kind De Flores

DE F Here are hooks, my lord,  
 To hang such things on purpose

[*Hanging up his own sword and that of ALONZO*

ALON Lead, I'll follow thee [*Exeunt*

## SCENE II

*A vault* <sup>a</sup>

*Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES*

DE F All this is nothing, you shall see anon  
 A place you little dream on

ALON I am glad

and so casts off his Rapier De Flores leads the way, and he follows him, but alas! poor Gentleman, he shall never return with his life They enter the Vault of the Casemate, De Flores opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his Sword and Poniard he stoops and looks thorow a Port-hole, and tells him that that Peece doth thorowly scour the Ditch Piracquo stoops likewise down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) De Flores steps for his Weapons, and with his Poniard stabs him thorow the back, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that Casemate was built" Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p 40, ed. 1726

<sup>a</sup> *Scene II A vault*] Old ed has only (after the words "Lead, I'll follow thee,") "*Ex at one door and enter at the other*" See note, p 195

I have this leisure, all your master's house  
 Imagine I ha' taken a gondola

DE F All but myself, sir,—which makes up my  
 safety [Aside]

My lord, I'll place you at a casement here  
 Will shew you the full strength of all the castle  
 Look, spend your eye a while upon that object

ALON Here's rich variety, De Flores

DE F Yes, sir

ALON Goodly munition

DE F Ay, there's ordnance, sir,  
 No bastard metal, will ring you a peal like bells  
 At great men's funerals keep your eye straight, my  
 lord,

Take special notice of that sconce before you,  
 There you may dwell awhile

[Takes the rapier which he had hid behind the door.

ALON I am upon't

DE F And so am I [Stabs him

ALON De Flores! O De Flores!  
 Whose malice hast thou put on?

DE F Do you question

A work of secrecy? I must silence you [Stabs him.

ALON O, O, O!

DE F I must silence you [Stabs him  
 So, here's an undertaking well accomplish'd  
 This vault serves to good use now ha, what's that  
 Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 'tis a diamond  
 He wears upon his finger, 'twas well found,  
 This will approve<sup>d</sup> the work What, so fast on?  
 Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then,  
 Finge<sup>i</sup> and all shall off [Cuts off the finger] So,  
 now I'll clear

The passages from all suspect or fear

[Exit with the body

<sup>d</sup> approve] i e prove the performance of.

## SCENE III

*An apartment in the house of ALIBIUS.*

*Enter ISABELLA and LOLLO*

ISA Why, siriah, whence have you commission  
To fetter the doors against me? if you  
Keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to me,  
Let me be doing something

LOL You shall be doing, if it please you, I'll  
whistle to you, if you'll pipe after

ISA Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,  
To keep me in this pinfold?

LOL 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest being  
taken in another man's corn, you might be pounded  
in another place

ISA 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise

LOL He says you have company enough in the  
house, if you please to be sociable, of all sorts of  
people

ISA Of all sorts? why, here's none but fools and  
madmen

LOL Very well and where will you find any  
other, if you should go abroad? there's my master,  
and I to boot too

ISA Of either sort one, a madman and a fool

LOL I would even participate of both then if I  
were as you, I know you're half mad already, be  
half foolish too

ISA You're a brave saucy rascal! come on, sir,  
Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam,  
You were commanding once to-day to me  
Your last-come lunatic, what a proper<sup>e</sup>  
Body there was without brains to guide it,

<sup>e</sup> proper] i e handsome

And what a pitiful delight appear'd  
 In that defect, as if your wisdom had found  
 A mirth in madness, pray, sir, let me partake,  
 If there be such a pleasure

LOL If I do not shew you the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may call the understanding madman, then say I am a fool

ISA Well, a match, I will say so

LOL When you have [had] a taste of the madman, you shall, if you please, see Fools' College, o' th' [other] side, I seldom lock there, 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em. [*Exit, and brings in FRANCISCUS*]—Come on, sir, let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now

FRAN How sweetly she looks! O, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it, stay, stay, there's a spider in the cup! no, 'tis but a grape-stone, swallow it, fear nothing, poet, so, so, lift higher

ISA Alack, alack, it is too full of pity  
 To be laugh'd at! how fell he mad? canst thou tell?

LOL For love, mistress he was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first the Muses then forsook him, he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

FRAN Hail, bright Titania!  
 Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks?  
 Oberon is dancing with his Dryades,  
 I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,  
 And bind them in a verse of poesy

LOL [*holding up a whip*] Not too near! you see your danger

FRAN O, hold thy hand, great Diomede!

Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee  
 Get up, Bucephalus kneels [Kneels]

LOL You see how I awe my flock, a shepherd  
 has not his dog at more obedience

ISA His conscience is unquiet, sure that was  
 The cause of this a proper<sup>f</sup> gentleman'

FRAN Come hither, Aesculapius, hide the poison

LOL Well, 'tis hid [Hides the whip]

FRAN Didst thou ne'er hear of one Tiresias,  
 A famous prophet?<sup>g</sup>

LOL Yes, that kept tame wild geese

FRAN That's he, I am the man

LOL No?

FRAN Yes, but make no words on't, I was a  
 man

Seven years ago

LOL A stripling, I think, you might

FRAN Now I'm a woman, all feminine

LOL I would I might see that!

FRAN Juno struck me blind

LOL I'll ne'er believe that, for a woman, they  
 say, has an eye more than a man

FRAN I say she struck me blind

LOL And Luna made you mad, you have two  
 trades to beg with

FRAN Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room  
 For both of us to ride with Hecate,  
 I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,  
 And there we'll beat the bush, and kick the dog<sup>h</sup>  
 That barks against the witches of the night,

<sup>f</sup> *proper*] See note, p 244

<sup>g</sup> *prophet*] Old ed "poet"

<sup>h</sup> *we'll beat the bush, and kick the dog*] "The quartos [there  
 is but one 4to see note, p 205] read, 'we'll kick the dog, and  
 beat the bush' the transposition will, I think, be approved"  
 Editor of 1816

The swift lycanthrop<sup>h</sup> that walk<sup>i</sup> the round,  
We'll tear their wolvish skins, and save the sheep

[Attempts to seize LOLLO]

LOL Is't come to this<sup>j</sup> nay, then, my poison  
comes forth again [*shoving the whip*] mad slave,  
indeed, abuse your keeper!

ISA. I prithee, hence with him, now he grows  
dangerous

FRAN [sings]

*Sweet love, pity me,  
Give me leare to lie with thee*

LOL No, I'll see you wiser first to your own  
kennel!

FRAN No noise, she sleeps, draw all the cur-  
tains round,

Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul,  
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole

LOL I would you would get into your hole!  
[Exit FRANCISCUS]—Now, mistress, I will bring  
you another sort, you shall be fooled another while  
[Exit, and brings in ANTONIO]—Tony, come hither,  
Tony look who's yonder, Tony

ANT Cousin, is it not my aunt?

LOL Yes, 'tis one of 'em, Tony.

ANT He, he! how do you, uncle?

LOL Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nigget,<sup>k</sup>  
you may play with him, as safely with him as with  
his bauble<sup>l</sup>

<sup>h</sup> *lycanthrop*] i.e. frenzied persons labouring under the delusion that they are turned into wolves see the description in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi—Works*, vol. I p. 290, and my note there

<sup>i</sup> *walk*] Old ed. "walks"

<sup>j</sup> *aunt?* Yes, 'tis one of 'em] See note, vol. III p. 16

<sup>k</sup> *nigget*] *Nidget*, or *nugget*—i.e. idiot

<sup>l</sup> *bauble*] The sceptre of the licensed fool see Douce's *Illust. of Shak.*, vol. II p. 318, and plates

ISA How long hast thou been a fool?

ANT Ever since I came hither, cousin.

ISA Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool

LOL O, mistress, fools have always so much wit  
as to claim their kindred

MADMAN [*within*] Bounce, bounce! he falls, he  
falls!

ISA Hark you, your scholars in the upper room  
Are out of order

LOL Must I come amongst you there?—Keep  
you the fool, mistress, I'll go up and play left-  
handed Orlando amongst the madmen [Exit.

ISA Well, sir

ANT 'Tis opportunel now, sweet lady! nay,  
Cast no amazing eye upon this change

ISA Ha!

ANT This shape of folly shrouds your dearest  
love,

The truest servant to your powerful beauties,  
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me

ISA You're a fine fool indeed!

ANT O, 'tis not strange!  
Love has an intellect that runs through all  
The scrutinous sciences, and, like a cunning poet,  
Catches a quantity of every knowledge,  
Yet brings all home into one mystery,  
Into one secret, that he proceeds in

ISA You're a parlous<sup>m</sup> fool

ANT No danger in me, I bring nought but love  
And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with  
Try but one arrow, if it hurt you, I  
Will stand you twenty back in recompense

ISA A forward fool too!

ANT This was love's teaching

<sup>m</sup> *parlous*] See note, p. 225.

A thousand ways he<sup>n</sup> fashion'd out my way,  
And this I found the safest and [the] nearest,  
To tread the galaxia to my star

ISA Profound withal<sup>1</sup> certain you dream'd of  
this,

Love never taught it waking

ANT Take no acquaintance  
Of these outward follies, there's within  
A gentleman that loves you

ISA When I see him,  
I'll speak with him, so, in the meantime, keep  
Your habit, it becomes you well enough  
As you're a gentleman, I'll not discover you,  
That's all the favour that you must expect  
When you are weary, you may leave the school,  
For all this while you have but play'd the fool

*Re enter LOLLO*

ANT And must again —He, he! I thank you,  
cousin,

I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning

LOL How do you like the fool, mistress?

ISA Passing well, sir

LOL Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool?

ISA If he hold on as he begins, he's like  
To come to something

LOL Ay, thank a good tutor you may put him  
to't, he begins to answer pretty hard questions —  
Tony, how many is five times six?

ANT Five times six is six times five

LOL What arithmetician could have answered  
better? How many is one hundred and seven?

ANT One hundred and seven is seven hundred  
and one, cousin

<sup>1</sup> *he*] Old ed "she"

LOL This is no wit to speak on!—Will you be rid of the fool now?

ISA By no means, let him stay a little

MADMAN [*within*] Catch there, catch the last couple in hell!<sup>o</sup>

LOL Again I must I come amongst you? Would my master were come home! I am not able to govern both these wards together [Exit]

ANT Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?

ISA Fie, out again! I had rather you kept Your other posture, you become not your tongue When you speak from your clothes

ANT How can he freeze Lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I alone Walk through the orchard of th' Hesperides, And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple?

*Enter LOLLIO above*

This with the red cheeks I must venture for

[*Attempts to kiss her*

ISA Take heed, there's giants keep 'em

LOL How now, fool, are you good at that? have you read Lipsius?<sup>p</sup> he's past *Ars Amandi*, I believe I must put harder questions to him, I perceive that [Aside

ISA You're bold without fear too

ANT What should I fear,

Having all joys about me? Do you smile, And love shall play the wanton on your lip, Meet and retire, retire and meet again, Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes

<sup>o</sup> *the last couple in hell*] “The allusion here is to the game of barley-break” Editor of 1816—See note, vol III p 114

<sup>p</sup> *Lipsius*] Is it necessary to notice that the name of this great scholar is introduced merely for the sake of its first syllable?

I shall behold mine own deformity,  
And dress myself up fainer I know this shape  
Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors  
I shall array me handsomely

[*Cries of madmen are heard within, like those  
of birds and beasts*

LOL Cuckoo, cuckoo!

[*Exit above*

ANT What are these?

ISA Of fear enough to part us,  
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,  
That act their fantasies in any shapes  
Suiting then present thoughts if sad, they cry,  
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again  
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,  
Singing or howling, braying, barking, all  
As their wild fancies prompt 'em

ANT These are no fears

ISA But here's a large one, my man

*Re-enter LOLLO*

ANT Ha, he! that's fine sport indeed, cousin

LOL I would my master were come home! 'tis  
too much for one shepherd to govern two of these  
flocks, nor can I believe that one churchman can  
instruct two benefices at once, there will be some  
incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on  
the other—Come, Tony

ANT Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

LOL No, you must to your book now, you have  
played sufficiently

ISA Your fool is grown wondrous witty

LOL Well, I'll say nothing, but I do not think  
but he will put you down one of these days.

[*Exit with ANTONIO*

ISA Here the restrained current might make  
breach,

Spite of the watchful bankers would a woman stray,  
 She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,  
 It would be brought home one way<sup>p</sup> or other  
 The needle's point will to the fix'd north,  
 Such drawing arties women's beauties are

*Re-enter LOLLO*

LOL How dost thou, sweet rogue ?

ISA How now ?

LOL Come, there are degrees, one fool may be  
 better than another

ISA What's the matter ?

LOL Nay, if thou givest thy mind to fool's flesh,  
 have at thee !

ISA You bold slave, you !

LOL I could follow now as t'other fool did  
*What should I fear,*

*Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,  
 And love shall play the wanton on your lip,*

*Meet and retire, retire and meet again,*

*Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes*

*I shall behold my own deformity,*

*And dress myself up fairer I know this shape*

*Becomes me not —*

and so as it follows but is not this the more foolish  
 way ? Come, sweet rogue, kiss me, my little Lace-  
 daemonian, let me feel how thy pulses beat thou  
 hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure,  
 I'll lay my hand on't

ISA Sirrah, no more ! I see you have discover'd  
 This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure  
 For purchase of my love, be silent, mute,  
 Mute as a statue,<sup>q</sup> or his injunction

<sup>p</sup> *way*] Old ed. "wayes"

<sup>q</sup> *statue*] Qy "statua"—a form which repeatedly occurs  
 in our old writers.

For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat,  
 I'll do it, though for no other purpose, and  
 Be sure he'll not refuse it

LOL My share, that's all,  
 I'll have my fool's part with you  
 ISA No more! your master

*Enter ALIBIUS*

ALIB Sweet, how dost thou?

ISA Your bounden servant, sir

ALIB Fie, fie, sweetheart,  
 No more of that

ISA You were best lock me up

ALIB In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,  
 I'll lock thee up most nearly —Lollo,  
 We have employment, we have task in hand  
 At noble Vermandero's, our castle['s] captain,  
 There is a nuptial to be solemniz'd—  
 Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride—  
 For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,  
 A mixture of our madmen and our fools,  
 To finish, as it were, and make the fag  
 Of all the revels, the third night from the first,  
 Only an unexpected passage over,  
 To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,  
 But not the all I aim at, could we so act it,  
 To teach it in a wild distracted measure,  
 Though out of form and figure, breaking time's  
 head,  
 It were no matter, 'twould be heal'd again  
 In one age or other, if not in this  
 This, this, Lollo, there's a good reward begun,  
 And will beget a bounty, be it known.

LOL This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you you have  
 about you fools and madmen that can dance very  
 well, and 'tis no wonder, your best dancers are not

the wisest men, the reason is, with often jumping  
they jolt their brains down into their feet, that their  
wits lie more in their heels than in their heads

ALIB Honest Lolloio, thou giv'st me a good  
reason,  
And a comfort in it

ISA You've a fine trade on't,  
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity

ALIB O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live  
Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,  
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive

[*Exeunt*

#### SCENE IV

*An apartment in the castle*

*Enter VERMANDERO, BEATRICE, ALSEMERO, and JASPERINO*

VER Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,  
I wish I had a daughter now for you

ALS The fellow of this creature were a partner  
For a king's love

VER I had her fellow once, sir,  
But heaven has married her to joys eternal,  
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again  
Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures

Which my health chiefly joys in

ALS I hear  
The beauty of this seat largely [commended]

VER It falls much short of that  
[*Exit with ALSEMERO and JASPERINO.*

BEAT So, here's one step  
Intō my father's favour, time will fix him,  
I've got him now the liberty of the house,  
So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom

And if that eye be darken'd that offends me,—  
 I wait but that eclipse,—this gentleman  
 Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,  
 Through the refulgent virtue of my love

*Enter DE FLORES*

DE F My thoughts are at a banquet, for the deed,  
 I feel no weight in't, 'tis but light and cheap  
 For the sweet recompense that I set down for't

[*Aside*]

BEAT De Flores'

DE F Lady?

BEAT Thy looks promise cheerfully

DE F All things are answerable, time, circumstance,

Your wishes, and my service

BEAT Is it done, then?

DE F Piracquo is no more

BEAT My joys start at mine eyes, our sweet'st delights

Are evermore born weeping

DE F I've a token for you

BEAT For me?

DE F But it was sent somewhat unwillingly,  
 I could not get the ring without the finger

[*Producing the ring* <sup>p</sup>]

BEAT Bless me, what hast thou done?

DE F Why, is that more

Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings  
 A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,  
 In a mistake hath had as much as this

BEAT 'Tis the first token my father made me  
 send him

DE F And I [have] made him send it back again  
 For his last token, I was loath to leave it,

<sup>p</sup> *the ring*] Qy "the ring and the finger"?

And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels,  
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck  
As if the flesh and it were both one substance

BEAT At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees,  
'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir  
I pray, bury the finger, but the stone  
You may make use on shortly, the true value,  
Take't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats

DE F 'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's con-  
science though,  
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis  
Well, being my fees, I'll take it,  
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit  
Would scorn the way on't

BEAT It might justly, sir,  
Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given  
In state of recompense

DE F No, I hope so, lady,  
You should soon witness my contempt to't then

BEAT Prithee — thou look'st as if thou wert  
offended

DE F That were strange, lady, 'tis not possible  
My service should draw such a cause from you  
Offended! could you think so? that were much  
For one of my performance, and so warm  
Yet 'in my service

BEAT 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir  
DE F I know so much, it were so, misery

In her most sharp condition

BEAT 'Tis resolv'd then,  
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florens,<sup>a</sup>  
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit

DE F What' salary? now you move me

<sup>a</sup> *golden florens*] Pieces first coined by the Florentines the *florin* of Spain (according to the Dictionaries) is 4*s* 4*½d* — Does Beatrice offer here a paper to De Flores?

BEAT How, De Flores ?

DE F Do you place me in the rank of verminous  
fellows,

To destroy things for wages ? offer gold  
[For] the life-blood of man ? is any thing  
Valued too precious for my recompense ?

BEAT I understand thee not

DE F I could ha' hr'd

A journeyman in murder at this rate,  
And mine own conscience might have [slept at  
ease]<sup>r</sup>,

And have had the work brought home

BEAT I'm in a labyrinth,  
What will content him ? I'd fain be rid of him

[*Aside*

I'll double the sum, sir

DE F You take a course  
To double my vexation, that's the good you do

BEAT Bless me, I'm now in worse plight than  
I was,

I know not what will please him [*Aside*]—For my  
fear's sake,

I prithee, make away with all speed possible,  
And if thou be'st so modest not to name  
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,  
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee,  
But, prithee, take thy flight

DE F You must fly too then

BEAT I ?

DE F I'll not stir a foot else

BEAT What's your meaning ?

DE F Why, are not you as guilty ? in, I'm sure,  
As deep as I, and we should stick together  
Come, your fears counsel you but ill, my absence

<sup>r</sup> [*slept at ease*] Supplied by the editor of 1816

Would draw suspect upon you instantly,  
There were no rescue for you

BEAT He speaks home! *[Aside]*

DE F Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,  
Should part and live asunder

BEAT How now, sir?

This shews not well

DE F What makes your lip so strange?  
This must not be betwixt us

BEAT The man talks wildly!

DE F Come, kiss me with a zeal now

BEAT Heaven, I doubt him! *[Aside]*

DE F I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly

BEAT Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,  
'Twill soon betray us

DE F Take you heed first,  
Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're to blame  
in't

BEAT He's bold, and I am blam'd for't *[Aside]*

DE F. I have eas'd you

Of your trouble, think on it, I am in pain,  
And must be eas'd of you, 'tis a charity,  
Justice invites your blood to understand me

BEAT I dare not

DE F Quickly!

BEAT O, I never shall!

Speak it yet further off, that I may lose  
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't,  
I would not hear so much offence again  
For such another deed

DE F Soft, lady, soft!

The last is not yet paid for O, this act  
Has put me into spirit, I was as greedy on't  
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds  
weep

Did you not mark, I wrought myself into 't,

Nay, sued and kneel'd for't? why was all that pains  
took?

You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold,  
Not that I want it [not], for I do piteously,  
In order I'll come unto 't, and make use on't,  
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,  
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,  
And were I not resolv'd in my belief  
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,  
I should but take my recompense with grudging,  
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for

BEAT Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so  
wicked,

Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,  
To make his death the murderer of my honour!  
Thy language is so bold and vicious,  
I cannot see which way I can forgive it  
With any modesty

DE F Push<sup>18</sup> you forget yourself,  
A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty!

BEAT O misery of sin! would I'd been bound  
Perpetually unto my living hate  
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!  
Think but upon the distance that creation  
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there

DE F Look but into your conscience, read me  
there,

'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal  
Push<sup>18</sup> fly not to your birth, but settle you  
In what the act has made you, you're no more now,  
You must forget your parentage to me,  
You are the deed's creature, by that name  
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,  
As peace and innocency have<sup>t</sup> turn'd you out,  
And made you one with me

<sup>18</sup> Push] See note, vol 1 p 29      <sup>t</sup> have] Old ed. "has."

BEAT With thee, foul villain !

DE F Yes, my fair murdereress , do you urge me ?  
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection !

'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind  
Of whoredom in the<sup>t</sup> heart , and he's chang'd now  
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemoro,  
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,  
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest '  
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,  
I'll confess all , my life I rate at nothing

BEAT De Flores !

DE F I shall rest from all love's<sup>u</sup> plagues then ,  
I live in pain now , that shooting eye  
Will burn my heart to cunders

BEAT O sir, hear me !

DE F She that in life and love refuses me,  
In death and shame my partner she shall be

BEAT [kneeling] Stay, hear me once for all , I  
make thee master

Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels ,  
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,  
And I am rich in all things '

DE F Let this silence thee ,  
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy  
My pleasure from me ,  
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose ?  
So soon may [you] weep me .

BEAT Vengeance begins ,  
Murder, I see, is follow'd by more sins  
Was my creation in the womb so curst,  
It must engender with a viper first ?

<sup>t</sup> *the*] Old ed " thy "

<sup>u</sup> *love's*] Old ed " lovers "—I suspect the author wrote,

" I shall rest from all plagues then ,  
I live in pain now , that love-shooting eye "

DE F [raising her] Come, rise and shroud your  
 blushes in my bosom,  
 Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts  
 Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding  
 'Las, how the turtle pants! thou'l love anon  
 What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on

[*Exeunt*

#### ACT IV.

*Dumb Show*<sup>a</sup>

*Enter Gentlemen, VERMANDERO meeting them with action of wonderment at the disappearance of PIRACQUO Enter ALSEMERO, with JASPERINO and gallants* VERMANDERO points to him, the gentlemen seeming to applaud the choice ALSEMERO, VERMANDERO, JASPERINO, and the others, pass over the stage with much pomp, BEATRICE as bride following in great state, attended by DIAPHANTA, ISABELLA, and other gentlewomen, DE FLORES after all, smiling at the accident <sup>v</sup> ALONZO's ghost appears to him in the midst of his smile, and startles him, shewing the hand whose finger he had cut off

#### SCENE I

*ALSEMERO's apartment in the castle.*

*Enter BEATRICE*

BEAT This fellow has undone me endlessly,  
 Never was bride so fearfully distress'd  
 The more I think upon th' ensuing night,

<sup>a</sup> *Dumb Show*] "These dumb shows are common enough in the dramas of our poets' age" Editor of 1816—They had fallen much into disrepute when the present play was written

<sup>v</sup> *smiling at the accident*] So old ed The editor of 1816 gives "smiling scornfully at the ceremony," but I doubt if that be the meaning of the original words

And whom I am to cope with in embraces,  
 One who's<sup>v</sup> ennobled both in blood and mind,  
 So clear in understanding,—that's my plague now,—  
 Before whose judgment will my fault appear  
 Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals,  
 There is no hiding on't, the more I dive  
 Into my own distress how a wise man  
 Stands for a great calamity<sup>1</sup> there's no venturing  
 Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,  
 Without my shame, which may grow up to danger,  
 He cannot but in justice strangle me  
 As I lie by him, as a cheater use me,  
 'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die  
 Before a cunning gamester Here's his closet,  
 The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park?  
 Sure 'twas forgot, I'll be so bold as look in't

[Opens closet

Bless me! a right physician's closet 'tis,  
 Set round with vials, every one her mark too  
 Sure he does practise physic for his own use,  
 Which may be safely call'd your great man's wisdom  
 What manuscript lies here?

[reads] *The Book of Experiment, called Secrets in Nature*<sup>w</sup>

So 'tis, 'tis so,

[reads] *How to know whether a woman be with child or no*

I hope I am not yet, if he should try though!

Let me see, [reads] *folio forty-five*, here 'tis,

The leaf tuck'd down upon't, the place suspicious

[reads] *If you would know whether a woman be with child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass C—*

<sup>v</sup> who's] So editor of 1816 Old ed "both"

<sup>w</sup> *Secrets in Nature*] In *Antoni Mizaldus Monlucanus De Arcaenae Naturae, Libelli quatuor*, ed tertia, 1558, 12mo, I find no passages resembling those which are read by Beatrice

Where's that glass C? O yonder, I see't now —  
 [reads] and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve  
 hours after, if not, not

None of that water comes into my belly,  
 I'll know you from a hundred, I could break you  
 now,

Or turn you into milk, and so beguile  
 The master of the mystery, but I'll look to you  
 Ha! that which is next is ten times worse  
 [reads] How to know whether a woman be a maid or  
 not

If that should be applied, what would become of me?  
 Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,  
 That never yet made proof, but this he calls  
 [reads] A merry slight, <sup>v</sup> but true experiment, the author  
*Antonius Mizaldus* Give the party you suspect the  
 quantity of a spoonful of the nater in the glass M,  
 which, upon her that is a maid, makes three several  
 effects, 'twill make her incontinently <sup>w</sup> gape, then fall  
 into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing,  
 else, dull, heavy, and lumpish

Where had I been?

I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bed-time

*Enter DIAPHANTA*

DIA Cuds, madam, are you here?

BEAT Seeing that wench now,

A trick comes in my mind, 'tis a nice piece  
 Gold cannot purchase [Aside] — I come hither,  
 wench,

To look my lord

DIA Would I had such a cause  
 To look him too! [Aside] — Why, he's i' th' park,  
 madam

BEAT There let him be

<sup>v</sup> slight] i.e. artifice, contrivance

<sup>w</sup> incontinently] i.e. immediately

DIA Ay, madam, let him compass  
 Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do,  
 At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em  
 Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world  
 Too narrow for him, in th' end had but his pit-hole

BEAT I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta

DIA Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known,  
 madam !

'Tis ever the bride's fashion, towards bed-time,  
 To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd 'em not <sup>x</sup>

BEAT Her joys ? her fears thou wouldest say

DIA Fear of what ?

BEAT Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a maid ?  
 You leave a blushing business behind ,  
 Beshrew your heart for't !

DIA Do you mean good sooth, madam ?

BEAT Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,  
 Man should have been unknown

DIA Is't possible ?

BEAT I'd<sup>y</sup> give a thousand ducats to that woman  
 Would try what my fear were, and tell me true  
 To-morrow, when she gets from't , as she likes  
 I might perhaps be drawn to't

DIA Are you in earnest ?

BEAT Do you get the woman, then challenge me,  
 And see if I'll fly from't , but I must tell you  
 This by the way, she must be a true maid,  
 Else there's no trial, my fears are not her's else

DIA Nay, she that I would put into your hands,  
 madam ,  
 Shall be a maid

BEAT You know I should be sham'd else,  
 Because she lies for me

DIA 'Tis a strange humour !

<sup>x</sup> *ow'd 'em not*] i.e. owned them not,—they were not hers

<sup>y</sup> *I'd*] Old ed. "I will."

But are you serious still? would you resign  
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?

BEAT As willingly as live —Alas, the gold  
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour! [Aside]

DIA I do not know how the world goes abroad  
For faith or honesty, there's both requir'd in this  
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further,  
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money

BEAT You are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.

DIA How? not a maid? nay, then you urge me,  
madam,

Your honourable self is not a truer,  
With all your fears upon you —

BEAT Bad enough then [Aside]

DIA Than I with all my lightsome joys about  
me

BEAT I'm glad to hear't, then you dare put your  
honesty

Upon an easy trial

DIA Easy? any thing

BEAT I'll come to you straight

[Goes to the closet]

DIA She will not search me, will she,  
Like the forewoman of a female jury?

BEAT Glass M ay, this is it [Brings vial]—  
Look, Diaphanta,

You take no worse than I do [Drinks.]

DIA And in so doing,  
I will not question what it is, but take it. [Drinks]

BEAT Now if th' experiment be true, 'twill  
praise itself,

And give me noble ease begins already,

[DIAPHANTA gapes.]

There's the first symptom, and what haste it makes  
To fall into the second, there by this time!

[DIAPHANTA sneezes.]

Most admirable secret! on the contrary,  
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it

[*Aside*

DIA Ha, ha, ha!

BEAT Just in all things, and in order  
As if 'twere circumscrib'd, one accident  
Gives way unto another

[*Aside*

DIA Ha, ha, ha!

BEAT How now, wench?

DIA Ha, ha, ha! I'm so, so light  
At heait—ha, ha, ha!—so pleasurable!  
But one swig more, sweet madam

BEAT Ay, to-morrow,  
We shall have time to sit by't

DIA Now I'm sad again

BEAT It lays itself so gently too! [*Aside*]—Come,  
wench,

Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now

DIA Pray, tell me, madam, what trick call you  
this?

BEAT I'll tell thee all hereafter, we must study  
The carriage of this business

DIA I shall carry't well,  
Because I love the burthen

BEAT About midnight  
You must not fail to steal forth gently,  
That I may use the place

DIA O, fear not, madam,  
I shall be cool by that time the bride's place,  
And with a thousand ducats! I'm for a justice  
now,

I bring a portion with me, I scorn small fools

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE II

*Another apartment in the castle*

*Enter VERMANDERO and Servant*

VER I tell thee, knave, mine honour is in question,  
A thing till now free from suspicion,  
Nor ever was there cause Who of my gentlemen  
Are absent?

Tell me, and truly, how many, and who?

SER Antonio, sir, and Franciscus

VER When did they leave the castle?

SER Some ten days since, sir, the one intending  
to Briamata,<sup>x</sup> th' other for Valencia

VER The time accuses 'em, a charge of murder  
Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's murder,  
I dare not answer faithfully their absence  
A strict command of apprehension  
Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe  
The stain off clear, or openly discover it  
Provide me wingèd warrants for the purpose

[*Exit Servant*

See, I am set on again

*Enter TOMASO*

TOM I claim a brother of you

VER You're too hot,  
Seek him not here

TOM Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,  
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction  
This is the place must yield account for him,  
For here I left him, and the hasty tie

<sup>x</sup> *Briamata*] “Briamata, a fair house of his [Vermandero's]  
ten leagues from Alcant” Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's  
Revenge against Murther*, p 36, ed 1726 see note, p 205

Of this snatch'd marriage gives strong testimony  
Of his most certain ruin

VER Certain falsehood !  
This is the place indeed , his breach of faith  
Has too much mari'd both my abusèd love ,  
The honourable love I reserv'd for him ,  
And mock'd my daughter's joy , the prepar'd morning  
Blush'd at his infidelity , he left  
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends  
Whose belief huit 'em O , 'twas most ignoble  
To take his flight so unexpectedly ,  
And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd  
him !

TOM Then this is all your answer ?

VER 'Tis too fair

For one of his alliance , and I warn you  
That this place no more see you

[Exit]

*Enter DE FLORES*

TOM The best is ,  
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on —  
Honest De Flores ?

DE F That's my name , indeed  
Saw you the bride ? good sweet sir , which way took  
she ?

TOM I've bless'd mine eyes from seeing such a  
false one

DE F I'd fain get off , this man's not for my  
company ,  
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him

[*Aside*]

TOM Come hither , kind and true one , I remember  
My brother lov'd thee well

DE F O , purely , dear sir ! —  
Methinks I'm now again a-killing on him ,  
He brings it so fresh to me.

[*Aside*]

TOM Thou canst guess, sirrah—  
 An<sup>w</sup> honest friend has an instinct of jealousy—  
 At some foul guilty person

DE F Alas, sir,  
 I am so charitable, I think none  
 Worse than myself! you did not see the bride then?

TOM I prithee, name her not is she not wicked?  
 DE F No, no, a pretty, easy, round-pack'd<sup>x</sup>  
 sinner,

As your most ladies are, else you might think  
 I flatter'd her, but, sir, at no hand wicked,  
 Till they're so old their sins and vices<sup>y</sup> meet,  
 And they salute witches I'm call'd, I think, sir —  
 His company even overlays my conscience

[*Aside, and exit*  
 TOM That De Flores has a wondrous honest

heart,  
 He'll bring it out in time, I'm assur'd on't  
 O, here's the glorious master of the day's joy!  
 'Twill<sup>z</sup> not be long till he and I do reckon.

Sir *Enter ALSEMERO*

ALS You're most welcome

TOM You may call that word back,  
 I do not think I am, nor wish to be

ALS 'Tis strange you found the way to this house  
 then

TOM Would I'd ne'er known the cause! I'm none  
 of those, sir,  
 That come to give you joy, and swill your wine,  
 'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay  
 The fiery thirst I bring.

<sup>w</sup> *An*] Old ed. "One"

<sup>x</sup> *round-pack'd*] Qy "round-pac'd"?

<sup>y</sup> *sins and vices*] Surely the right reading is "chuns and  
 noses"  
<sup>z</sup> *'Twill*] Old ed. "I will"

ALS Your words and you  
 Appear to me great strangers  
 Tom Time and our swords  
 May make us more acquainted, this the business  
 I should have [had] a brother in your place,  
 How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,  
 I'm bound to inquire of him which holds his right,  
 Which never could come fairly

ALS You must look  
 To answer for that word, sir  
 Tom Fear you not,  
 I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting  
 Keep your day solemn, farewell, I disturb it not,  
 I'll bear the smart with patience for a time [*Exit*]  
 ALS 'Tis somewhat ominous this, a quarrel  
 enter'd  
 Upon this day, my innocence relieves me,

*Enter JASPERINO*

I should be wondrous sad else —Jasperino,  
 I've news to tell thee, strange news

JASP I ha' some too,  
 I think as strange as yours would I might keep  
 Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't!  
 Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,  
 And let it cool in this

ALS This puts me on,  
 And blames thee for thy slowness

JAS All may prove nothing,  
 Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir

ALS No question, 't may prove nothing, let's  
 partake it though

JAS. 'Twas Diaphanta's chance—for to that wench  
 I pretend<sup>z</sup> honest love, and she deserves it—

<sup>z</sup> *pretend*] i.e. offer

To leave me in a back part of the house,  
 A place we chose for private conference,  
 She was no sooner gone, but instantly  
 [ heard your bride's voice in the next room to me,  
 And lending more attention, found De Flores  
 Louder than she

ALS De Flores' thou art out now

JAS You'll tell me more anon.

ALS Still I'll prevent<sup>z</sup> thee,  
 The very sight of him is poison to her

JAS That made me stagger too, but Diaphanta  
 At her return confirm'd it

ALS Diaphanta!

JAS Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd  
 Like those that challenge interest in a woman

ALS Peace, quench thy zeal, 'tis dangerous to  
 thy bosom

JAS Then truth is full of peril

ALS Such truths are

, were she the sole glory of the earth,  
 Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,  
 And touch'd,<sup>a</sup> she sleeps not here<sup>b</sup> yet I have time,  
 Though night be near, to be resolv'd<sup>b</sup> hereof,  
 And, prithee, do not weigh me by my passions.

JAS I never weigh'd friend so

ALS Done charitably!

hat key will lead thee to a pretty secret,

[*Giving key.*

y a Chaldean taught me, and I have  
 [y study upon some bring from my closet  
 glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,  
 nd question not my purpose.

JAS It shall be done, sir

[*Exit*

<sup>z</sup> prevent] i e anticipate.

<sup>a</sup> touch'd] i e infected, stained

<sup>b</sup> resolv'd] i e satisfied

ALS How can this hang together? not an hour  
since  
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,  
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin  
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest,  
She charg'd her weep out her request to me,  
That she might come obscurely to my bosom

*Enter BEATRICE*

BEAT All things go well, my woman's preparing  
yonder  
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose,  
Necessity compels it, I lose all else [Aside  
ALS Push!<sup>c</sup> modesty's shrine is set in yonder  
forehead  
I cannot be too sure though [Aside]—My Joanna!  
BEAT Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you,  
Pardon my modest fears  
ALS The dove's not meeker,  
She's abus'd, questionless [Aside

*Re-enter JASPERINO with vial*

O, are you come, sir?  
BEAT The glass, upon my life! I see the letter [Aside  
JAS Sir, this is M [Giving vial  
ALS 'Tis it.  
BEAT I am suspected [Aside  
ALS How fitly our bride comes to partake with  
us!  
BEAT What is't, my lord?  
ALS No hurt  
BEAT Sir, pardon me,  
I seldom taste of any composition

<sup>c</sup> *Push]* See note, vol 1 p 29

ALS But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on

BEAT I fear 'twill make me ill

ALS Heaven forbid that'

BEAT I'm put now to my cunning th' effects I know,

If I can now but feign 'em handsomely

[*Aside, then drinks*

ALS It has that secret virtue, it ne'er miss'd, sir,  
Upon a virgin

JAS. Treble-qualitied?

[*BEATRICE gapes and sneezes*

ALS By all that's virtuous, it takes there! proceeds!

JAS This is the strangest trick to know a maid by

BEAT Ha, ha, ha!

You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord

ALS No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,  
That never can be blasted

BEAT What's the matter, sir?

ALS See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy,  
Keep[s] both the time and method [*Aside*]—My  
Joanna,

Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb,  
That brings the day forth! thus my love encloses  
thee |

[*Exeunt*

### SCENE III

*A room in the house of ALIBIUS.*

*Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO*

ISA O heaven! is this the waning<sup>d</sup> moon?  
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?

<sup>d</sup> *waning*] Old ed “waiting” “I am inclined to read,  
Oh, heaven! is this the new or waning moon?”

Editor of 1816

Sirrah, here's a madman, a-kin to the fool too,  
A lunatic lover

LOL No, no, not he I brought the letter from  
ISA Compaie his inside with his out, and tell  
me

LOL The out's mad, I'm sure of that, I had a  
taste on't

ISA [reads letter] *To the bright<sup>a</sup> Andromeda, chief  
chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of  
Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender  
of Aeolus Pay the post*

LOL This is stark madness!

ISA Now mark the inside

[reads] *Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit  
cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a  
true and faithful lover of your beauty*

LOL He is mad still!

ISA [reads] *If any fault you find, chide those per-  
fections in you which have made me imperfect, 'tis  
the same sun that causeth to grow and enforceth to  
wither —*

LOL O rogue!

ISA [reads] *Shapes and transhapes, destroys and  
builds again I come in winter to you, dismantled of  
my proper ornaments, by the sweet splendour of your  
cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover*

LOL Mad rascal still!

ISA. [reads] *Tread him not under foot, that shall  
appear an honour to your bounties I remain—mad  
till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure,  
yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS*

LOL You are like to have a fine time on't, my  
master and I may give over our professions; I do  
not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster  
than we, with little pains too.

<sup>a</sup> *To the bright Pay the post*] Given to Lollio in old ed

ISA Very likely

LOL One thing I must tell you, mistress, you perceive that I am privy to your skill, if I find you minister once, and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds, I shall be mad or fool else

ISA The first place is thine, believe it, Lolloo, If I do fall

LOL I fall upon you

ISA So

LOL Well, I stand to my venture

ISA But thy counsel now, how shall I deal with 'em?

LOL Why,<sup>d</sup> do you mean to deal with 'em?

ISA Nay, the fair<sup>e</sup> understanding, how to use 'em

LOL Abuse 'em! that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em kindly

ISA 'Tis easy, I'll practise, do thou observe it  
The key of thy wardrobe

LOL There [*gues key*], fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you

ISA Take thou no further notice than the outside

LOL Not an inch [*Exit ISABELLA*], I'll put you to the inside

*Enter ALIBIUS*

ALIB Lolloo, art there? will all be perfect, think'st thou?

To-morrow night, as if to close up the  
Solemnity, Vermandero expects us

LOL I mistrust the madmen most, the fools will do well enough, I have taken pains with them

<sup>d</sup> *Why*] Old ed "We"

<sup>e</sup> *Nay, the fair, &c*] "i e Nay, understand my speeches in the fair and modest sense in which they are uttered"  
Editor of 1816

ALIB Tush! they cannot miss, the more absurdity,  
 The more commands it, so no rough behaviours  
 Affright the ladies, they're nice things, thou knowest

LOL You need not fear, sir, so long as we are there with our commanding puzzles, they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves

ALIB I'll see them once more rehearse before they go

LOL I was about it, sir look you to the madmen's morris, and let me alone with the other there is one or two that I mistrust their fooling, I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure

ALIB Do so, I'll see the music prepar'd but, Lolloj,  
 By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint? Does she not grudge at it?

LOL So, so, she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else, you must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short

ALIB She shall along to Vermandero's with us, That will serve her for a month's liberty

LOL What's that on your face, sir?

ALIB Where, Lolloj? I see nothing

LOL Cry you mercy, sir, 'tis your nose, it shewed like the trunk of a young elephant

ALIB Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music, Lolloj

LOL Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst [Exit ALIBIUS]—Tony, where art thou, Tony?

*Enter ANTONIO*

ANT Here, cousin, where art thou?

LOL Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you

ANT. I had rather ride, cousin

LOL Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out,  
vault in look you, Tony, fa, la, la, la, la

[*Dances*

ANT Fa, la, la, la, la [Sings and dances

LOL There, an honour

ANT Is this an honour, coz?

LOL Yes, and<sup>f</sup> it please your worship

ANT Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

LOL Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship,  
nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence  
it first stiffened there rise, a caper

ANT Caper after an honour, coz?

LOL Very proper, for honour is but a caper,  
rise[s] as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls  
to th' ground again you can remember your figure,  
Tony?

ANT Yes, cousin, when I see thy figure, I can  
remember mine [Exit LOLLO]

*Re-enter ISABELLA, dressed as a madwoman*

ISA Hey, how he<sup>g</sup> treads the air! shough, shough,  
t'other way! he burns his wings else here's wax  
enough below, Icaius, more than will be cancelled  
these eighteen moons he's down, he's down! what  
a terrible fall he had!

Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,  
And let us tread the lower labyrinth,  
I'll bring thee to the clue

ANT Prithee, coz, let me alone

ISA Art thou not drown'd?

About thy head I saw a heap of clouds  
Wrapt like a Turkish turbant, on thy back  
A crook'd chameleon-colour'd rainbow hung

<sup>f</sup> and] i e if

<sup>g</sup> he] Old ed "she"

Like a tiara down unto thy hams  
 Let me suck out those billows in thy belly,  
 Hark, how they roar and rumble in the straits <sup>h</sup>  
 Bless thee from the pirates !

ANT Pox upon you, let me alone !

ISA Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury,  
 Unless thou hadst reversion of his place ?  
 Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,  
 And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,  
 That would have drown'd my love.

ANT I'll kick thee, if

Agam thou touch me, thou wild unshapen antic,  
 I am no fool, you bedlam !

ISA But you are, as sure as I am mad  
 Have I put on this habit of a frantic,  
 With love as full of fury, to beguile  
 The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,  
 And am I thus rewarded ?

ANT Ha' dearest beauty !

ISA No, I have no beauty now,  
 Nor never had but what was in my garments  
 You a quick-sighted lover ! come not near me .  
 Keep your caparisons, you're aptly clad ,  
 I came a feigner, to return stark mad

ANT Stay, or I shall change condition,  
 And become as you are      [Exit ISABELLA

*Re-enter LOLLO*

LOL Why, Tony, whither now ? why, fool —  
 ANT Whose fool, usher of idiots ? you coxcomb !  
 I have fool'd too much

LOL You were best be mad another while then  
 ANT So I am, stark mad, I have cause enough ,

<sup>h</sup> *straits*] Old ed. "streets"

And I could throw the full effects on thee,  
And beat thee like a fury

LOL Do not, do not, I shall not forbear the gentleman under the fool, if you do alas, I saw through your fox-skin before now! Come, I can give you comfort, my mistress loves you, and there is as arrant a madman i' th' house as you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not if after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her love, she says, and the fool shall ride her

ANT May I believe thee?

LOL Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no

ANT She's eas'd of him, I've a good quarrel on't

LOL Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet

ANT Tell her I will deserve her love [Exit]

LOL And you are like to have your desire<sup>h</sup>

*Enter FRANCISCUS*

FRAN [sings] *Down, down, down a-down a-down,*  
—and then with a horse-trick  
To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bow-string

LOL This is t'other counterfeit, I'll put him out of his humour [Aside Takes out a letter and reads] Sweet lady, having now cast [off]<sup>i</sup> this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty This is pretty well for a madman

FRAN Ha! what's that?

LOL [reads] Chide those perfections in you which [have] made me imperfect

FRAN I am discover'd to the fool

<sup>h</sup> *desire*] Qy "desert"?

<sup>i</sup> [off] See p 274.

LOL I hope to discover the fool in you ere I have done with you [Reads] *Yours all, or one beside himself*, FRANCISCUS This madman will mend sure

FRAN What do you read, sirrah?

LOL Your destiny, sir, you'll be hanged for this tick, and another that I know

FRAN Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

LOL Next her apron-strings

FRAN Give me thy hand

LOL Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first [putting letter into his pocket] your hand is true,<sup>3</sup> is it not? it will not pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does he

FRAN Not in a syllable

LOL So, if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cured of your madness

FRAN And none but she can cure it

LOL Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water next

FRAN Take for thy pains past

[Gives him money]

LOL I shall deserve more, sir, I hope my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her

FRAN There I meet my wishes

LOL That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours

FRAN He's dead already

LOL Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

FRAN Shew me the man

LOL Ay, that's a right course now, see him before you kill him, in any case, and yet it needs not

<sup>3</sup> true] See note, p 224.

go so far neither, 'tis but a fool that haunts the house and my mistress in the shape of an idiot, bang but his fool's coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well

FRAN Soundly, soundly!

LOL Only reserve him till the masque be past, and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll shew you In, in' my master! [Dancing

FRAN He handles him like a feather Hey!

[Exit]

*Enter ALIBIUS*

ALIB Well said in a readiness, Lollo?

LOL Yes, sir

ALIB Away then, and guide them in, Lollo Entreat your mistress to see this sight Hark, is there not one incurable fool That might be begg'd? <sup>k</sup> I have friends.

LOL I have him for you, One that shall deserve it too [Exit]

*Re-enter ISABELLA then re-enter LOLLO with the madmen and fools, who dance.*

ALIB Good boy, Lollo! 'Tis perfect well, fit but once these strains, We shall have coin and credit for our pains

[Exeunt]

## ACT V SCENE I

*A gallery in the castle*

*Enter BEATRICE a clock strikes one*

BEAT One struck, and yet she lies by't! O, my fears!

<sup>k</sup> *begg'd*] See note, vol iii p 16

This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent  
now,  
Devouris the pleasure with a greedy appetite,  
And never minds my honour or my peace,  
Makes havoc of my right, but she pays dearly  
for't,  
No trusting of her life with such a secret,  
That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise,  
Beside, I've some suspicion of her faith to me,  
Because I was suspected of my lord,  
And it must come from her [*clock strikes two*]  
hark! by my horrors,  
Another clock strikes two!

*Enter DE FLORES*

DE F Pist<sup>1</sup> where are you?  
BEAT De Flores?  
DE F Ay is she not come from him yet?  
BEAT As I'm a living soul, not!  
DE F Sure the devil  
Hath sow'd his itch within her, who would trust  
A waiting-woman?  
BEAT I must trust somebody  
DE F Push<sup>2</sup> m they're termagants,  
Especially when they fall upon their masters  
And have their ladies' first-fruits, they're mad  
whelps,  
You cannot stave 'em off from game royal then  
You are so harsh<sup>3</sup> and hardy, ask no counsel,  
And I could have help'd you to a 'pothecary's  
daughter  
Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank['d]  
you too

<sup>1</sup> *Pist*] See note, vol 11 p 460

<sup>2</sup> *Push*] See note, vol 1 p 29

<sup>3</sup> *harsh*] Qy "rash"?

BEAT O me, not yet! this whore forgets herself

DE F The rascal fares so well look, you're undone,

The day-star, by this hand! see, Phosphorus plain yonder

BEAT Advise me now to fall upon some ruin,  
There is no counsel safe else

DE F Peace! I ha't now,  
For we must force a rising, there's no remedy

BEAT How? take heed of that

DE F Tush! be you quiet, or else give over all

BEAT Prithee—I ha' done then

DE F This is my reach I'll set  
Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber

BEAT How? fire, sir? that may endanger the whole house

DE F You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?

BEAT That's true, do what thou wilt now

DE F Push! I am

At a most rich success strikes all dead sure  
The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels  
Of the least danger in her chamber only,  
If Diaphanta should be met by chance then  
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,  
It would be thought her fears and affrights then  
Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen  
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,  
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodgng,

I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,  
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney, there 'tis proper  
now,  
But she shall be the mark.

BEAT I'm forc'd to love thee now,  
 'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour  
 DE F 'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,  
 Our pleasure and continuance  
 BEAT One word now, prithee,  
 How for the servants ?  
 DE F I will despatch them,  
 Some one way, some another in the hurry,  
 For buckets, hooks, ladders, fear not you,  
 The deed shall find its time, and I've thought since  
 Upon a safe conveyance for the body too  
 How this fire purifies wit ! watch you your minute  
 BEAT Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray  
 from't

*Enter Ghost of ALONZO*

DE F Ha ! what art thou that tak'st away the  
 light  
 Betwixt that star and me ? I dread thee not  
 'Twas but a mist of conscience , all's clear again.

[Exit.]

BEAT Who's that, De Flores ? bless me, it shdes  
 by ! [Exit Ghost]  
 Some ill thing haunts the house , 't has left behind it  
 A shivering sweat upon me , I'm afraid now  
 This night hath been so tedious ! O this strumpet !  
 Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her  
 Till he had destroy'd the last List ! O my terrors !

[Clock strikes three]

Three struck by St Sebastian's !

VOICES [*within*] Fire, fire, fire !

BEAT Already ? how rare is that man's speed !  
 How heartily he serves me ! his face loathes one ,  
 But look upon his care, who would not love him ?  
 The east is not more beauteous than his service.

VOICES [*within*] Fire, fire, fire !

*Re-enter DE FLORES Servants pass over the stage*

DE F Away, despatch! hooks, buckets, ladders!  
that's well said [Bell rings within  
The fire-bell rings, the chimney works, my charge,  
The piece is ready. [Exit

BEAT Here's a man worth loving!

*Enter DIAPHANTA*

O, you're a jewel!

DIA Pardon frailty, madam,  
In troth, I was so well, I even forgot myself

BEAT You've made trim work!

DIA What?

BEAT Hie quickly to your chamber,  
Your reward follows you

DIA I never made  
So sweet a bargain

[Exit]

*Enter ALSEMERO*

ALS O, my dear Joanna,  
Alas! art thou risen too? I was coming,  
My absolute treasure!

BEAT When I miss'd you,  
I could not choose but follow.

ALS Thou'rt all sweetness  
The fire is not so dangerous

BEAT Think you so, sir?

ALS I prithee, tremble not, believe me, 'tis not

*Enter VERMANDERO and JASPERINO*

VER O, bless my house and me!

ALS My lord your father

*Re-enter DE FLORES with a gun.*

VER Knave, whither goes that piece?

DE F To scour the chimney.

VER O, well said, well said! [*Exit DE FLORES*  
That fellow's good on all occasions

BEAT A wondrous necessary man, my lord

VER. He hath a ready wit, he's worth 'em all, sir,  
Dog at a house of<sup>o</sup> fire, I ha' seen him sing'd ere  
now — [*Gun fired off within*

Ha, there he goes!

BEAT 'Tis done! [*Aside*

ALS Come, sweet, to bed now,  
Alas, thou wilt get cold!

BEAT Alas, the fear keeps that out!  
My heart will find no quiet till I hear  
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares,  
It is her chamber, sir, her lodgung chamber

VER How should the fire come there?

BEAT As good a soul as ever lady countenanc'd,  
But in her chamber negligent and heavy  
She 'scap'd a mine twice

VER Twice?

BEAT Strangely twice, sir

VER Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,  
And<sup>p</sup> they be ne'er so good

*Re-enter DE FLORES*

DE F O, poor virginity,  
Thou hast paid dearly for't!

VER Bless us, what's that?

DE F A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta's  
burnt

BEAT My woman! O, my woman!

DE F Now the flames  
Are greedy of her, burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!  
BEAT O my presaging soul!

<sup>o</sup> of] i e on see vol m p 556, and note  
<sup>p</sup> And] i e if

ALS Not a tear more!  
 I charge you by the last embrace I gave you  
 In bed, before this rais'd us  
 BEAT Now you tie me,  
 Were it my sister, now she gets no more

*Enter Servant*

VER How now?  
 SER All danger's past, you may now take  
 Your rests, my lords, the fire is throughly quench'd  
 Ah, poor gentewoman, how soon was she stifled!  
 BEAT De Flores, what is left of her inter,  
 And we as mouriners all will follow hei  
 I will entreat that honour to my servant  
 Even of my lord himself  
 ALS Command it, sweetness  
 BEAT Which of you spied the fire first?  
 DE F 'Twas I, madam  
 BEAT And took such pains in't too? a double  
 goodness!  
 'Twere well he were rewarded  
 VER He shall be —  
 De Flores, call upon me  
 ALS And upon me, sir  
 [Exeunt all except DE FLORES  
 DE F Rewarded? precious! here's a trick be-  
 yond me  
 I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,  
 Always a woman strives for the last hit [Exit]

## SCENE II

*Another apartment in the castle**Enter TOMASO*

TOM I cannot taste the benefits of life  
With the same relish I was wont to do  
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship  
A treacherous bloody friendship, and because  
I'm ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,  
I must think all men villans, and the next  
I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer  
Of my most worthy brother Ha! what's he?

*DE FLORES passes over the stage*

O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores,  
But methinks honesty was hard bested  
To come there for a lodging, as if a queen  
Should make her palace of a pest-house  
I find a contrariety in nature  
Betwixt that face and me, the least occasion  
Would give me game upon him, yet he's so foul  
One would scarce touch [him] with a sword he  
lov'd  
And made account of, so most deadly venomous,  
He would go near to poison any weapon  
That should draw blood on him, one must resolve  
Never to use that sword again in fight  
In way of honest manhood that strikes him,  
Some river must devour it, 'twere not fit  
That any man should find it What, again?

*Re-enter DE FLORES*

He walks a' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,  
T' infect my blood

DE F My worthy noble lord'

TOM Dost offer to come near and breathe upon  
me? [Strikes him

DE F A blow'

[Dians

TOM Yea, are you so prepar'd?

I'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword,

Than like a politician by thy poison [Drans

DE F Hold, my lord, as you are honourable!

TOM All slaves that kill by poison are still  
cowards

DE F I cannot strike, I see his brother's wounds  
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal — [Aside

I will not question this, I know you're noble,

I take my injury with thanks given, sir,

Like a wise lawyer, and as a favour

Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it —

Why this from him that yesterday appear'd

So strangely loving to me?

O, but instinct is of a subtler strain!

Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again,

He came near me now [Aside, and exit

TOM All league with mankind I renounce for  
ever,

Till I find this murderer, not so much

As common courtesy but I'll lock up,

For in the state of ignorance I live in,

A brother may salute his brother's murderer,

And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting

*Enter VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, and ISABELLA*

VER Noble Piracquo!

TOM Pray, keep on your way, sir,

I've nothing to say to you

VER Comforts bless you, sir!

TOM I've forsworn compliment, in troth, I have,

SIR,

VOL IV

C C

As you are merely man, I have not left  
 A good wish for you, nor [for] any here

VER Unless you be so far in love with grief,  
 You will not part from't upon any terms,  
 We bring that news will make a welcome for us

TOM What news can that be?

VER Throw no scornful smile

Upon the zeal I bring you, 'tis worth more, sir,  
 Two of the chiefest men I kept about me  
 I hide not from the law or your just vengeance

TOM Ha'

VER To give your peace more ample satisfaction,  
 Thank these discoverers

TOM If you bring that calm,  
 Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in  
 For that contemptuous smile [I threw]<sup>m</sup> upon you,  
 I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs  
 Unto a sacred altar

[Kneels]

VER [raising him] Good sir, rise,  
 Why, now you overdo as much 'a this hand  
 As you fell short 'a t'other — Speak, Alibus

ALIB 'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is most  
 lucky  
 At a discovery, to find out lately,  
 Within our hospital of fools and madmen,  
 Two counterfeits slipp'd into these disguises,  
 Their names Franciscus and Antonio

VER Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for 'em

ALIB Now that which draws suspicion to their  
 habits,

The time of their disguisings agrees justly  
 With the day of the murder

TOM O blest revelation!

VER Nay, more, nay, more, sir—I'll not spare  
 mine own

<sup>m</sup> [I threw] Compare ninth line preceding

In way of justice—they both feign'd a journey  
 To Briamata,<sup>n</sup> and so wrought out their leaves,  
 My love was so abus'd in't  
 Tom Time's too precious  
 To run in waste now, you have brought a peace  
 The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase  
 Be my most happy conduct, I thurst for 'em  
 Like subtle lightning will I wind about 'em,  
 And melt their marrow in 'em                   [*Exeunt*

## SCENE III

*Alsemoro's apartment<sup>o</sup> in the castle*

*Enter Alsemoro and Jasperino*

JAS Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof,  
 The prospect from the garden has shew'd<sup>p</sup>  
 Enough for deep suspicion

ALS The black mask  
 That so continually was worn upon't  
 Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen,  
 Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless

JAS Touch it home then, 'tis not a shallow probe  
 Can search this ulcer soundly, I fear you'll find it  
 Full of corruption 'tis fit I leave you,  
 She meets you opportunely from that walk,  
 She took the back door at his parting with her [Exit]

<sup>n</sup> *Briamata*] Old ed "Bramata" see note, p 267

<sup>o</sup> *Alsemoro's apartment*] So, on account of what follows, it is necessary to mark this scene, but as Jasperino presently says, "She meets you opportunely from that walk," I suspect that Middleton intended the audience to imagine that the earlier part of the scene did not pass where the latter part certainly does, in Alsemoro's apartment see notes, pp 28, 154, 195, 242

<sup>p</sup> *garden has shew'd*] The editor of 1816 prints "garden [must] have shew'd," but, probably, "garden" was used here as a trisyllable

ALS Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke  
At my first sight of woman? She is here

*Enter BEATRICE*

BEAT Alsemoro!

ALS How do you?

BEAT How do I?

Alas, how do you, [sir]? you look not well

ALS You read me well enough, I am not well

BEAT Not well, sir? is't in my power to better  
you?

ALS Yes

BEAT Nay, then you're cur'd again

ALS Pray, resolve me one question, lady

BEAT If I can

ALS None can so sure are you honest?

BEAT Ha, ha, ha! that's a broad question, my  
lord

ALS But that's not a modest answer, my lady

Do you laugh? my doubts are strong upon me

BEAT 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough  
brow

Can take away the dimple in her cheek

Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,

Which would you give the better faith to?

ALS 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,

But the same stuff, neither your smiles nor tears

Shall move or flatter me from my belief

You are a whore!

BEAT What a horrid sound it hath!

It blasts a beauty to deformity,

Upon what face soever that breath falls,

It strikes it ugly O, you have ruin'd

What you can ne'er repair again!

ALS I'll all

Demolish, and seek out truth within you,

If there be any left, let your sweet tongue  
Prevent your heart's rifling, there I'll ransack  
And tear out my suspicion

BEAT You may, sir,  
It is an easy passage, yet, if you please,  
Shew me the ground whereon you lost your love,  
My spotless virtue may but tread on that  
Before I perish

ALS Unanswerable,  
A ground you cannot stand on, you fall down  
Beneath all grace and goodness when you set  
Your ticklish heel on it there was a visor  
Over that cunning face, and that became you,  
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't,  
How comes this tender reconciliation else  
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous  
loathing,  
De Flores? he that your eye was sore at sight of,  
He's now become your arm's supporter, your  
Lip's saint!

BEAT Is there the cause?  
ALS Worse, your lust's devil,  
Your adultery!  
BEAT Would any but yourself say that,  
'Twould turn him to a villain!

ALS It was witness'd  
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta  
BEAT Is your witness dead then?  
ALS 'Tis to be fear'd  
It was the wages of her knowledge, poor soul,  
She liv'd not long after the discovery  
BEAT Then hear a story of not much less horror  
Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with,  
To your bed's scandal I stand up innocent,  
Which even the guilt of one black other deed

Will stand for proof of, you love has made me  
A ciuel murdereress

ALS Ha!

BEAT A bloody one,  
I have kiss'd poison for it, strok'd a serpent  
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem  
Of no better employment, and him most worthy  
To be so employ'd, I caus'd to murder  
That innocent Piracquo, having no  
Better means than that worst to assure  
Yourself to me

ALS O, the place itself e'er since  
Has cryng been for vengeance' the temple,  
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully  
Fir'd their devotion and quench'd the right one,  
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now  
O, thou art all deform'd!

BEAT Forget not, sir,  
It for your sake was done shall greater dangers  
Make the less welcome?

ALS O, thou should'st have gone  
A thousand leagues about to have avoided  
This dangerous bridge of blood! here we are lost

BEAT Remember, I am true unto your bed

ALS The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds  
For muider'd carcasses It must ask pause  
What I must do in this, meantime you shall  
Be my prisoner only enter my closet,

[*Exit BEATRICE into closet*  
I'll be your keeper yet O, in what part  
Of this sad story shall I first begin? Ha!  
This same fellow has put me in —

*Enter DE FLORES*

De Flores

DE F. Noble Alsemero!

ALS I can tell you  
 News, sir, my wife has her commended to you  
 DE F That's news indeed, my lord, I think she  
     would  
 Command me to the gallows if she could,  
 She ever loved me so well, I thank her  
 ALS What's this blood upon your band, De  
     Flores?  
 DE F Blood! no, sure 'twas wash'd since  
 ALS Since when, man?  
 DE F Since t'other day I got a knock  
 In a sword-and-dagger school, I think 'tis out.  
 ALS Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd  
     though  
 I had forgot my message, this it is,  
 What price goes murder?  
 DE F How, sir?  
 ALS I ask you, sir,  
 My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,  
 For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake  
 Upon Piracquo  
 DE F Upon? 'twas quite through him sure  
 Has she confess'd it?  
 ALS As sure as death to both of you;  
 And much more than that  
 DE F It could not be much more,  
 'Twas but one thing, and that—she is a whore  
 ALS I[t] could not choose but follow O cunning  
     devils!  
 How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd  
     saints?  
 BEAT [*within*] He lies! the villain does belie  
     me!  
 DE F Let me go to her, sir.  
 ALS Nay, you shall to her—  
 Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard,

Take your prey to you,—get you in to her, sir  
 [Exit DE FLORES into closet  
 I'll be your pander now, rehearse again  
 Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect  
 When you shall come to act it to the black audience,  
 Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you  
 Clap<sup>p</sup> your adulteress freely, 'tis the pilot  
 Will guide you to the *mare mortuum*,  
 Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless

*Enter VERMANDERO, TOMASO, ALIBIUS, ISABELLA,  
 FRANCISCUS, and ANTONIO*

VER O Alsemero! I've a wonder for you  
 ALS No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you  
 VER I have suspicion near as proof itself  
 For Piracquo's murder  
 ALS Sir, I have proof  
 Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder  
 VER Beseech you, hear me, these two have been  
 disguis'd  
 E'er since the deed was done  
 ALS I have two other  
 That were more close disguis'd than your two could  
 be  
 E'er since the deed was done  
 VER You'll hear me—these mine own servants  
 ALS Hear me—those nearer than your servants  
 That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless  
 FRAN That may be done with easy truth, sir  
 TOM How is my cause bandied through your  
 delays!  
 'Tis urgent in [my] blood, and calls for haste,  
 Give me a brother [or] alive or dead,

<sup>p</sup> *Clap*] i e embrace

Alive, a wife with him, if dead, for both  
 A recompense, for murder and adultery  
 BEAT [*within*] O, O, O!  
 ALS Hark! 'tis coming to you  
 DE F [*within*] Nay, I'll along for company  
 BEAT [*within*] O, O!  
 VER What horrid sounds are these?  
 ALS Come forth, you twins  
 Of mischief!

*Re-enter DE FLORES, dragging in BEATRICE wounded*

DE F Here we are, if you have any moie  
 To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not  
 Give you the healing else, I am so stout yet,  
 And so, I think, that boken rib of mankind  
 VER An host of enemies enter'd my citadel  
 Could not amaze like this Joanna! Beatrice!  
 Joanna!

BEAT O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile  
 you!

I am that of your blood was taken from you  
 For your better health, look no more upon't,  
 But cast it to the ground regardlessly,  
 Let the common sewer take it from distinction  
 Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor

[*Pointing to DE FLORES*

Ever hung<sup>p</sup> my fate, 'mongst things corruptible,  
 I ne'er<sup>q</sup> could pluck it from him, my loathing  
 Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd  
 Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.—

<sup>p</sup> *hung*] Old ed. "hang"

<sup>q</sup> *I ne'er, &c*] The editor of 1816 gives the passage thus  
 "I ne'er could pluck it from him, [though] my loathing  
 Was prophet to the rest, I ne'er believ'd  
 Mine honour [should] fall with him, and now my life "

Alsemero, I'm a stranger to your bed,  
 Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night,  
 For which your false bride died

ALS Diaphanta?

DE F Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate

At bailey-break,<sup>4</sup> now we are left in hell

VER We are all there, it circumscribes [us] here

DE F I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart

Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder

TOM Ha' my brother's murderer?

DE F Yes, and her honour's prize  
 Was my reward, I thank life for nothing  
 But that pleasure, it was so sweet to me,  
 That I have drunk up all, left none behind  
 For any man to pledge me

VER Horrid villain!

Keep life in him for further tortures

DE F No!

I can prevent you, here's my pen-knife still,  
 It is but one thread more [*stabbing himself*], and  
 now 'tis cut —

Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee,  
 Canst not forget, so lately put in mind,  
 I would not go to leave thee far behind [Dies]

BEAT Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive!

'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live [Dies]

VER O, my name's enter'd now in that record  
 Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read'

ALS Let it be blotted out, let your heart lose it,  
 And it can never look you in the face,  
 Nor tell a tale behind the back of life  
 To your dishonour, justice hath so right  
 The guilty hit, that innocence is quit

<sup>4</sup> *barley-break*] See note, vol. in p. 114

By proclamation, and may joy again —  
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done,  
'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find

TOM Sir, I am satisfied, my injuries  
Lie dead before me, I can exact no more,  
Unless my soul were loose, and could o'er take  
Those black fugitives that are fled from hence,<sup>r</sup>  
To take a second vengeance, but there are wraths  
Deeper than mine, 'tis to be fear'd, about 'em

ALS What an opacious body had that moon  
That last chang'd on us! here is beauty chang'd  
To ugly whoredom, here servant-obedience  
To a master-sin, imperious murder,  
I, a supposed husband, chang'd embraces  
With wantonness,—but that was paid before —  
Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath  
To knowing friendship — Are there any more  
on's?

ANT Yes, sir, I was changed too from a little  
ass as I was to a great fool as I am, and had like  
to ha' been changed to the gallows, but that you  
know my innocence<sup>s</sup> always excuses me

FRAN I was chang'd from a little wit to be stark  
mad,

Almost for the same purpose

ISA Your change is still behind,  
But deserve best your transformation  
You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools of folly,  
And teach your scholars how to break your own  
head

ALIB I see all apparent, wife, and will change  
now

Into a better husband, and ne'er keep  
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself

<sup>r</sup> hence] Old ed "thence"

<sup>s</sup> innocence] A play on the word,—idiotcy

Als Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,  
Please you, accept it, let that your sorrow,  
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart,  
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part —  
All we can do<sup>t</sup> to comfort one another,  
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,  
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,  
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies  
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live  
The dead again, or in their rooms to give  
Brother a new brother, father a child,  
If these appear, all grieves are reconcil'd

[*Exeunt omnes*

<sup>t</sup> *All we can do, &c*] These lines in old ed are printed on a page by themselves, with the prefix *Als*, and headed *Epi-logue*

## A GAME AT CHESS.

VOL IV

D D



Of *A Game at Chess* I have seen three different editions, all 4to, n. d. To two of them, abounding in the grossest errors, is prefixed the engraved title-page, of which a fac-simile is given in the present work. The other edition, which is comparatively very correct, and which I have therefore made the basis of my text (designating it in the notes as Quarto C), has also an engraved title-page, but less curious and containing fewer figures than that above mentioned.\*

Mr J P Collier possesses a letter-press title-page of the play, "Printed 1625," belonging to some edition of which, I believe, no copies are known to exist.

A MS. of *A Game at Chess*, dated 1624, is in the British Museum (*Lansdown*, 690), and another, imperfect, in the library at Bridgewater House. I have collated both for the present edition.

This allegorical and political drama was brought on the stage in 1624, and its production forms a memorable incident in the author's life—see Account of Middleton and his Writings.

Two of the most important characters in the play are the Black Knight, that is, Gondomar the Spanish ambassador, and the Fat Bishop, that is, Antonio de Dominis. The story of the latter is thus concisely related by Hume—"The famous Antonio di Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, no despicable philosopher, came likewise into England [in 1616], and afforded great triumph to the nation by their gaining so considerable a proselyte from the papists. But the mortification followed soon after. For the Archbishop, though advanced to some ecclesiastical preferments, received not encouragement sufficient to satisfy his ambition, and he made his escape into Italy [in 1622], where soon after he died in confinement." *Hist. of England*, vol vi p 136, ed 1763. Such particulars concerning Antonio as were necessary for the illus-

---

\* Gifford, misled by a MS. note of Oldys on Langbaine, says that *A Game at Chess* "was embellished with an engraved frontispiece, where Gondomar was introduced *in propria persona* in a very friendly conversation with Loyola." Note on B Jonson's *Works*, vol v p 248. There is no figure of Ignatius in either of the engraved title-pages.

tration of the text will be found in my notes. That he was a man of a restless spirit, vain, ambitious, and avaricious, is no more to be doubted than that his talents and acquirements were of a superior order.

The White King and the Black King represent, I presume, the respective monarchs of England and Spain (see Secretary Conway's letter in Account of Middleton and his Writings), and the White Queen's Pawn seems intended to stand for the Church of England.

THE PICTURE PLAINLY EXPLAINED AFTER THE  
MANNER OF THE CHESS-PLAY

A Game at Chess is here display'd,  
Between the Black and White House made,  
Wherein crown-thirsting policy  
For the Black House, by fallacy,  
To the White Knight check often gives,  
And to some straits him thereby drives,  
The Fat Black Bishop helps also,  
With faithless heart, to give the blow  
Yet, maugre all their craft, at length  
The White Knight, with wit-wondrous strength  
And circumspective prudency,  
Gives check-mate by discovery  
To the Black Knight. and so at last,  
The Game thus won, the Black House cast  
Into the Bag, and therein shut,  
Find all their plumes and cocks-combs cut  
Plain dealing thus, by wisdom's guide,  
Defeats the cheats of craft and pride

## PROLOGUE.

WHAT of the game call'd Chess-play can be made  
To make a stage-play, shall this day be play'd  
First, you shall see the men in order set,  
States<sup>b</sup> and their Pawns, when both the sides are met,  
The Houses well distinguish'd, in the game  
Some men entrapt and taken to their shame,  
Rewarded by their play, and, in the close,  
You shall see check-mate given to virtue's foes  
But the fair'st jewel that our hopes can deck,  
Is so to play our game t' avoid your check

<sup>b</sup> *States*] i.e. personages of high rank

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>White King</i>	<i>Black King</i>
<i>White Knight</i>	<i>Black Knight</i>
<i>White Duke</i>	<i>Black Duke</i>
<i>White Bishop</i>	<i>Black Bishop</i>
<i>Pawns</i>	<i>Pawns</i>
	<i>Fat Bishop</i>
	<i>His Pawn</i>
<i>White Queen</i>	<i>Black Queen</i>
<i>Her Pawn</i>	<i>Her Pawn</i>

## IN THE INDUCTION

IGNATIUS LOYOLA  
ERROR



## A GAME AT CHESS.

---

### INDUCTION

ERROR discovered asleep enter IGNATIUS LOYOLA

IGN Ha' where? what angle<sup>a</sup> of the world is this,  
That I can neither see the politic face,  
Nor with my refin'd nostrils taste<sup>b</sup> the footsteps  
Of any my disciples, sons and heirs  
As well of my designs as institution?  
I thought they had spread over the world by this  
time,  
Cover'd the earth's face, and made dark the land,  
Like the Egyptian grasshoppers  
Here's too much light appears, shot from the eyes  
Of Truth and Goodness never yet deflower'd  
Sure they were never here, then is their monarchy  
Unperfect yet, a just reward, I see,  
For their ingratitude so long to me,  
Their father and their founder.  
'Tis not five years since I was sainted by 'em  
Where slept mine honour all the time before?  
Could they be so forgetful to canonize  
Their prosperous institutor? when they had sainted  
me,  
They found no room in all their calendar  
To place my name, that should have remov'd princes,  
Pull'd the most eminent prelates by the roots up  
For my dear coming, to make way for me,  
Let every petty martyr and saint homily,

<sup>a</sup> angle] i e corner  
<sup>b</sup> taste] So two eds Quarto C "cast"

Roch,<sup>b</sup> Main,<sup>c</sup> and Petronill,<sup>d</sup> itch and ague-curers,  
 Your abbess Aldegund<sup>e</sup> and Cunegund,<sup>f</sup>  
 The widow Marcell,<sup>g</sup> parson Polycarp,<sup>h</sup>  
 Cecily<sup>i</sup> and Ursula,<sup>j</sup> all take place of me,  
 And but for the bissextile or leap-year,  
 And that's but one in three, I fall by chance  
 Into the nine-and-twentieth day of February,  
 There were no room else for me see their love,  
 Their conscience too, to thrust me a lame soldier<sup>k</sup>  
 Into leap-year! My wrath's up, and, methinks,  
 I could with the first syllable of my name  
 Blow up their colleges —Up, Error, wake!  
 Father of supererogation, rise!  
 It is Ignatius calls thee, Loyola

<sup>b</sup> *Roch*] St Roch "was honoured, especially in France and Italy, amongst the most illustrious saints in the fourteenth century Many cities have been speedily delivered from the plague by imploring his intercession," &c ! Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol viii p 206, sec ed

<sup>c</sup> *Main*] St Main, an abbot, who appears to have been of no great eminence *Id* vol i p 172

<sup>d</sup> *Petronill*] i e Petronilla, a holy virgin, according to some the daughter, or, as seems to be more generally supposed, only the spiritual daughter of the apostle St Peter *Id* vol v p 439

<sup>e</sup> *Your abbess Aldegund*] Or Aldegundes—"daughter of Walbert of the royal blood of France," &c *Id* vol i p 451

<sup>f</sup> *Cunegund*] i e the Empress Cunegundes, wife of St Henry duke of Bavaria, afterwards king of the Romans she and her husband received the imperial crown at Rome, &c *Id* vol ii p 17

<sup>g</sup> *the widow Marcell*] i e Marcella, the Roman lady celebrated by St Jerome *Id* vol i p 459 —So two eds Quarto C "Alarcell"

<sup>h</sup> *parson Polycarp*] The famous bishop of Smyrna *Id* vol i p 289

<sup>i</sup> *Cecily*] See account of St Cecily *Id* vol xi p 395

<sup>j</sup> *Ursula*] See account of "St Ursula and her Companions" *Id* vol. x. p 463

<sup>k</sup> *a lame soldier*] Ignatius had his leg broken by a cannon-shot at the siege of Pampeluna, where he displayed great valour *Id* vol viii. p 405

ERROR What have you done? O, I could sleep  
in ignorance

Immortally, the slumber is so pleasing!  
I saw the bravest setting for a game now  
That ever mine eye fix'd on

IGN What game, prithee?

ERROR The noblest game of all, a game at chess,  
Betwixt our side and the White House, the men set  
In their just order, ready to go to't

IGN Were any of my sons plac'd for the game?

ERROR Yes, and a daughter too, a secular  
daughter

That plays the Black Queen's Pawn, he the Black  
Bishop's

IGN If ever power could shew a mastery<sup>k</sup> in thee,  
Let it appear in this!

ERROR 'Tis but a dream,  
A vision, you must think

IGN I care not what,  
So I behold<sup>l</sup> the children of my cunning,  
And see what rank they keep.

ERROR You have your wish

*Music enter severally, in order of the game, the  
White and Black Houses*

Behold, there's the full number of the game,  
Kings and their Pawns, Queens, Bishops, Knights,  
and Dukes

IGN Dukes? they're call'd Rooks by some

ERROR Corruptedly,

*Le roc<sup>m</sup> the word, custode<sup>n</sup> de la roche,*

<sup>k</sup> *mastery*] i.e. masterly operation (a sense of the word common in our earliest poetry)

<sup>l</sup> *I behold*] So two eds Quarto C. "I could behold"

<sup>m</sup> *Le roc, &c.*] "In modern times," says Strutt, "the *roc* is corruptedly called a *rook*, but formerly it signified a rock or fortress, or rather, perhaps, the keeper of the fortress" *Sports, &c., p. 233*

<sup>n</sup> *custode*] "A guardian, keeper" Cotgrave in v—Two

The keeper of the forts, in whom both Kings  
Repose much confidence, and for their trust-sake,  
Courage, and worth, do well deserve those titles

IGN The answer's high I see my son and daughter<sup>n</sup>

ERROR Those are two Pawns, the Black Queen's  
and Black<sup>o</sup> Bishop's

IGN Pawns argue but poor spirits and slight per-  
forments,<sup>p</sup>

Nor worthy of the name of my disciples  
If I had stood so nigh, I would have cut  
That Bishop's throat but I'd have had his place,  
And told the Queen a love-tale in her ear  
Would make her best pulse dance there's no elixir  
Of brain or spirit amongst 'em

ERROR Why, would you have them play against  
themselves?

That's quite against the rule of game, Ignatius.

IGN Pish, I would rule myself, not observe rule

ERROR Why, then, you'd play a game all by  
yourself

IGN I would do any thing to rule alone  
'Tis rare to have the world reign'd in by one<sup>q</sup>

ERROR See 'em anon, and mark 'em in their play,  
Observe, as in a dance, they glide away

[*Exeunt the two Houses*

IGN O, with what longings will this breast be  
tost,

Until I see this great game won and lost! [*Exeunt*

eds. "custodie"—better for the metre, but contrary to the  
sense

<sup>n</sup> *daughter*] So two eds Quarto C "daughters"

<sup>o</sup> *Black*] So two eds Quarto C "the"

<sup>p</sup> *performents*] i.e performances So two eds Quarto C  
"preferments"<sup>q</sup> <sup>q</sup> *one*] So two eds Quarto C "me"

## ACT I SCENE I

*Field between the two Houses*

*Enter severally White Queen's Pawn and Black Queen's Pawn*

B Q PAWN I ne'er see that face but my pity rises,

When I behold so clear a masterpiece  
Of heaven's art wrought out of dust and ashes,  
And at next thought to give her lost eternally,  
In being not ours, but the daughter of heresy,  
My soul bleeds at mine eyes

W Q PAWN Where should truth speak,  
If not in such a sorrow? they're tears plainly  
Beshiew me, if she weep<sup>p</sup> not heartily!  
What is my peace to her to take such pains in't?  
If I wander to loss, and with broad eyes  
Yet miss the path she can run blindfold in  
Through often exercise, why should my oversight,  
Though in the best game that e'er Christian lost,  
Raise the least spring of pity in her eyes?  
'Tis doubtless a great charity, and no virtue  
Could win me surer

B Q PAWN Blessed things prevail with't!  
If ever goodness made a gracious promise,  
It is in yonder look what little pains  
Would build a fort for virtue to all memory  
In that sweet creature, were the ground-work  
firmer!<sup>q</sup>

W Q PAWN It hath been all my glory to be  
firm  
In what I have profess'd

<sup>p</sup> weep] So two eds Quarto C "wept"

<sup>q</sup> firmer] So two eds Quarto C "firme"

B Q PAWN That is the enemy  
 That steals your strength away, and fights against  
 you,  
 Disarms<sup>r</sup> your soul even in the heat of battle,  
 Your firmness that way makes you more infirm  
 For the right Christian conflict There I spied  
 A zealous primitive sparkle but now flew  
 From your devoted eye,  
 Able to blow up all the<sup>s</sup> heresies  
 That ever sate in council with your spirit  
 And here comes he whose sanctimonious breath  
 Can<sup>t</sup> make that spark a flame list to him, virgin,  
 At whose first entrance princes will fall prostrate,  
 Women are weaker vessels

*Enter Black Bishop's Pawn*

W Q PAWN By my penitence,  
 A comely presentation, and the habit  
 To admiration reverend!

B Q PAWN But the heart, lady, so meek,  
 That as you see good Charity pictur'd still  
 With young ones in her arms, so will he cherish  
 All his young, tractable, sweet, obedient daughters  
 Even in his bosom, in his own dear bosom  
 I am myself a secular Jesuitess,<sup>u</sup>  
 As many ladies are of worth<sup>v</sup> and greatness  
 A second sort are Jesuits *in voto*,  
 Giving their vow unto the<sup>w</sup> Father General,  
 That's the Black Bishop of our House, whose Pawn

<sup>r</sup> *Disarms*] So two eds Quarto C "This-Armes"

<sup>s</sup> *the*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

<sup>t</sup> *Can*] So two eds Quarto C "Will"

<sup>u</sup> *Jesuitess*] So two eds Quarto C "Jesuite"

<sup>v</sup> *worth*] So two eds Quarto C "wealth"

<sup>w</sup> *the*] So two eds Quarto C "their"

This gentleman now stands for, to receive  
The college-habit at his holy pleasure

W Q PAWN But how are those *in votu* employ'd,  
lady,

Till they receive the habit?

B Q PAWN They're not idle,  
He finds them all true labourers in the work  
Of th' universal monarchy, which he  
And his disciples principally aim at  
Those are maintain'd in many courts and palaces,  
And are induc'd by<sup>x</sup> noble personages  
Into great princes' services, and prove  
Some councillois of state, some secretaries,  
All serving in notes of intelligence—  
As parish-cleiks their mortuary-bills—  
To the Father General so are designs  
Oft-times prevented, and important<sup>y</sup> secrets  
Of states discover'd, yet no author found,  
But they suspected oft that are most sound  
This mystery is too deep yet for your entrance,  
And I offend to set your zeal so back  
Check'd by obedience with desire to hasten  
Your progress to perfection, I commit you  
To the great worker's hands, to whose grave worth  
I fit my reverence, as to you my wishes

B B PAWN Dost<sup>z</sup> find her supple?

B Q PAWN There's a little passage made<sup>a</sup>  
[Exit]

B B PAWN Let me contemplate,  
With holy wonder season my access,  
And, by degrees, approach the sanctuary

<sup>x</sup> *by*] So two eds Quarto C "by'th"

<sup>y</sup> *important*] So both MSS Eds "importune" and "im-  
portant"

<sup>z</sup> *Dost*] So two eds Quarto C "Doe you"

<sup>a</sup> *made*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness  
 Amongst the daughters of men I have not found  
 A more Catholical asp  t that eye  
 Doth promise single life and meek obedience,  
 Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,  
 The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl  
 Dropped from the opening eyelids of the morn<sup>c</sup>  
 Upon the bashful rose How beauteously  
 A gentle fast, not rigorously impos'd,  
 Would look upon that cheek ! and how delightfully  
 The courteous physic of a tender penance,  
 Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed  
 The first fear of a bride, to beat down frailty,  
 Would work to sound health your long-fester'd  
 judgment,  
 And make your merit, which, through erring igno-  
 rance,

Appears but spotted righteousness to me,  
 Far clearer than the innocence of infants !

W Q PAWN To that good work I bow, and will  
 become

Obedience' humblest daughter, since I find  
 Th' assistance of a sacred strength to aid me  
 The labour is as easy to serve virtue

The right way, since 'tis she I ever serv'd  
 In my desire, though I transgress'd in judgment

B B PAWN That's easily absolv'd amongst the  
 rest

You shall not find the virtue that you serve now  
 A sharp and cruel mistress, her ear's open  
 To all your supplications, you may boldly

<sup>c</sup> *the opening eyelids of the morn*] Adopted by Milton,  
 " Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
 Under *the opening eyelids of the morn*," &c  
*Lycidas*

And safely let in the most secret sin  
 Into her knowledge, which, like vanish'd man,  
 Never returns into the world again,  
 Fate locks not up more trulier

W Q PAWN To the guilty  
 That may appear some benefit

B B PAWN Who's so innocent  
 That never stands in need on't in some kind ?  
 If every thought were blabb'd that's so confess,-  
 The very air we breathe would be unblest —  
 Now to the work indeed, which is to catch  
 Her inclination , that's the special use  
 We make of all our practice in all kingdoms ,  
 For by discovering<sup>d</sup> their most secret fialties,  
 Things which, once ours, they must not hide from us  
 (That's the first article in the creed we teach 'em),  
 Finding to what point their blood most inclines,  
 Know best to apt them then to our designs [Aside  
 Daughter, the sooner you disperse your errors,  
 The sooner you make haste to your recovery  
 You must part with 'em , to be nice or modest  
 Towards this good action, is to imitate  
 The bashfulness of one conceals an ulcer,  
 For the uncomely parts that<sup>e</sup> tumour vexes,  
 Till't be past cure Resolve you thus far, lady ,  
 The privat'st thought that runs to hide itself  
 In the most secret corner of your heart now,  
 Must be of my acquaintance, so familiarly  
 Never she-friend of your night-counsels<sup>f</sup> nearer

<sup>d</sup> *discovering*] So Bridge MS Eds "disclosing"

<sup>e</sup> *that*] So two eds Quarto C "the"

<sup>f</sup> *your night-counsels*] Two eds and MS Bridge have "yours  
 might counsell neerer," but that the reading of Quarto C ,  
 which I have followed, is the right one, appears from the  
 second line of the next speech, "Guilty of *that black time*"  
 MS Lansd differs only from Quarto C in having "counsell"

**W Q PAWN** I stand not much in fear of any action

Guilty of that black time, most noble holiness  
 I must confess, as in a sacred temple  
 Throng'd with an auditory, some come rather  
 To feed on human object than to taste  
 Of angels' food,  
 So in the congregation of quick thoughts,  
 Which are more infinite than such assemblies,  
 I cannot with truth's safety speak for all  
 Some have been wanderers, some fond,<sup>g</sup> some sinful,  
 But those found ever but poor entertainment,  
 They had small encouragement to come again  
 The single life, which strongly I profess now,  
 Heaven pardon me! I was about to part from

**B B PAWN** Then you have pass'd through love?

**W Q PAWN** But left no stain

In all my passage, sir, no print of wrong  
 For the most chaste maid that may trace my foot-  
 steps

**B B PAWN** How came you off so clear?

**W Q PAWN** I was discharg'd  
 By an inhuman accident, which modesty  
 Forbids me to put any language to

**B B PAWN** How you forget yourself! all actions  
 Clad<sup>h</sup> in their proper language, though most sordid,  
 My ear is bound by duty to let in  
 And lock up everlastingly Shall I help you?  
 He was not found to answer his creation  
 A vestal virgin in a slip of grace  
 Could not deliver man's loss modestlier  
 'Twas the White Bishop's Pawn

<sup>g</sup> *fond*] i.e foolish So both MSS Quarto C "sound"  
 Other eds have "some sinful, some sound"

<sup>h</sup> *Clad*] So two eds Quarto C "Cal'd"

W Q PAWN The same, blest sir  
 B B PAWN An heretic well pickled  
 W Q PAWN By base treachery,  
 And violence prepar'd by his competitor,<sup>1</sup>  
 The Black Knight's Pawn, whom I shall ever hate  
 for't

B B PAWN 'Twas of revenges the unmanliest  
 way

That ever rival took, a villany  
 That, for your sake, I'll ne'er absolve him of

W Q PAWN I wish it not so heavy

B B PAWN He must feel it  
 I never yet gave absolution  
 To any crime of that unmanning nature  
 It seems then you refus'd him for defect,  
 Therein you stand not pure from the desire  
 That other women have in ends of marriage  
 Pardon my boldness, if I sift your goodness  
 To the last grain

W Q PAWN I reverence your pains, sir,  
 And must acknowledge custom to enjoy  
 What other women challenge and possess  
 More rul'd me than desire, for my desires  
 Dwell all in ignorance, and I'll never wish  
 To know that fond<sup>2</sup> way may redeem 'em thence

B B PAWN I never was so taken, beset doubly  
 Now with her judgment what a strength it puts  
 foorth' [Aside

I bring work nearer to you when you've seen  
 A masterpiece of man, compos'd by heaven  
 For a great prince's favour, kingdom's love,  
 So exact, envy could not find a place  
 To stick a blot on person or on fame,

<sup>1</sup> competitor] So two eds Quarto C "competitors"

<sup>2</sup> fond] See note in preceding page

Have you not found ambition swell your wish then,  
And desire stir your blood?

W Q PAWN By virtue, never!  
I've only in the dignity of the creature  
Admir'd the maker's glory

B B PAWN She's impregnable,  
A second siege must not fall off so tamely  
She's one of those must be inform'd to know  
A daughter's duty, which some take untaught  
Her modesty brings her behind-hand much,  
My old means I must fly to—yes, 'tis it [Aside  
Please you, peruse this small tract of obedience,  
'Twill help you forward well [Gives a book

W Q PAWN Sir, that's a virtue  
I've ever thought on with a special reverence

B B PAWN You will conceive by that my power,  
your duty

*Enter White Bishop's Pawn*

W Q PAWN The knowledge will be precious of  
both, sir

W B PAWN What makes yon troubler of all  
Christian waters

So near that blessed spring? but that I know  
Her goodness is the rock from whence it issues  
Unmoveable as fate, 'twould more afflict me  
Than all my sufferings for her, which so long  
As she holds constant to the House she comes of,  
The whiteness of the cause, the side, the quality,  
Are sacrifices to her worth and virtue,  
And, though confin'd in my religious joys,  
I<sup>k</sup> marry her and possess her [Aside

*Enter Black Knight's Pawn*

B B PAWN Behold, lady,

<sup>1</sup> I] So two eds Quarto C "Il'd"

The two inhuman enemies, the Black Knight's Pawn  
And the White Bishop's, the gelder and the gelded

W Q PAWN There's my grief, my hate!

B Kt's PAWN What, in the Jesuit's fingers? by  
this hand,

I'll give my part now for a parrot's feather,

She never returns virtuous, 'tis impossible

I'll undertake more wagers will be laid

Upon a usurer's return from hell

Than upon hers from him now Have I<sup>1</sup> been guilty

Of such base malice that my very conscience

Shakes at the memory of it,<sup>m</sup> and, when I look

To gather fruit, find nothing but the savin-tree,

Too frequent in nuns' orchards, and there planted,

By all conjecture, to destroy fruit<sup>n</sup> rather?

I'll be resolved<sup>o</sup> now [Aside]—Most noble virgin

—

W Q PAWN Ignoble villain! dare that unhal-  
low'd tongue

Lay hold upon a sound so gracious?

What's nobleness to thee, or virgin chastity?

They're out of thy acquaintance talk of violence

That shames creation, deeds would make night  
blush,

That's company for thee Hast thou the impudence  
To court me with a leprosy upon thee

Able t' infect the walls of a great building?

B B PAWN Son of offence, forbear! go, set your  
evil

Before your eyes, a penitential vesture

Would better become you, some shirt of hair

<sup>1</sup> *Have I*] So two eds Quarto C "I haue"

<sup>m</sup> *of it*] So two eds Quarto C "of"

<sup>n</sup> *destroy fruit*] "The leaves of Savin boyled in Wine and  
drunke expell the dead childe, and kill the quick"  
Gerarde's *Herball*, p 1378, ed 1633

<sup>o</sup> *resolved*] i.e satisfied

B Kt's PAWN And you a three-pound smock  
 'stead of an alb,  
 An<sup>o</sup> epicene casible <sup>p</sup>—This holy felon  
 Robs safe and close I feel a sting that's worse too

[*Aside*

White Pawn, hast so much charity to accept  
 A reconciliation? make thine own conditions,  
 For I begin to be extremely burden'd

W B PAWN No truth or peace of that Black  
 House protested  
 Is to be trusted, but for hope of quittance,  
 And warn'd by diffidence, I may entrap him soonest

[*Aside*

I admit conference

B Kt's PAWN It's a nobleness  
 That makes confusion cleave to all my merits

[*Exeunt W B Pawn and B Kt's Pawn*

*Enter Black Knight*

B B PAWN [*to W Q Pawn*] That treatise will  
 instruct you throughly

B KNIGHT So, so!

The business of the universal monarchy  
 Goes forward well now! the great college-pot,  
 That should be always boiling with the fuel  
 Of all intelligences possible  
 Through the Christian kingdoms Is this fellow  
 Our prime incendiary, and one of those  
 That promis'd the White Kingdom seven years since  
 To our Black House? put a new daughter to him,  
 The great<sup>q</sup> work stands, he minds nor monarchy

<sup>o</sup> *An*] So two eds Quarto C "And"

<sup>p</sup> *casible*] Or *chesible* "Fyrst do on the amys, than the  
 albe, than the gyrdell, than the manyple, than the stoole, than  
 the chesibl" Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. E iii ed 1580

<sup>q</sup> *great*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

Nor hierarchy, divine<sup>a</sup> principality  
 I have bragg'd less,  
 But have<sup>b</sup> done more than all the conclave on 'em,  
 Take their assistant fathers in all parts,  
 Yea, and their Father General in to boot,  
 And what I've done,<sup>c</sup> I've done facetiously,  
 With pleasant subtlety and bewitching courtship,  
 Abus'd all my believers with delight,—  
 They took a comfort to be cozen'd by me  
 To many a soul I've let in mortal poison,  
 Whose cheeks have crack'd with laughter to receive  
 it,

I could so roll my pills in sugar'd syllables,  
 And stiew such kindly mirth o'er all my mischief,  
 They took their bane in way of recreation,  
 As pleasure steals corruption into youth  
 He spies me now I must uphold his reverence,  
 Especially in public, though I know  
 Priapus, guardian of the cherry-gardens,  
 Bacchus' and Venus' chit, is not more vicious

*[Aside]*

B B PAWN Blessings' accumulation keep with  
 you, sir!

B KNIGHT Honour's dissimulation be your due,  
 sir!

W Q PAWN. How deep in duty his observance  
 plunges!

His charge must needs be reverend *[Aside]*

B B PAWN I am confessor

<sup>a</sup> *diviner*] So two eds Quarto C "diuine"

<sup>b</sup> *have*] So two eds Quarto C "I have"

<sup>c</sup> *And what I've done, &c*] "Gondomar was at this time the Spanish Ambassador in England, a man whose flattery was the more artful, because covered with the appearance of frankness and sincerity, whose politics were the more dangerous, because disguised under the masque of mirth and pleasantry" Hume's *Hist of England*, vol vi p 40, ed 1763

To this Black Knight too, you see devotion's fruitful,  
Sh'ath many sons and daughters

B KNIGHT I do this the more  
T' amaze our adversaries to behold  
The reverence we give these<sup>t</sup> guitonens,<sup>u</sup>  
And to beget a sound opinion  
Of holiness in them and zeal in us,

[Exit W Q Pawn  
As also to invite the like obedience  
In other pusills<sup>v</sup> by our meek example — [Aside  
So, is your trifle vanish'd?

B B PAWN Trifle call you her? 'tis a good  
Pawn, sir,  
Sure she's the second Pawn in the White House,  
And to the opening of the game I hold her

B KNIGHT Ay, you  
Hold well for that, I know your play of old  
If there were more Queen's Pawns, you'd ply the  
game

A great deal harder Now, sir, we're in private,  
But what for the great w<sup>w</sup>ork, the main ex<sup>x</sup>sistence,<sup>y</sup>  
The hope monaichal?

B B PAWN It goes on in this  
B KNIGHT In this! I cannot see't  
B B PAWN You may deny so

A dial's motion, 'cause you cannot see  
The hand move, or a wind that rends the cedar

<sup>t</sup> *these*] So two eds Quarto C "this"

<sup>u</sup> *guitonens*] A word of reproach, I suppose, formed from  
the Spanish *guitón*, vagrant, vagabond Quarto C and MS  
Lansd "Guytinens" MS Bridge "Guitenens" Two eds  
"great ones"

<sup>v</sup> *pusills*] So Quarto C and both MSS Two eds "pupils"  
—*Pusill*, written variously, *puzzel*, &c, meant a drab see  
notes of the commentators on the line "Pucelle or puzzel,"  
&c, in Shakespeare's *Henry VI Part First*, act 1 sc 4

<sup>w</sup> *the great uorl, the main e<sup>x</sup>sistence*] So MS Bridge Eds  
"the maine worke, the great ex<sup>x</sup>sistence"

B KNIGHT Where stops the current of intelligence?

Your Father General, Bishop o' the Black House,  
Complains for want of work

B B PAWN Here's from all parts,  
Sufficient to employ him, I receiv'd

A packet from th' Assistant Fathers lately,  
Look, there is *Anglica*, this *Gallica* [Gives letters

B KNIGHT Ay, marry, sir, there's some quick  
flesh in this

B B PAWN *Germanica* [Gives letter]

B KNIGHT I think they have seal'd this with  
butter

B B PAWN This *Italica* [Gives letter]

B KNIGHT They've put their pens the Hebrew  
way, methinks

B B PAWN *Hispanica* here [Gives letter]

B KNIGHT *Hispanica*' blind work'tis, the Jesuit  
Hath writ this with the juice of lemons sure,  
It must be held close to the fire of purgatory  
Ere't can be read

B B PAWN You would not lose your jest,  
Knight,

Though it wounded your own fame<sup>7</sup>

B KNIGHT *Curanda pecunia*

B B PAWN Take heed, sir, we're entrapp'd,—  
the White King's Pawn

*Enter White King's Pawn*

B KNIGHT He's made our own, man, half *in votu*  
yours,

His heart's in the Black House · leave him to me —

[Exit B B Pawn]

Most of all friends endear'd, preciously special!

<sup>7</sup> *fame*] So two eds. Quarto C "name"

W K<sub>G</sub>'s PAWN You see my outside, but you  
 know my heart, Knight,  
 Great difference in the colour There's some in-  
 telligence, [Gives letter  
 And as more ripens, so your knowledge still  
 Shall prove the richer there shall nothing happen,  
 Believe it, to extenuate your cause,  
 Or to oppress her friends, but I will strive  
 To cross it with my counsel, purse, and power,  
 Keep all supplies back both in means and men  
 That may raise strength against you We must part  
 I dare no longer of this theme discuss,  
 The ear of state is quick and jealous<sup>z</sup>

B KNIGHT Excellent estimation! thou art valu'd  
 Above the fleet of gold that came short home

[Exit W K<sub>G</sub>'s Pawn  
 Poor Jesuit-ridden soul! how art thou fool'd  
 Out of thy faith, from thy allegiance drawn!  
 Which way soe'er thou tak'st, thou'rt a lost Pawn

[Exit

## ACT II SCENE I

*Field between the two Houses*

*Enter White Queen's Pawn with a book in her hand*

W Q PAWN And here again [reads] *It is the  
 daughter's duty  
 To obey her confessor's command in all things,  
 Without exception or expostulation*  
 'Tis the most general rule that e'er I heard<sup>a</sup> of,  
 Yet when I think how boundless virtue is,

<sup>z</sup> *jealous*] A trisyllable, for the metre  
<sup>a</sup> *heard*] So two eds Quarto C "read "

Goodness and grace, 'tis gently<sup>b</sup> reconcil'd,  
And then it appears well to have the power  
Of the dispenser as uncircumscib'd

*Enter Black Bishop's Pawn*

B B PAWN She's hard upon't, 'twas the most  
modest key

That I could use to open my intents

What little or no pains goes to some people!

Hah! what have we here?<sup>c</sup> a seal'd note! whence  
this?

[Takes up a letter

[Reads] To the Black Bishop's Pawn these how? to  
me?

Strange<sup>d</sup> who subscribes it? The Black King what  
would he?

[Reads] Pawn sufficiently holy, but unmeasurably  
politic, we had late intelligence from our most indus-  
trious servant, famous in all parts of Europe, our  
Knight of the Black House, that you have at this  
instant in chase the White Queen's Pawn, and very  
likely, by the carriage of your game, to entrap and take  
her these are therefore to require you, by the burning  
affection I bear to the rape of devotion, that speedily,  
upon the surprisal of her, by all watchful advantage  
you make some attempt upon the White Queen's per-  
son, whose fall or prostitution our lust most violently  
rages for

Sir, after my desire hath took a julep

Fo' its own inflammation, that yet scorches me,

I shall have cooler time to think of yours

Sh'ath past the general rule, the large extent

Of our prescriptions for obedience,

<sup>b</sup> gently] So two eds Quarto C "lately"

<sup>c</sup> what have we here] So MS Lansd Not in eds

<sup>d</sup> Strange' &c ] So two eds The line not in Quarto C

And yet with what<sup>d</sup> alacrity of soul  
Her eyes move on the letters!

W Q PAWN Holy sir,  
Too long I've miss'd you, O, your absence starves  
me'

Hasten for time's redemption worthy sir,  
Lay your commands as thick and fast upon me  
As you can speak 'em, how I thirst to hear 'em!  
Set me to work upon this spacious virtue,  
Which the poor span of life's too narrow for,  
Boundless obedience!

The humblest yet the mightiest of all duties,  
Well here set down<sup>e</sup> a universal goodness

B B PAWN By holiness of garment, her safe  
innocence

Hath frighted the full meaning from itself,  
She's further off from understanding now  
The language of my intent than at first meeting

*[Aside]*

W Q PAWN For virtue's sake, good sir, com-  
mand me something,  
Make trial of my duty in some small service,  
And as you find the faith of my obedience there,  
Then trust it with a greater

B B PAWN You speak sweetly  
I do command you first then —

W Q PAWN With what joy  
I do prepare my duty!

B B PAWN To meet me,  
And seal a kiss of love upon my lips

W Q PAWN Hah!

B B PAWN At first disobedient! in<sup>f</sup> so little too!

<sup>d</sup> what] So two eds Quarto C "that"

<sup>e</sup> Well here set down] So both MSS Quarto C "Well,  
here I set downe" Other eds "Well set her downe"

<sup>f</sup> in] So two eds Quarto C "and"

How shall I trust you with a greater then,  
Which was your own request?

W Q PAWN Pray, send not back  
Mine innocence to wound me, be more courteous  
I must confess, much<sup>f</sup> like an ignorant plaintiff, who,  
Presuming on the fair path of his meaning,  
Goes rashly on, till on a sudden brought  
Into the wilderness of law by words  
Dropt unadvisedly, hurts his good cause,  
And gives his adversary advantage by't,—  
Apply it you can best, sir If my obedience  
And your command can find no better way,  
Fond men command, and wantons best obey

B B PAWN If I can at that distance send you a  
blessing,  
Is it not nearer to you in mine aims?  
It flies from these lips dealt abroad in parcels,  
And I, to honour thee above all daughters,  
Invite thee home to th' House, where thou may'st  
surfeit

On that which others miserably pine for,  
A favour which the daughters of great potentates  
Would look of envy's colour but to hear

W Q PAWN Good men may err sometimes,  
you're mistaken sure

If this be virtue's path, 'tis a most strange one,  
I never came this way before

B B PAWN That's your ignorance,  
And therefore shall that idiot still conduct you  
That knows no way but one, nor ever seeks it?  
If there be twenty ways to some poor village,  
'Tis strange that virtue should be put to one  
Your fear is wondrous faulty, cast it from you,  
'Twill gather else in time a disobedience  
Too stubborn for my pardon

<sup>f</sup> *much*] So two eds Quarto C "most"

W Q PAWN Have I lock'd myself  
 At unawares into sin's servitude  
 With more desire of goodness? Is this the top  
 Of all strict order, and the holiest  
 Of all societies, the three-vow'd people  
 For poverty, obedience, chastity,—  
 The last the most forgot? When a virgin's ruin'd,  
 I see the great work of obedience  
 Is better than half finish'd

B B PAWN What a stranger  
 Are you to duty grown! what distance keep you?  
 Must I bid you come forward to a happiness  
 Yourself should sue for? 'twas ne'er so with me  
 I dare not let this stubbornness be known,  
 'Twould bring such fierce hate on you yet presume  
 not

To make that courteous care a privilege  
 For wilful disobedience, it turns then  
 Into the blackness of a curse upon you  
 Come, come, be nearer

W Q PAWN Nearer!  
 B B PAWN Was that scorn?  
 I would not have it prove so for the hopes  
 Of the grand monarchy if it were like it,  
 Let it not dare to stir<sup>g</sup> abroad again,  
 A stronger ill will cope with't

W Q PAWN Bless me, th' eatens me,  
 And quite dismayes the good strength that should  
 help me!

I never was<sup>h</sup> so doubtful of my safety<sup>i</sup>

B B PAWN 'Twas but my jealousy, forgive me,  
 sweetness

<sup>g</sup> stir] So both MSS Quarto C "spread" Other eds  
 "flye"

<sup>h</sup> never was] So two eds Quarto C "was neuer"

<sup>i</sup> safety] MS Bridge "faith"

Yours<sup>j</sup> is the house of meekness, and no venom lives  
 Under that roof Be nearer why so fearful?  
 Nearer the altar, the more safe and sacred

W Q PAWN But nearer to the offerer,<sup>k</sup> oft more wicked

B B PAWN A plain and most insufferable contempt!

My glory I have lost upon this woman,  
 In freely offering that she should have kneel'd  
 A year in vain for, my respect is darken'd  
 Give me my reverence again thou'st robb'd me of  
 In thy<sup>l</sup> repulse, thou shalt not carry't hence

W Q PAWN Sir?

B B PAWN Thou'rt too great a winner to depart,  
 And I too deep<sup>m</sup> a loser to give way to'

W Q PAWN O heaven!

B B PAWN Lay me down reputation  
 Before thou stirr'st, thy nice virginity  
 Is recompence too little for my love,<sup>n</sup>  
 'Tis well if I accept of that for both  
 Thy loss is but thine own, there's art to help thee,  
 And fools to pass thee to, in my discovery  
 The whole Society suffers, and in that  
 The hope of absolute monarchy eclips'd  
 Assurance thou canst make<sup>o</sup> none for thy secrecy  
 But by<sup>p</sup> thy honour's loss, that act must awe thee

W Q PAWN O my distrest condition!

<sup>j</sup> Yours] So two eds and MS Bridge Quarto C and MS Lansd "Yon'd"

<sup>k</sup> offerer] So both MSS Quarto C "Officer" Other eds "offerors"

<sup>l</sup> thy] So two eds Quarto C "the"

<sup>m</sup> deep] So two eds Quarto C "great"

<sup>n</sup> my love] Qy "my loss"? MS Lansd "thy loue"

<sup>o</sup> make] So both MSS Eds "make me"

<sup>p</sup> But by, &c] So two eds, Quarto C "But thine Honors losse, that Act must arme thee"

B B PAWN Dost thou<sup>p</sup> weep?  
 If thou hadst any pity, this necessity  
 Would wring it from thee I must else destroy thee,  
 We must not trust the policy of Europe  
 Upon a woman's tongue

W Q PAWN Then take my life sir,  
 And leave mine honour for my guide to heaven!  
 B B PAWN Take heed I take not both, which I  
 have vow'd,

If longer thou resist<sup>q</sup> me

W Q PAWN Help! O, help!

B B PAWN Art thou so cruel, for an honour's  
 bubble  
 T' undo a whole fraternity, and disperse  
 The secrets of most princes lock'd in us?

W Q PAWN For heaven and virtue's sake!

B B PAWN Must force confound<sup>r</sup>—

[Noise within

Hah! what's that?—Silence, if fair worth be in thee  
 W Q PAWN I'll venture my escape upon all  
 dangers now

B B PAWN Who comes to take me? let me see  
 that<sup>s</sup> Pawn's face,  
 Or his proud tympanous master, swell'd with state-  
 wind,

Which being once prick'd i' the convocation-house,  
 The corrupt air puffs out, and he falls shrivell'd

W Q PAWN I will discover thee, arch-hypocrite,  
 To all the kindreds of the earth [Exit

B B PAWN Confusion!  
 In that voice rings th' alarum of my undoing.  
 How, which way 'scap'd she from me?

<sup>p</sup> thou] So MS Bridge Not in eds

<sup>q</sup> resist] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "reject"

<sup>r</sup> confound] Eds and MSS "confound noise"

<sup>s</sup> that] So two eds Quarto C "the"

*Enter Black Queen's Pawn*

B Q PAWN Are you mad?  
 Can lust infatuate a man so hopeful?  
 No patience in your blood? the dog-star reigns,  
 sure  
 Time and fair temper would have wrought her  
 phant<sup>t</sup>  
 I spied a Pawn o' the White House walk near us,  
 And made that noise on purpose to give warning—  
 For mine own turn, which end in all I work for

[*Aside*

B B PAWN Methinks I stand over a powder-vault,  
 And the match now a-kindling what's to be done?  
 B Q PAWN Ask the Black Bishop's counsel,  
 you're his Pawn,  
 'Tis his own case, he will defend you mainly,  
 And happily here he comes, with the Black Knight  
 too.

*Enter Black Bishop and Black Knight*

B BISHOP O, you've made noble work for the  
 White House yonder!  
 This act will fill the adversary's mouth,  
 And blow the Lutherans' cheeks till they crack  
 again

B KNIGHT This will advance the great monarchal  
 business  
 In all parts well, and help the agents forward!  
 What I in seven year labour'd to accomplish,  
 One minute sets back by some codpiece college still.  
 B B PAWN I dwell not, sir, alone in this default,  
 The Black House yields me partners

<sup>t</sup> *phant*] So two eds Quarto C "pleasant."

B BISHOP All more cautious <sup>w</sup>

B KNIGHT Qu<sup>z</sup> caute, caste, that's my motto  
ever,

I've travell'd with that woid<sup>x</sup> over most kingdoms,  
And lain safe with all nations, of a leaking bottom,  
I've been as often toss'd on Venus' seas  
As trimmer, fresher vessels, when sounder barks  
Have lain at anchor, that is, kept the door

B BISHOP She hath no witness then?

B B PAWN None, none

B KNIGHT Gross! witness?

When went a man of his Society  
To mischief with a witness?

B BISHOP I have done't then  
Away upon the wings of speed! take post-horse,  
Cast thirty leagues of earth behind thee suddenly,  
Leave letters ante-dated with our House  
Ten days at least from this

B KNIGHT Bishop, I taste thee,  
Good, strong, episcopal counsel! take a bottle on't,  
'Twill serve thee all thy journey

B B PAWN But, good sir,  
How for my getting forth unspied?

B BISHOP <sup>y</sup> There's check again

B Q PAWN No, I'll help that

B KNIGHT Well said, my bouncing Jesuitess!

B Q PAWN There lies a secret vault

B KNIGHT Away, make haste then!

B B PAWN Run for my cabinet of intelligences,  
For fear they search the house [Exit B Q Pawn]  
—Good Bishop, burn 'em rather,  
I cannot stand to pick 'em now

<sup>w</sup> *cautelous*] i e artfully cautious

<sup>x</sup> *woid*] i e motto compare vol iii p 537, note

<sup>y</sup> *B Bishop*] So two eds Quarto C “*Bl Km*”

B BISHOP Begone!  
The danger's all in you [Exit B B Pawn

*Re-enter Black Queen's Pawn with cabinet*

B KNIGHT Let me see, Queen's Pawn  
How formally hath<sup>a</sup> pack'd up his intelligences'  
Hath laid them all in truckle-beds, methinks,  
And, like court-harbinger<sup>s</sup>, hath writ their names  
In chalk upon then chambers *Anglica*,—  
O, this is the English House, what news there,  
trow?<sup>b</sup>

Hah, by this light, most of these are bawdy epistles'  
Time they were burnt indeed! whole bundles of  
them,  
Here's from his daughter Blanch and daughter  
Bridget,  
From then safe sanctuary in the White-Friars,  
These from two tender sisters of Compassion  
In the bowels of Bloomsbury,  
These from the nunnery in Drury Lane  
A fire, a fire, good Jesuitess, a fire!—  
What have you there?

B BISHOP A note, sir, of state policy,  
And an<sup>c</sup> exceeding safe one

B KNIGHT Pray, let's see it, sir [Reads  
*To sell away all the powder in a kingdom,*  
*To prevent blowing up* that's safe, I'll able<sup>d</sup> it  
Here's a facetious observation now,  
And fits my humour better, he writes here,  
Some wives in England will commit adultery,

<sup>a</sup> *hath*] To this word here and in the two following lines Quarto C prefixes "he," but two eds omit it

<sup>b</sup> *trow?*] i e think you?

<sup>c</sup> *an*] So two eds Quarto C "one"

<sup>d</sup> *able*] i e warrant, answer for

And then send to Rome for a bull for their husbands

B BISHOP Have they those shifts?

B KNIGHT O, there's no female[s] breathing  
Sweeter and subtler!—Here, wench, take these  
papers,

Scorch me 'em<sup>e</sup> soundly, burn 'em to French russet,  
And put 'em in again

B BISHOP Why, what's your mystery?

B KNIGHT O, sir, 'twill mock the adversary  
strangely,

If e'er the House be search'd 'twas done in Venice  
Upon the Jesuitical expulse there,

When the Inquisitors came all<sup>f</sup> spectacled  
To pick out syllables out o' the dung of treason,  
As children pick out cherry-stones, yet found none  
But what they made themselves with ends of let-  
ters —

Do as I bid you, Pawn

[*Exeunt B Knight and B Bishop*

B Q PAWN Fear not in all,  
I love roguery too well to let it fall —

*Enter Black Knight's Pawn*

How now, what news with you?

B Kt's PAWN The sting of conscience  
Afflicts me so for that inhuman violence  
On the White Bishop's Pawn, it takes away  
My joy, my rest

B Q PAWN This 'tis to make an eunuch!  
You made a sport on't then

B Kt's PAWN Cease aggravation

<sup>e</sup> *me 'em*] So MS Bridge Quarto C “'em me” In two  
eds “me” omitted

<sup>f</sup> *all*] So two eds and both MSS Omitted in Quarto C

I come to be absolv'd for't where's my confessor ?-  
Why dost thou point to the ground ?

B Q PAWN 'Cause he went that way

B KT 'S PAWN What's that ?

B Q PAWN Come, help me in<sup>g</sup> with this cabinet,  
And after I have sing'd these papers throughly,  
I'll tell thee a strange story

B KT 'S PAWN If't be sad,

'Tis welcome

B Q PAWN 'Tis not troubled with much mirth,  
sir

[*Exeunt*

*Enter Fat Bishop<sup>h</sup> and Fat Bishop's Pawn*

F BISHOP Pawn

F B PAWN I attend at your great holiness' sei-  
vice

F BISHOP For great, I grant you, but for greatly  
holy,

There the soil alters fat cathedral bodies  
Have very often but lean little souls,  
Much like the lady in the lobster's head,  
A great deal of shell and garbage of all colours,  
But the pure part, that should take wings and mount,  
Is at last gasp, as if a man should gape,  
And from his huge bulk let forth a butterfly,  
Like those big-bellied mountains, which the poet  
Delivers, that are brought to bed with mouse-flesh.

<sup>g in]</sup> So two eds Omitted in Quarto C

<sup>h</sup> *Fat Bishop*] " He [Antonio] was of a comely personage, tall stature, gray beard, graue countenance, fair language, fluent expression, somewhat *abdominous*, and *corpulent in his body*" Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 100, ed 1655 "Allowing Spalato diligent in writing, his expression was a notorious hyperbole, when saying, *In reading, meditation, and writing I am almost pined away*, otherwise his fat cheeks did confute his false tongue in that expression" *Id* B v p 95

Are my books<sup>j</sup> printed, Pawn, my last invective  
 'Gainst the Black House?

F B PAWN Ready for publication,  
 For I saw perfect books this morning, sir

F BISHOP Fetch me a few, which I will instantly  
 Distribute 'mongst the White House

F B PAWN With all speed, sir [Exit

F BISHOP 'Tis a most lordly life to rail at ease,  
 Sit, eat and drink<sup>k</sup> upon the fat of one kingdom,  
 And rail upon another with the juice on't  
 I've writ this book out of the strength and marrow  
 Of sir and thury dishes at a meal,  
 But most on't out of cullis<sup>l</sup> of cock-sparrows,  
 'Twill stick and glue the faster to the adversary,  
 'Twill slit the throat of their most calvish cause,

<sup>j</sup> my books] "He [Antonio] falls now [after receiving his preferments in England] to perfect his Books For his Works were not now composed, but corrected, not compiled, but completed, as being, though of English birth, of Italian conception For formerly the Collections were made by him at Spalato, but he durst not make them publick for fear of the Inquisition His Works (being three fair Folios, *De Republica Ecclesiastica*) give ample testimony of his sufficiency Indeed he had a controversial head, with a strong and clear stile, nor doth an hair hang at the neb of his pen to blurre his writings with obscurity but, first understanding himself, he could make others understand him His writings are of great use for the Protestant cause" Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 95, ed 1655 —When Bedell was at Venice (as chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, then ambassador there), Antonio "discovered his secret to him, and shewed him his ten Books *De Republica Ecclesiastica*, which he afterwards printed at London Bedell took the freedom which he allowed him, and corrected many ill applications of Texts of Scripture and Quotations of Fathers For that Prelate being utterly ignorant of the Greek Tongue, could not but be guilty of many mistakes both in the one and the other" Burnet's *Life of Bedell*, p 10, ed 1692

<sup>k</sup> drink] So two eds Quarto C "feede"

<sup>l</sup> cullis] See note, vol iii p 271

And yet I ate but little butcher's meat  
 In the conception  
 Of all things I commend the White House best  
 For plenty and variety of victuals  
 When I was one of the Black side profess'd,  
 My flesh fell half a cubit, time to turn  
 When mine own ribs revolted But to say true,  
 I've no preferment yet that's suitable  
 To the greatness of my person and my parts  
 I giant I live at ease, for I am made  
 The master of the beds,<sup>n</sup> the long acre of beds ;  
 But there's no marigolds that shut and open,<sup>o</sup>  
 Flower-gentles, Venus-bath[s], apples of love,  
 Pinks, hyacinths, honeysuckles, daffadowndillies  
 There was a time I had more such drabs than beds ,  
 Now I have more beds than diabs ,  
 Yet there's no eminent trader deals in wholesale,  
 But she and I have clapt a bargain up,  
 Let in at water-gate, for which I've rack'd  
 My tenants' purse-strings that they've twang'd again

*Re-enter Black Bishop and Black Knight*  
 Yonder Black Knight, the fistula<sup>p</sup> of Europe,

<sup>n</sup> *master of the beds*] i.e. master of the Hospital of the Savoy On his first arrival in England Antonio resided with the Archbishop of Canterbury, "and having lived long at Lambeth House, they grew even weary of him, for he was somewhat an unquiet man, and not of that fair, quiet, civil carriage as would give contentment. This he perceiving made bold to write unto the king, desiring him that he might not live always at another man's table, but that he might have some subsistence of his own whereupon the King so contrived it, that although the mastership of the Savoy had been given to another, yet was it resigned and conferred upon him" Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol 1 p 339—an interesting work, now at press under the editorship of the Rev J S Brewer

<sup>o</sup> *shut and open*] Eds "shuts and opens"

<sup>p</sup> *the fistula, &c*] Gondomar, as various writers mention, was troubled with that disease

Whose disease once I undertook to cure  
 With a High Holborn halter, when he last  
 Vouchsaf'd to peep into my privileg'd lodgings,  
 He saw good store of plate there and rich hangings,  
 He knew I biought none to the White House with  
 me

I have not lost the use of my profession  
 Since I turn'd White-House Bishop

*Re-enter Fat Bishop's Pawn with books*

B KNIGHT Look, more books yet!  
 Yond greasy turncoat gormandising prelate  
 Doth work ou'r House mole mischief by his scripts,  
 His fat and fulsome volumes, than the whole  
 Body of th' adverse party

B BISHOP O, it were  
 A masterpiece of serpent subtlety  
 To fetch him o' this side again!

B KNIGHT And then damn him  
 Into the bag for ever, or expose him  
 Against the adverse part, which now he feeds  
 upon,

And that would double-damn him My revenge  
 Hath prompted me already I'll confound him  
 On both sides for the physic he prescrib'd,<sup>a</sup>  
 And the base surgeon he provided<sup>b</sup> for me  
 I'll tell thee what a most uncatholic jest<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> prescrib'd] So MS Lansd Eds "prouided"  
<sup>b</sup> provided] So MS Lansd Eds "inuented"

<sup>c</sup> what a most uncatholic jest, &c.] "Amongst other of his ill qualities, he [Antonio] delighted in jeering, and would spare none who came in his way One of his sarcasmes he unhappily bestowed on Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, telling him, That three turns at Tiburne was the only way to cure his Fistula The Don, highly offended hereat (pained for the present more with this flout than his fistula) meditates revenge, and repairs to King James He

He put upon me once when my pain to tu'd me  
He told me he had found a present cure for me,  
Which I grew pround on, and observ'd him seriously,  
What think you 't was ? being execution-day,  
He shew'd the hangman to me out at window,  
The common hangman !

B BISHOP O, insufferable !

told His Majesty, that His charity (an error common in good Princes) abused His judgment, in conceiving Spalato a true convert, who still in heart remained a Roman Catholick. Indeed, His Majesty had a rare felicity in discovering the falsity of Witches and forgery of such who pretended themselves possessed but, under favour, was deluded with this mans false spirit, and by His Majesties leave, he would detect unto Him this his hypocrisy. The King cheerfully embraced his motion, and left him to the liberty of his own undertaking. The Ambassadour writeth to His Catholick Majesty, He to his Holiness Gregory the fifteenth, that Spalato might be pardoned, and preferred in the Church of Rome, which was easily obtained. Letters are sent from Rome to Count Gondomar, written by the Cardinal Millin, to impart them to Spalato, informing him that the Pope had forgiven and forgotten all which he had done or written against the Catholick Religion, and upon his return, would preferre him to the Bishoprick of Salerno in Naples, worth twelve thousand crowns by the year. A Cardinal's Hat also should be bestowed upon him. And if Spalato, with his hand subscribed to this Letter, would renounce and disclaim what formerly he had printed, an Apostolical Breve, with pardon, should solemnly be sent him to Bruxels. Spalato embraceth the motion, likes the pardon well, the preferment better, accepts both, recants his opinions largely, subscribes solemnly, and thanks his Holiness affectionately for his favour. Gondomar carries his subscription to King James, who is glad to behold the Hypocrite unmasked, appearing in his own colours, yet the discovery was concealed and lay dormant some daies in the deck [i e pack—of cards], which was in due time to be awakened". Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 95, ed 1655. The circumstances which led to Antonio's departure from England are differently related, and without any mention of Gondomar, in Goodman's *Court of King James*, vol i p 345.

B K<sup>N</sup>I<sup>G</sup>T I'll make him the balloon-ball<sup>t</sup> of the  
churches,  
And both the sides shall toss him he looks like  
one,  
A thing swell'd up with mingled drink and urine,  
And will bound well from one side to another.  
Come, you shall write, our second bishop absent,<sup>"</sup>  
(Which hath yet no employment in the game,  
Perhaps nor ever shall, it may be won  
Without his motion, it rests most in ours,)  
He shall be flatter'd with *sede vacante*,  
Make him believe he comes into his place,  
And that will fetch him with a vengeance to us,  
For I know powder is not more ambitious  
When the match meets it, than his mind, for  
mounting,  
As covetous and lecherous ——

B BISHOP No more now, sir,

*Enter on one side, White King, White Queen, White Knight, White Duke, White Bishop, White King's Pann, and White Bishop's Pann, on the other, Black King, Black Queen, Black Duke, and Black Knight's Pann*

Both the sides fill

W KING This hath been look'd for long

F BISHOP The stronger sting it shoots into the  
blood

<sup>t</sup> *balloon-ball*] i.e. a large inflated ball of leather. The game of balloon, in which the player strikes the ball with a flat piece of wood fastened to the arm, is still (as Gifford observes,—note on B Jonson's *Works*, vol iii p 216) very common on the continent

<sup>"</sup> *bishop absent*] So Quarto C and MS Lansd Two eds "bishops dead" MS Bridge deficient here, and to the end of the act —Neither reading agrees well with what follows see p 353

Of the Black adversary I'm ashamed now  
 I was theirs ever, what a lump was I  
 When I was led in ignorance and blindness <sup>w</sup>  
 I must confess,<sup>w</sup>

I've all my lifetime play'd the fool till now

B KNIGHT And now he plays two parts, the fool  
 and knave

F BISHOP There is my recantation in the last  
 leaf,

Writ, like a Ciceronian, in pure Latin

W BISHOP <sup>x</sup> Pure honesty, the plainer Latin serves  
 then

B KNIGHT Plague on those pestilent pamphlets!  
 those aie they

That wound our cause to th' heart

B BISHOP Here comes more angel

*Enter White Queen's Pawn*

B KNIGHT But we come well provided for this  
 storm

W QUEEN Is this my Pawn, she that should  
 guard our person,

Or some pale figure of dejection

Her shape usurping? Sorrow and affrightment  
 Have<sup>y</sup> prevail'd strangely with her

W Q PAWN King of integrity,  
 Queen of the same, and all the House, professors  
 Of noble candour, uncorrupted justice,  
 And truth of heart, through my alone discovery—  
 My life and honour wondrously preserv'd—  
 I bring into your knowledge with my sufferings,

<sup>w</sup> *blindness*] So two eds Quarto C “boldnesse”

<sup>w</sup> *I must confess*] So two eds and MS Lansd Not in  
 Quarto C

<sup>x</sup> *W Bish*] So two eds Quarto C “Wh P”

<sup>y</sup> *Have*] Eds “Hath” and “Has”

Fearful affrightments, and heart-killing terrors <sup>a</sup>  
 The great incendiary of Christendom,  
 The absolut'st abuser of true sanctity,  
 Fair peace, and holy ordei, can be found  
 In any part o' th' universal globe,  
 Who, making meek devotion keep the dooi,—  
 His lips being full of holy zeal at first,—  
 Would have committed a foul rape upon me

W QUEEN Hah'

W KING A rape? that's foul indeed, the very sound

To our ear fouler than th' offence itself  
 To some kings of the earth

W Q PAWN Sir, to proceed,—  
 Gladly I offer'd life to preserve honour,  
 Which would not be accepted without both,  
 The chief of his ill aim being at mine honour,  
 Till heaven was pleas'd, by some unlook'd-for accident,

To give me courage to redeem myself

W KING When we find desperate sins in ill men's companies,

We place a charitable sorrow there,  
 But custom, and their leprous inclination,  
 Quit<sup>a</sup> us of wonder,<sup>b</sup> for our expectation  
 Is answer'd in their lives, but to find sin,  
 Yea, and a masterpiece of darkness, shelter'd  
 Under a robe of sanctity, is able  
 To draw all wonder to that monster only,  
 And leave created monsters unadmir'd  
 The pride of him that took first fall for pride  
 Is to be angel-shap'd, and imitate  
 The form from whence he fell, but this offender,

<sup>a</sup> *terrors*] So two eds Quarto C "terrour"

<sup>a</sup> *Quit*] Eds "Quits"

<sup>b</sup> *wonder*] So two eds Quarto C "wounds"

Far baser than sin's master, fix'd by vow  
 To holy order, which is angels' method,  
 Takes pride to use that shape to be a devil  
 It grieves me that my knowledge must be tainted  
 With his infected name  
 O, rather with thy finger point him out!

W Q PAWN The place which he should fill is  
 void, my lord,  
 His guilt hath scar'd<sup>c</sup> him,—the Black Bishop's  
 Pawn

B BISHOP Hah! mine? my Pawn? the glory of  
 his<sup>d</sup> order,  
 The prime and president zealot of the earth?  
 Impudent Pawn, for thy sake at this minute  
 Modesty suffers, all that's virtuous blushes,  
 And truth's self, like the sun vex'd with a mist,  
 Looks red with anger

W BISHOP Be not you drunk with rage too  
 B BISHOP<sup>e</sup> Sober sincerity, nor you [with] a cup  
 Spic'd with hypocrisy

W KNIGHT You name there, Bishop,  
 But your own Christmas-bowl, your morning's  
 draught,  
 Next your episcopal heart all the twelve days,  
 Which smack you cannot leave all the year after<sup>f</sup>

B KNIGHT A shrewd retort!  
 Has made our Bishop smell of burning too  
 Would I stood further off! were't no impeachment  
 To my honour or<sup>g</sup> the game, would they'd play  
 faster!  
 [Aside  
 White Knight, there is acknowledg'd from our House

<sup>c</sup> scar'd] So two eds Quarto C "seiz'd"

<sup>d</sup> has] So two eds Quarto C "this"

<sup>e</sup> B Bish] So two eds Quarto C "Bl B; P"

<sup>f</sup> after] So two eds Quarto C "following"

<sup>g</sup> or] So two eds Quarto C "&"

A reverence to you, and a respect  
 To that lov'd Duke stands next you with the favour  
 Of the White King and th' afo'renam'd respected,  
 I combat with this cause If with all speed,—  
 Waste not one syllable, unfortunate Pawn,  
 Of what I speak,—thou dost not plead distraction,  
 A plea which will but faintly take thee off neither  
 From this leviathan-scandal that lies rolling  
 Upon the crystal waters of devotion ,  
 Or, what may quit<sup>b</sup> thee more, though enough nothing,  
 Fall down and foam, and by that pang discover  
 The vexing spirit of falsehood strong within thee,  
 Make thyself ready for perdition ,  
 There's no remove<sup>i</sup> in all the game to 'scape it ,  
 This Pawn or this, the Bishop or myself,  
 Will take thee in the end, play how thou canst

W Q PAWN Spite of sin's glorious ostentation,  
 And all loud threats, those thunder-cracks of pride,  
 Ushering a storm of malice , House of impudence,  
 Craft,<sup>j</sup> and equivocation, my true cause  
 Shall keep the path it treads in

B KNIGHT I play thus then  
 Now in the hearing of this high assembly  
 Bring forth the time of this attempt's conception

W Q PAWN Conception ? O, how tenderly you  
 handle it !

W BISHOP It seems, Black Knight, you are afraid  
 to touch it

B KNIGHT Well, its eruption will she have it  
 so then,  
 Or you, White Bishop, for her ? the more unclean,<sup>k</sup>

<sup>b</sup> *quit*] i.e. acquit.

<sup>i</sup> *remove*] So two eds Quarto C "roome"

<sup>j</sup> *Craft*] So MS Lansd Quarto C "Crafts" Other eds  
 "Trust" (misprint for "Lust")

<sup>k</sup> *more unclean*] So two eds Quarto C, "uncleaner"

Vild,<sup>k</sup> and more<sup>l</sup> impious that you urge the strain to,  
 The greater will her shame's heap shew i' th' end,  
 And the wrong'd meek man's glory —The time,  
 Pawn?

W Q PAWN Yesterday's<sup>m</sup> cuised evening

B KNIGHT O the treasure

Of my revenge! I cannot spend all on thee,  
 Ruin<sup>n</sup> to spare for all thy kindred too  
 For honour's sake call in more slanderers ,  
 I have such plentiful confusion,  
 I know not how to waste it I'll be nobler yet,  
 And put her to her own House —King of meekness,  
 Take the cause to thee, for ou'r hand's too heavy ,  
 Our proofs will fall upon hei like a tower,  
 And grind her bones to powder

W Q PAWN What new engine  
 Has the devil rais'd in him now?

B KNIGHT Is it he,  
 And that the time? stand firm now to your scandal,  
 Pray, do not shift your slander

W Q PAWN Shift your treacheries ,  
 They've worn one suit too long

B KNIGHT That holy man,  
 So wrongfully accus'd by this lost Pawn,  
 Hath not been seen these ten days in these parts

W KING<sup>o</sup> How?

B KNIGHT Nay, at this instant thirty leagues  
 from hence

W Q PAWN Fathomless falsehood! will it 'scape  
 unblasted?

<sup>k</sup> *Vild*] See note, p 137

<sup>l</sup> *more*] So MS Lansd Quarto C "most" Not in other  
 eds

<sup>m</sup> *Yesterday's*] So two eds Quarto C "Yesterday"

<sup>n</sup> *Ruin*] Eds and MS Lansd "Ruin enough"

<sup>o</sup> *W King*] So MS Lansd. Eds "Wh Ki."

W KING <sup>p</sup> Can you make this appear?  
 B KNIGHT Light is not clearer,  
 By his own letters, most impartial monarch  
 W KG 's PAWN <sup>q</sup> How wrongfully may sacred  
     virtue suffer, sir!  
 B KNIGHT Bishop, we have a treasure of that  
     false heart  
 W KING <sup>r</sup> Step forth, and reach those proofs  
     [Exit B Kt 's Pawn, who presently returns  
     with papers]  
 W Q PAWN Amazement covers me!  
 Can I be so forsaken of a cause  
 So strong<sup>s</sup> in truth and equity? will virtue  
 Send me no aid in this hard time of friendship?  
 B KNIGHT There's an infallible staff and a red  
     hat  
 Reserv'd for you  
 W KG 's PAWN <sup>t</sup> O, sir endear'd <sup>tu</sup>  
 B KNIGHT A staff  
 That will not easily break, you may trust to't,  
 And such a one had your corruption need of,  
 There's a state-fig for you now  
 W KING <sup>v</sup> Behold all,  
 How they cohere in one! I always held  
 A charity so good to holiness

<sup>p</sup> *W King*] So two eds Quarto C "Wh Km"  
<sup>q</sup> *W Kg 's Paun*] So MS Lansd Quarto C "Wh Q P"  
 Two eds "W Kt p" That the White King's Pawn is the  
 speaker appears from the next speech, and compare p 326  
<sup>r</sup> *W King*] So two eds Quarto C "Wh Km"  
<sup>s</sup> *strong*] So two eds Quarto C "wrong"  
<sup>t</sup> *W Kg 's Pawn*] So MS Lansd Quarto C "W Qu P"  
 Two eds "W Kt p"  
<sup>u</sup> *endear'd*] Two eds "indeede" But compare p 325,  
 last line  
<sup>v</sup> *W King*] So two eds here and at next speech but one  
 Quarto C "Wh Km"

Profess'd, that<sup>v</sup> I ever believ'd rather  
Th' accuser false than the professor vicious

B KNIGHT A charity, like all your virtues else,  
Gracious and glorious

W KING Where settles the offence,  
Let the fault's punishment be deriv'd from thence  
We leave her to your censure

B KNIGHT Most just majesty!

[*Exeunt W King, W Queen, W Bishop, and  
W Kg's Pawn, F Bishop and F B Pawn*

W Q PAWN Calamity of virtue! my Queen leave  
me too!

Am I cast off as th' olive casts her flower?  
Poor friendless innocence, art thou left<sup>w</sup> a prey  
To the devoure<sup>r</sup>?

W KNIGHT No, thou art not lost,  
Let 'em put on their bloodiest resolutions,  
If the fair policy I aim at prospers —  
Thy counsel, noble Duke!

W DUKE For that work cheerfully

W KNIGHT A man for speed now!

W B PAWN Let it be my honour, sir,  
Make me that flight,<sup>x</sup> that owes her my life's service

[*Exeunt W Knight, W Duke, and W B Pawn*

B KNIGHT Was not this brought about well for  
our honours?

B BISHOP Pish, that Galician brain can work  
out wonders

B KNIGHT Let's use her as, upon the like dis-  
covery,

A maid was us'd at Venice, every one

<sup>v</sup> *that*] So MS Lansd Not in eds

<sup>w</sup> *thou left*] So two eds and MS Lansd Quarto C "thou  
so left"

<sup>x</sup> *flight*] Meant, in archery, a long, light-feathered, straight-  
flying arrow

Be ready with a penance — Begin, majesty —  
 Vessel of foolish scandal, take thy freight  
 Had there been in that cabinet of niceness<sup>y</sup>  
 Half the virginities of the earth lock'd up,  
 And all swept at one cast by the dexterity  
 Of a Jesitical gamester, 't had not valued  
 The least part of that general worth thou'st tainted

B KING<sup>z</sup> First, I enjoin thee to a three days'  
 fast for't

B QUEEN You're too penurious, sir, I'll make  
 it four

B BISHOP I to a twelve hours' kneeling at one  
 time

B KNIGHT And in a room fill'd all with Aretine's  
 pictures,

More than the twice-twelve labours of luxury <sup>a</sup>  
 Thou shalt not see so much as the chaste pommel  
 Of Lucrece' dagger peeping, nay, I'll punish thee  
 For a discoverer, I'll torment thy modesty

B DUKE After that four days' fast, to th' Inqui-  
 sition-house,  
 Stiengthen'd with bread and water for worse pen-  
 ance

B KNIGHT Why, well said, duke of our House,  
 nobly aggravated!

W Q PAWN Virtue, to shew her influence more  
 strong,  
 Fits me with patience mightier than my wrong

[*Exeunt*

<sup>y</sup> *niceness*] i.e squeamishness, scrupulousness

<sup>z</sup> *B King*] So two eds and MS Lansd Quarto C "Bl  
*Bish*"

<sup>a</sup> *luxury*] i.e lust

## ACT III SCENE I

*Field between the two Houses**Enter Fat Bishop*

F BISHOP I know my pen draws blood of the  
Black House,

There's ne'er a book I write but their cause bleeds,  
It hath lost many an ounce of reputation  
Since I came of this side, I strike deep in,  
And leave the oilfex gushing where I come  
But where's my advancement all this while I've  
gap'd for?

I'd have some round preferment, copulent dignity,  
That bears some breadth and compass in the gift  
on't

I am persuaded that this flesh would fill  
The biggest chair ecclesiastical,  
If it were put to trial  
To be made master of an hospital  
Is but a kind of diseas'd bed-rid<sup>b</sup> honour,  
Or dean of the poor alms-knights that wear  
badges<sup>c</sup>

There's but two lazy, beggarly preferments

<sup>b</sup> *diseas'd bed-rid*] So both MSS Quarto C “disea'd Bed-rid” Other eds “disease-bred”

<sup>c</sup> *master of an hospital*

*Or dean of the poor alms-knights that wear badges*] See note, p 339 The poor alms-knights—i.e. the Poor Knights of Windsor—“About half a year after [his appointment to the Mastership of the Savoy, Antonio received] the deanery of Windsor, both which preferments might amount to four hundred and thirty pounds per annum, or thereabout” Goodman’s *Court of King James*, vol 1 p 340 According to Hacket, “these together were worth to him 800*l* per Annum They brought in no less, and he would not loose a Penny of his Due,

In the White Kingdom, and I've got 'em both  
 My merit doth begin to be crop-sick  
 For want of other titles <sup>d</sup>

*Enter Black Knight*

B KNIGHT O, here walks  
 His fulsome holiness now for the master-tick  
 T' undo him everlastingly, that's put home,  
 And make him hang in hell most seriously  
 That jested with a halter upon me [Aside]  
 F BISHOP The Black Knight! I must look to my  
 play then [Aside]  
 B KNIGHT I bring fair greetings to your reverend  
 virtues  
 From Cardinal Paulus, your most princely kinsman  
 [Gives a letter]

but studied to exact more than ever by Custom had been received by any of those Dignitaries Of which Sharking, his Majesty once admonished him Yet his Veins were not full, but he got himself presented by the Church of Windsor to a good Benefice, says Mr Ri Montagu, West Ilsly in Berkshire, where he made a shift to read the Articles of 1562 in English, *pro more Clerical*, and subscribed to them " *Life of Archb Williams*, P 1 p 98, ed 1693

<sup>d</sup> [other titles] "Now it happened a false rumour was spread that Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of Yorke (who died yearly in report) was certainly deceased Presently posts Spalato to Theobalds, becomes an importunate Petitioner to the King for the vacant Archbishoprick, and is as flatly denied, the King conceiving, He had given enough already to him if gratefull, too much if ungratefull Besides the King would never bestow an Episcopall charge in England on a forraigner, no not on His own Countrey-men, some Scotish-men being preferred to Deanries, none to Bishopricks Spalato offended at this repulse (for he had rather had Yorke than Salerno [see quotation from Fuller, note, p 341], as equal in wealth, higher in dignity, neerer in place) requests His Majesty by his Letter to grant His good leave to depart the Kingdome, and to return into Italy" Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 96, ed 1655 See also Hacket's *Life of Archb Williams*, P 1 p 98 ed 1693

F BISHOP Our princely kinsman, say'st thou?  
we accept 'em

Pray, keep your side and distance, I am chay  
Of my episcopal person  
I know the Knight's walk in this game too well,  
He may skip<sup>e</sup> over me, and where am I then?

B KNIGHT There where thou shalt be shortly, if  
a't fal not [Aside]

F BISHOP [reads] Right reverend and noble,—  
meaning me,—our true<sup>f</sup> kinsman in blood, but alienated in affection, your unkind disobedience to the mother cause proves at this time the only cause of your ill fortune my present remove by general election to the papal dignity had now auspiciously settled you in my sede vacante—how! had it so?—which at my next remove by death might have proved your step to supremacy

Ha' all my body's blood mounts to my face  
To look upon this letter

B KNIGHT The pill works with him [Aside]

F BISHOP [reads] Think on't seriously, it is not yet too late, through the submiss acknowledgment of your disobedience, to be lovingly received into the brotherly bosom of the conclave

This was the chair of ease I ever aim'd at  
I'll make a bonfire of my books immediately,  
All that are left against that side I'll sacrifice,  
Pack up my plate and goods, and steal away  
By night at water-gate It is but penning  
Another recantation,<sup>g</sup> and inventing

<sup>e</sup> skip] So both MSS Eds. "slip"

<sup>f</sup> true] So two eds and both MSS Omitted in Quarto C

<sup>g</sup> It is but penning

Another recantation, &c] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C thus "It is but penning  
Two or three bitter bookees against the White-house,  
And inventing another Recantation"

Two or three bitter books against the White House,  
And then I'm in on th' other side again

As firm as e'er I was, as fat and flourishing [Aside  
Black Knight, expect a wonder ere't be long,  
Thou shalt see me one of the Black House shortly

B KNIGHT Your holiness is merry with the messenger,

Too happy to be true, you speak what should be,  
If natural compunction touch'd you truly  
O, you've drawn blood, life-blood, yea, blood of honour,

From your most dear, your primitive mother's heart!

You sharp invectives have been points of spears  
In her sweet tender sides! The unkind wounds  
Which a son gives, a son of reverence 'specially,  
They rankle ten times more than th' adversary's  
I tell you, sir, your reverend revolt  
Did give the fearfull'st blow to adoration  
Our cause e'er felt, it shook the very statues,  
The urns and ashes of the sainted sleepers

F BISHOP Forbear, or I shall melt i' th' place I stand,

And let forth<sup>h</sup> a fat bishop in sad surrop  
Suffices I am yours, when they least dream on't,  
Ambition's fodder, power and riches, draws me  
When I smell honour, that's the lock of hay  
That leads me through the world's field every way

[Exit

B KNIGHT Here's a sweet paunch to propagate belief on,

Like the foundation of a chapel laid  
Upon a quagmire! I may number him now  
Amongst my inferior policies, and not shame 'em

<sup>h</sup> And let forth, &c ] So two eds and MS Bridge The line not in Quarto C or MS Lansd

But let me a little solace my designs  
 With<sup>h</sup> the remembrance of some brave ones past,  
 To cherish the futurity of project,  
 Whose motion must be restless till that great work,  
 Call'd the possession of the earth, be ours  
 Was it not I procur'd a gallant fleet<sup>i</sup>  
 From the White Kingdom to secure our coasts  
 Against the infidel pirate, under pietext  
 Of more necessitous expedition ?  
 Who made the jails fly open,<sup>j</sup> without miracle,  
 And let the locusts out, those dangerous flies,  
 Whose property is to burn coin with touching ?

<sup>h</sup> [With] So two eds Quarto C "In"

<sup>i</sup> [gallant fleet] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "pre-tious safe-guard"—"By his Artifices and Negotiations (having been time enough Ambassador in England to gain credit with the King) he [Gondomar] got Sir Robert Mansell (the Vice-Admirall) to go into the Mediterranean sea, with a Fleet of Ships to fight against the Tuiks at Algier, who were grown too strong and formidable for the Spaniard (most of the King of Spains Gallions attending the Indian Trade, as Convoys for his Treasures, which he wanted to supply his Armies) and he transported Ordnance and other Warlike Provisions to furnish the Spanish Arsenals, even while the Armies of Spain were battering the English in the Palatinat[e]" Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p 145, ed 1653

<sup>j</sup> [jails fly open, &c] "Count Gondomar was the active Instrument to advance this Match [of Prince Charles with the Infanta], who so carried himself in the twilight of jest-earnest, that with his jests he pleased His Majesty of England, and with his earnest he pleased his Master of Spaine Having found out the length of King James's foot, he fitted Him with so easie a shooe, which pained Him not (no, not when he was troubled with the gout), this cunning Don being able to please Him in His greatest passion And although the Match was never effected, yet Gondomar whilst negotiating the same, in favour to the Catholick cause, procured of his Majesty the enlargement of all Priests and Jesuits through the English Dominions These Jesuits, when at liberty, did not gratefully ascribe their freedome to his Majestie's mercy, but

The heretics' granaries feel it to this hour  
 And now they've got amongst the country crops,  
 They stick so fast to the converted ears,  
 The loudest tempest that authority rouses  
 Will hardly shake 'em off they have then dens  
 In ladies' couches—there's<sup>k</sup> safe groves and fens!  
 Nay, were they follow'd and found out by the scent,  
 Palm-oil will make a pursuivant relent  
 Whose policy was't to put a silenc'd muzzle<sup>l</sup>  
 On all the barking tongue-men of the time?  
 Made pictures, that were dumb enough before,  
 Poor sufferers in that politic restraint?  
 My light spleen skips and shakes my ribs to think  
 on't  
 Whilst our drifts walk uncensur'd but in thought,  
 A whistle or a whisper would be question'd  
 In the most fortunate angle<sup>m</sup> of the world  
 The court hath held the city by the horns  
 Whilst I have milk'd her I have got good sops  
 too<sup>n</sup>  
 From country ladies for their liberties,  
 From some for their most vainly-hop'd preferments,  
 High offices in th' air I should not live  
 But for this *mel aerum*, this mirth-manna

only to His willingnesse to rid and clear His gaoles over-pestered with prisoners" Fuller's *Church History*, B x p 100, ed 1655 See also Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p 145, ed 1653

<sup>k</sup> *there's]* So both MSS Eds "their"

<sup>l</sup> *a silenc'd muzzle]* "The Pulpits were the most bold Opposers, but if they toucht any thing upon the Spanish policie, or the intended Treaties (for the Restitution of the Palatinate was included in the Marriage before it was the Spaniards to give) their mouthes must be stopt by Gondamar and (it may be) confined, or imprisoned for it" Wilson's *Life and Reign of James*, p 151, ed 1653

<sup>m</sup> *angle]* i.e corner

<sup>n</sup> *too]* So two eds and both MSS Not in Quarto C

*Enter Black Knight's Pawn*

My Pawn'—How now, the news?

B Kt 's PAWN Expect none very pleasing  
That comes, sir, of my bringing, I'm for sad things  
B KNIGHT Thy conscience is so tender-hoof'd  
of late,

Every nail pricks it

B Kt 's PAWN This may prick yours too,  
If there be any quick flesh in a yard on't

B KNIGHT Mine?

Mischief must find a deep nail, and a driver  
Beyond the strength of any Machiavel  
The politic kingdoms fatten, to reach mine  
Prithee, compunction needle-prick'd, a little  
Unbind this sore wound

B Kt 's PAWN Sir, your plot's discover'd

B KNIGHT Which of the twenty thousand and  
nine hundred

Four score and five? canst tell?

B Kt 's PAWN Bless us, so many!  
How do poor countrymen have but one plot  
To keep a cow on, yet in law for that?

You cannot know 'em all, sure, by their names, sir

B KNIGHT Yes, were their numbers trebled  
thou hast seen

A globe stand on the table in my closet?

B Kt 's PAWN A thing, sir, full of countries and  
hard words?

B KNIGHT True, with lines drawn, some tro-  
pical, some oblique

B Kt 's PAWN I scarce can read, I was brought  
up in blindness

B KNIGHT Just such a thing, if e'er my skull  
be open'd,

Will my brains look like

B Kt 's PAWN Like a globe of countries?

B KNIGHT Ay, and some master-politician,  
 That has sharp state<sup>n</sup>-eyes, will go near to pick<sup>o</sup> out  
 The plots, and every<sup>p</sup> climate where they fasten'd,  
 'Twil puzzle 'em too

B KT's PAWN I'm of your mind for that, sir

B KNIGHT They'll find 'em to fall thick upon  
 some countries,  
 They had need use spectacles but I turn to you  
 now,  
 What plot is that discover'd?

B KT's PAWN Your last brat, sir,  
 Begot 'twixt the Black Bishop and yourself,  
 Your ante-dated letters 'bout the Jesuit

B KNIGHT Discover'd! how?

B KT's PAWN The White Knight's policy hath  
 outstript yours,  
 Join'd with th' assistant counsel of his Duke  
 The White Bishop's Pawn<sup>q</sup> undertook the journey,  
 Who, as they say, discharg'd it like a flight,<sup>r</sup>  
 Ay, made him for the business fit and light

B KNIGHT 'Tis but a bawdy Pawn out of the way,  
 Enough of them in all parts<sup>s</sup>

*Enter on one side White King, White Queen, White  
 Knight, White Duke, White Bishop, Fat Bishop,  
 and White King's Pawn, on the other, Black King,  
 Black Queen, Black Duke, and Black Bishop*

B BISHOP You have heard all then?

<sup>n</sup> state-] So two eds Not in Quarto C

<sup>o</sup> pick] So two eds Quarto C "pricke"

<sup>p</sup> every] So two eds Quarto C "the"

<sup>q</sup> The White Bishop's Pawn] So two eds and MS Bridge  
 Quarto C and MS Lansd, more metrically, "The Bishops  
 White Pawne"

<sup>r</sup> flight] See note, p 349

<sup>s</sup> Enough of them in all parts] So both MSS Not in  
 Quarto C Two eds "There's enough," &c

B KNIGHT The wonder's past with me, but some  
shall down for't

W KING Set free that<sup>s</sup> virtuous Pawn from all  
her wrongs,

Let her be brought with honour to the face  
Of her malicious adversaries

[Exit W Kg 's Pawn

B KNIGHT Good

W KING Noble chaste Knight, a title of that  
candour

The greatest prince on earth without impeachment  
May have the dignity of his worth compris'd in,  
This fair delivering act Virtue will register  
In that<sup>t</sup> white book of the defence of virgins,  
Where the clear fames<sup>u</sup> of all preserving knights  
Are to eternal memory consecrated,  
And we embrace, as partner of that honour,  
This worthy Duke,<sup>v</sup> the counsel of the act,  
Whom we shall ever place in our respect

W DUKE Most blest of kings, thron'd in all royal  
graces,  
Every good deed sends back its own reward  
Into the bosom of the enterpriser,  
But you t' express yourself as well to be  
King of munificence<sup>w</sup> as integrity,  
Adds glory to the gift

W KING Thy desert claims it,  
Zeal, and fidelity — Appear, thou beauty  
Of truth and innocency, best ornament  
Of patience, thou that mak'st thy sufferings glorious !

<sup>s</sup> that] So two eds Quarto C "the"

<sup>t</sup> that] So two eds Quarto C "the"

<sup>u</sup> fames] So MS Lansd Eds and MS Bridge "fame"

<sup>v</sup> Duke] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "Piece"

<sup>w</sup> munificence] So both MSS Quarto C "Magnificence"  
Two eds "munificency"

*Re-enter White King's Pawn with White Queen's Pawn*

B KNIGHT I'll take no knowledge on't [*Aside*]  
—What makes she here?

How dares yond Pawn unpenanc'd, with a cheek  
Fresh as her falsehood yet, where castigation  
Hath left no pale print of her visiting anguish,  
Appear in this assembly?—Let me alone  
Sin must be bold, that's<sup>w</sup> all the grace 'tis born to  
[*Aside*]

W KING What's this?

W KNIGHT I'm wonder-strook!

W Q PAWN Assist me, goodness!

I shall to prison again

B KNIGHT At least I've maz'd<sup>x</sup> 'em,  
Scatter'd their admirations of her innocence,  
As the fir'd ships<sup>y</sup> put in sever'd the fleet  
In eighty-eight<sup>z</sup> I'll on with't, impudence  
Is mischief's patrimony [*Aside*]—Is this justice?  
Is injur'd reverence no sharper righted?  
I ever held that majesty impartial  
That, like most equal heaven, looks on the manners,  
Not on the shapes they shroud in

W KING<sup>a</sup> This Black Knight  
Will never take an answer, 'tis a victory  
To make him understand he doth amiss,  
When he knows in his own clear understanding  
That he doth nothing else Shew him the testimony,  
Confirm'd by good men, how that foul attempter<sup>b</sup>

<sup>w</sup> that's] So two eds Quarto C "'tis"

<sup>x</sup> I've maz'd 'em] So two eds Quarto C "amaz'd"

<sup>y</sup> ships] So two eds Quarto C "ship"

<sup>z</sup> the fleet

*In eighty-eight*] i.e. the Spanish Armada in 1588

<sup>a</sup> W King] So two eds. and both MSS Quarto C "Wh  
Kng"

<sup>b</sup> attempter] So two eds Quarto C "attempt"

Got but this morning to the place from whence  
He dated his forg'd lines for ten days past

B KNIGHT Why, may not the corruption sleep in  
this

By some connivance, as you have wak'd in ours  
By too rash confidence?

W DUKE I'll undertake  
That Knight shall teach the devil how to lie

W KNIGHT If sin were half so wise as impudent,<sup>b</sup>  
She'd ne'er seek further for an advocate

*Enter Black Queen's Pawn*

B Q PAWN Now to act treachery with an angel's  
tongue

Since all's come out, I'll bring him strangely in  
*[Aside]*  
\* again

Where is this injur'd chastity, this goodness  
Whose worth no transitory piece<sup>c</sup> can value?<sup>d</sup>  
This rock of constant and invincible virtue,  
That made sin's tempest weary of his fury?

B QUEEN What, is my Pawn distracted?

B KNIGHT I think rather  
There is some notable masterprize of roguery  
This<sup>e</sup> drum strikes up for

B Q PAWN Let me fall with reverence  
Before this blessed altar

B QUEEN This is madness

B KNIGHT Well, mark the end, I stand for  
roguery still,  
I will not change my side

<sup>b</sup> *impudent*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "im-pudence"

<sup>c</sup> *piece*] So both MSS Quarto C "price" Two eds "prize"

<sup>d</sup> *value*] i.e. equal in value

<sup>e</sup> *This*] So two eds Quarto C "The"

B Q PAWN I shall be tax'd, I know,  
 I care not what the Black House thinks of me  
 B QUEEN What say you now?  
 B KNIGHT I will not be unlaid yet  
 B Q PAWN However<sup>f</sup> censure flies, I honour  
 sanctity,  
 That is my object, I intend no other  
 I saw this glorious and most valiant virtue  
 Fight the most noblest combat with the devil  
 B KNIGHT If both the Bishops had been there  
 for seconds,  
 'Thad been a complete duel  
 W KING<sup>g</sup> Then thou heard'st  
 The violence intended?  
 B Q PAWN 'Tis a truth  
 I joy to justify I was an agent  
 On virtue's part, and rais'd that confus'd noise  
 That startled his attempt, and gave her liberty  
 W Q PAWN O, 'tis a righteous story she hath  
 told, sir!  
 My life and fame stand<sup>h</sup> mutually engag'd  
 Both to the truth and goodness of this Pawn  
 W KING<sup>i</sup> Doth it appear to you yet clear as the  
 sun?  
 B KNIGHT 'Las, I believ'd it long before 'twas  
 done!  
 B KING<sup>j</sup> Degenerate ——  
 B QUEEN Base ——  
 B BISHOP Perfidious ——

<sup>f</sup> however] So two eds Quarto C and both MSS "How any"

<sup>g</sup> W King] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "Wh Kng"

<sup>h</sup> stand] So both MSS Quarto C "stood" Two eds  
 "stands,"

<sup>i</sup> W King] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "Wh Kng"

<sup>j</sup> B King] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "W Kng"

B DUKE Traitors Pawn!

B Q PAWN What, are you all beside<sup>j</sup> yourselves?

B KNIGHT But I,

Remember that, Pawn

B Q PAWN May a fearful barrenness  
Blast both my hopes and pleasures, if I brought not  
Her ruin in my pity! a new trap  
For her more sure confusion

B KNIGHT Have I won now?  
Did I not say 'twas craft and machination?  
I smelt conspiracy all the way it went,  
Although the mess were cover'd, I'm so us'd to'

B KING<sup>k</sup> That Queen would I fain finger

B KNIGHT You're too hot, sir,  
If she were took, the game would be ours quickly  
My aim's at that White Knight, entrap him first,  
The Duke will follow too

B BISHOP I would that Bishop  
Were in my diocese! I'd soon change his whiteness

B KNIGHT Sir, I could whip you up a Pawn  
immediately,

I know where my game stands.

B KING. Do't suddenly,  
Advantage least must not be lost in this play.

B KNIGHT Pawn, thou art ours

[Seizes W Kg's Pawn.

W KNIGHT He's taken by default,  
By wilful negligence Guard the sacred persons,  
Look well to the White Bishop, for that Pawn  
Gave guard to the Queen and him in the third place

B KNIGHT See what sure piece you lock<sup>m</sup> your  
confidence in!

<sup>j</sup> beside] So both MSS Eds "besides"

<sup>k</sup> B King] So two eds. and both MSS here and at next  
speech but three Quarto C "B D"

<sup>l</sup> Do't] So two eds Quarto C "Doe"

<sup>m</sup> lock] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "tooke"

I made this Pawn here by corruption ours,  
 As soon as honour by creation yours  
 This whiteness upon him is but the leprosy  
 Of pure dissimulation view him now,  
 His heart and his intents are of our colour  
 [The upper garment of W Kg's Pawn being taken  
 off, he appears black underneath]  
 W KING<sup>1</sup> Most dangerous hypocrite!  
 W DUKE One made against us!  
 W QUEEN His truth of this<sup>m</sup> complexion!  
 W KING Hath my goodness,  
 Clemency, love, and favour gracious, rais'd thee  
 From a condition next to popular labour,  
 Took thee from all the dubitable hazards  
 Of fortune, her most unsecure adventures,  
 And grafted thee into a branch of honour,  
 And dost thou fall from the top-bough by the rot-  
     tenness  
 Of thy alone corruption, like a fruit  
 That's o'er-ripen'd by the beams of favour?  
 Let thine own weight reward thee, I've forgot thee  
 Integrity of life is so dear to me,  
 Where I find falsehood or a crying sin,  
 Be it in any whom our grace shines most on,  
 I'd tear 'em from my heart  
 W BISHOP Spoke like heaven's substitute!  
 W KING You have him, we can spare him, and  
     his shame  
 Will make the rest look better to their game  
 B KING The more cunning we must use then  
 B KNIGHT<sup>n</sup> We shall match you,  
 Play how you can, perhaps and mate you too

<sup>1</sup> W King] MS Lansd "W Knight"—rightly, perhaps

<sup>m</sup> this] Both MSS "their"—rightly, perhaps

<sup>n</sup> B Knight] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "W Kn."

F BISHOP Is there so much amazement spent on  
him  
That's but half black? there might be hope of that man,  
But how will this House wonder if I stand forth  
And shew a whole one, instantly discover  
One that's all black, where there's no hope at all!

W KING I'll say, thy heart then justifies thy books,  
I long for that discovery

F BISHOP Look no further then  
Bear witness, all the House, I am the man,  
And turn myself into the Black House freely,  
I am of this side now

W KING<sup>o</sup> Monster ne'er match'd him!

B KING<sup>p</sup> This is your noble work, Knight

B KNIGHT Now I'll halter him

F BISHOP Next news you hear, expect my books  
against you,  
Printed at Douay, Brussels, or Spalato<sup>q</sup>

W KING See his goods seiz'd on!

F BISHOP 'Las, they were all convey'd  
Last night by water<sup>r</sup> to a tailor's house,  
A friend of<sup>s</sup> the Black cause

W. KING A prepar'd hypocrite!

W DUKE Premeditated turncoat!

[*Exeunt W King, W Queen, W Knight,*  
*W Duke, and W Bishop*

F BISHOP Yes, rail on,  
I'll reach you in my writings when I'm gone

B KNIGHT Flatter him a while with honours till  
we put him  
Upon some dangerous service, and then burn him

<sup>o</sup> *W King*] MS Lansd "W Knight"—rightly, perhaps

<sup>p</sup> *B King*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "Fat B"

<sup>q</sup> *Spalato*] So the word *Spalato* was generally written—  
Eds and MSS "Spolletta," "Spolleta," "Spallato"

<sup>r</sup> *water*] Two eds "water-gate"

<sup>s</sup> *of*] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "to"

B KING This came unlook'd for

B DUKE How we joy to see you!

F BISHOP Now I'll discover all the White House  
to you

B. DUKE Indeed, that will both reconcile and  
raise you

[*Exeunt B King, B Queen, B Duke, B Bishop,  
and F Bishop*

W KG's PAWN I rest upon you, Knight, for my  
advancement now

B KNIGHT O, for the staff, the strong staff that  
will hold,

And the red hat, fit for the guilty mazzard?<sup>p</sup>  
Into the empty bag know thy first way  
Pawns that are lost are ever out of play

W KG's PAWN How's this?

B KNIGHT No replications, you know me.<sup>q</sup>  
No doubt ere long you'll have more company,  
The bag is big enough, 'twill hold us all

[*Exeunt B Knight, W Kg's Pawn, and  
B Kt's Pawn*

W Q PAWN I sue to thee, prithee, be one of  
us!

Let my love win thee thou'st done truth this day  
And yesterday my<sup>r</sup> honour noble service,  
The best Pawn of our House could not transcend  
it

B Q PAWN My pity flam'd with zeal, especially  
When I foresaw your marriage, then it mounted

W. Q. PAWN How! marriage?

B Q PAWN That<sup>s</sup> contaminating act

<sup>p</sup> *mazzard*] i.e. head

<sup>q</sup> *know me*] Here, perhaps, the Black Knight thrust the  
White King's Pawn into the bag *on the stage* compare the  
concluding scene of the play

<sup>r</sup> *my*] So two eds Quarto C "many"

<sup>s</sup> *That*] So two eds Quarto C "Thus"

Would have spoil'd all your fortunes—a rape! bless  
 us!<sup>t</sup>

W Q PAWN Thou talk'st of marriage!

B Q PAWN Yes, yes, you do marry, I saw the  
 man

W Q PAWN The man!

B Q PAWN An absolute handsome<sup>u</sup> gentleman,  
 a complete one,—

You'll say so when you see him,—heir to three red  
 hats,

Besides his general hopes in the Black House

W Q PAWN Why, sue thou'rt much mistaken  
 in<sup>v</sup> this man,

I've promis'd single life to all my affections

B Q PAWN Promise you what you will, or I, or  
 all on's,

There's a fate rules and overrules us all, methinks

W Q PAWN Why, how came you to see or know  
 this mystery?

B Q PAWN A magical glass I bought of an  
 Egyptian,

Whose stone retains that speculative virtue,

Presented the man to me your name brings him

As often as I use it, and methinks

I never have enough, person<sup>w</sup> and postures

Are all so pleasing

W Q PAWN This is wondrous strange!

The faculties of soul are still the same,

I can feel no one motion tend that way

B Q PAWN We do not always feel the<sup>x</sup> faith we  
 live by,

Nor ever see our growth, yet both work upward

<sup>t</sup> *us*] So MS Lansd Quarto C “*vs* all”

<sup>u</sup> *handsome*] So two eds Quarto C “*honest*.”

<sup>v</sup> *in*] So MS Lansd Eds “*for*”

<sup>w</sup> *person*] So two eds Quarto C “*persons*”

<sup>x</sup> *the*] So two eds Quarto C “*our*”

W Q PAWN 'Twas well applied, but may I see  
him too?

B Q PAWN Surely you may, without all doubt  
or fear,

Observing the right use as I was taught it,  
Not looking back nor<sup>x</sup> questioning the spectre

W Q PAWN That's no hard observation, trust  
it with me

Is't possible? I long to see this man

B Q PAWN Play follow me then, and I'll ease  
you instantly [Exeunt

*Enter a Black Jesting Pawn*

B J PAWN I would so fain take one of these  
White Pawns now!

I'd make him do all under-drudgery,  
Feed him with asses' milk crumm'd with goats'  
cheese,

And all the white meats could be devis'd for him,

*Enter a White Pawn*

So make him my white jennet when I prance it<sup>y</sup>  
After the Black Knight's litter

W. PAWN And you'd look then  
Just like the devil striding o'er a nightmare  
Made of a miller's daughter

B J PAWN A pox on you,<sup>z</sup>  
Were you so near? I'm taken, like a blackbird  
In the great snow, this White Pawn grinning o'er me

W PAWN And now because I will not foul my  
clothes

Ever hereafter, for white quickly soils you know —

<sup>x</sup> *nor*] So two eds Quarto C "or"

<sup>y</sup> *So prance it*] So two eds Quarto C "I'd .  
praunc'd "

<sup>z</sup> *A pox on you*] So two eds and MS Bridge. Not in  
Quarto C MS Lansd omits the whole of this scene between  
the Black Jesting Pawn and the other two Pawns

B J PAWN I prithee, get thee gone then, I shall  
smut thee

W PAWN No, I'll put that to venture, now I've  
snapt<sup>z</sup> thee,

Thou shalt do all the dirty drudgery  
That slavery was e'er put to

B J PAWN I shall cozen you  
You may chance come and find your work undone  
then,

For I'm too proud to labour,—I'll starve first,  
I tell you that beforehand

W PAWN And I'll fit you then  
With a black whip, that shall not be behindhand  
B J PAWN Pish, I've been us'd to whipping, I  
have whipt

Myself three mile out of town in a morning, and  
I can fast a fortnight, and make all your meat  
Stink and lie on your hand

W PAWN To prevent that,  
Your food shall be blackberries, and upon gaudy-  
days

A pickled spider, cut out like an anchovas  
I'm not to learn a monkey's ordinary<sup>a</sup>  
Come, sir, will you frisk?

*Enter a Second Black Pawn.*

SEC B PAWN Soft, soft, you! you have no  
Such bargain on't, if you look well about you.

W PAWN I am snapt too, a Black Pawn in the  
breech of me!

We three look like a bird-spit, a white chick  
Between two russet woodcocks

<sup>z</sup> *snapt*] So two eds Quarto C “scap'd”

<sup>a</sup> *a monkey's ordinary*] Compare Brome's *City Wit*, “Knavery  
is restorative to me, as spiders to monkeys” Sig F v (*Fine  
New Playes*, 1658)

B J PAWN I'm so glad of this!  
 W PAWN But you shall have but small cause,  
     for I'll firk<sup>b</sup> you  
 SEC B PAWN Then I'll firk you again  
 W PAWN And I'll firk him again  
 B J PAWN Mass,<sup>c</sup> here will be old<sup>d</sup> fiking<sup>e</sup> I  
     shall have  
 The worst on't, for<sup>f</sup> I can firk nobody  
 We diaw together now for all the world  
 Like three flies with one straw thorough them but-  
     tocks    [*Exeunt*<sup>f</sup>

## SCENE II

*A chamber, with a large mirror*

*Enter Black Queen's Pawn and White Queen's Pawn*

B Q PAWN This is the room he did appear to  
     me in,  
 And, look you, this the magical glass that shew'd  
     him  
 W Q PAWN I find no motion yet what should  
     I think on't?  
 A sudden fear invades me, a faint trembling,  
 Under this omen,  
 As is oft felt the panting of a turtle  
 Under a stroking hand  
 B Q PAWN That bodes good luck still,  
 Sign you shall change state speedily, for that  
     trembling

<sup>b</sup> *firk*] i.e. beat

<sup>c</sup> *Mass*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

<sup>d</sup> *old*] i.e. abundant compare vol ii p 538

<sup>e</sup> *for*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

<sup>f</sup> *Exeunt*] Not in eds Perhaps they went into the bag on  
     the stage compare the concluding scene of the play

Is always the first symptom of a bride  
 For any vainer fears that may accompany  
 His apparition, by my truth to friendship,  
 I quit you of the least, never was object  
 More gracefully presented, the very air  
 Conspires to do him honour, and creates  
 Sweet vocal sounds, as if a bridegroom enter'd,  
 Which argues the blest harmony of yours<sup>g</sup> loves

W Q PAWN And will the using of my name  
 produce him?

B Q PAWN Nay, of yours only, else the wonder  
 halted

To clear you of that doubt, I'll put the difference  
 In practice, the first thing I do, and make  
 His invocation in the name of others

W Q PAWN 'Twill satisfy me much that

B Q PAWN It shall be done—

Thou, whose gentle form and face  
 Fill'd lately this Egyptian glass,  
 By th' impious powerful name  
 And the universal fame  
 Of the mighty Black-House Queen,  
 I conjure thee to be seen!—

What, see you nothing yet?

W Q PAWN Not any part

Pray, try another

B Q PAWN You shall have your will.—  
 I double my command and power,  
 And at the instant of this hour  
 Invoke thee in the White Queen's name,  
 With stay<sup>h</sup> for time, and shape the same —

What see you yet?

W Q PAWN There's nothing shews at all

<sup>g</sup> [your] So two eds Not in Quarto C

<sup>h</sup> [With stay] So all the eds and both MSS The meaning  
 is far from clear Qy "Withstay"?

B Q PAWN My truth reflects the clearer then  
now fix  
And bless your fair eye with your own for ever —  
Thou well-compos'd, by Fate's hand drawn  
To enjoy the White Queen's Pawn,  
Of whom thou shalt by virtue met  
Many graceful issues get,  
By the beauty of her fame,  
By the whiteness of her name,  
By her fair and fruitful love,  
By her truth that mates the dove,  
By the meekness of her mind,  
By the softness of her kind,<sup>1</sup>  
By the lustre of her grace,—  
By all these thou art summon'd to this place! —  
Hark, how the air, enchanted with your praises  
And his approach, those words to sweet notes raises!

*Music enter Black Bishop's Pawn, richly attired,  
like an apparition, and stands before the glass,  
then exit*

W Q PAWN O, let him stay a while! a little  
longer!

B Q PAWN That's a good hearing

W Q PAWN If he be mine, why should he part  
so soon?

B Q PAWN Why, this is but the shadow of  
yours. How do you?

W Q PAWN O, I did ill to give consent to see  
it!

What certainty is in our blood or state?  
What we still write is blotted out by fate,  
Our wills are<sup>2</sup> like a cause that is law-tost,  
What one court orders, is by another crost

<sup>1</sup> kind] 1 e nature

<sup>2</sup> are] So two eds Quarto C "is"

B Q PAWN I find no fit place for this passion<sup>k</sup>  
here,  
'Tis merely<sup>l</sup> an intruder He's a gentleman  
Most wishfully compos'd, honour grows on him  
And wealth pil'd up for him, has youth enough  
too,  
And yet in the sobriety of his countenance  
Grave as a tetrarch, which is gracious  
I' th' eye of modest pleasure Where's the empti-  
ness?  
What can you more request?  
W Q PAWN I do not know  
What answer yet to make, it doth require  
A meeting 'twixt my fear and my desire  
B Q PAWN She's caught, and, which is strange,  
by her most wronge [Aside  
[Exit]

## ACT IV SCENE I

*Field between the two Houses.**Enter severally Black Knight's Pawn, and Black  
Bishop's Pawn in his gallant habit<sup>m</sup>*

B. KT'S PAWN It's he, my confessor, he might  
have pass'd me  
Seven year together, had I not by chance  
Advanc'd mine eye upon that letter'd hat-band,  
The Jesuitical symbol to be known by,

<sup>k</sup> *passion*] i e sorrow, lament<sup>l</sup> *merely*] i e wholly<sup>m</sup> *In his gallant habit*] Not in Quarto C nor MSS found  
in two eds., printed as the first line of the opening speech  
of the scene, thus,

“ The Jesuit in his gallant habit,  
*Tis he my Confessor,*” &c

Worn by the brave collegians with<sup>m</sup> consent  
 'Tis a strange habit for a holy father,  
 A president of poverty especially,  
 But we, the sons and daughters of obedience,  
 Date not once think awry, but must confess our-  
 selves

As humbly to the father of that feather,<sup>n</sup>  
 Long spui, and poniard, as to the alb and altar,  
 And happy we're so highly<sup>o</sup> grac'd to attain to't

[*Aside*

Holy and reverend !

B B PAWN How, hast found me out ?

B KT's PAWN O sir, put on the sparkling'st  
 trim<sup>p</sup> of glory,

Perfection will shine foremost, and I knew you  
 By the catholical<sup>q</sup> mark you wear about you,  
 The mark above your forehead

B B PAWN Are you grown  
 So ambitious in your observance ? well, your busi-  
 ness ?

I have my game to follow

B KT's PAWN I have a worm  
 Follows me so, that I can follow no game  
 The most faint-hearted pawn, if he could see his play,  
 Might snap me up at pleasure I desire, sir,  
 To be absolv'd my conscience being at ease,  
 I could then with more courage ply my game

B B PAWN 'Twas a base fact

B KT's PAWN 'Twas to a schismatic pawn, sir  
 B B PAWN. What's that to the nobility of re-  
 venge ?

<sup>m</sup> *with*] So two eds Quarto C "by"

<sup>n</sup> *feather*] So two eds Quarto C "father"

<sup>o</sup> *highly*] So two eds Quarto C "mighty"

<sup>p</sup> *trim*] So two eds Quarto C "trane"

<sup>q</sup> *catholical*] So two eds Quarto C "catholike"

Suffices<sup>r</sup> I have neither will nor power  
 To give you absolution for that violence  
 Make your petition to the Penance-chamber  
 If the tax-register relieve you in't  
 By the Black Bishop's clemency, you have wrought  
 out

A singular piece of favour with your money,  
 That's all your refuge now

B Kt's PAWN The sting shoots deeper [Exit

*Enter White Queen's Pawn and Black Queen's  
 Pawn*

B B PAWN Yonder's my game, which, like a  
 politic chess-master,  
 I must not seem to see

W Q PAWN O my heart! 'tis he<sup>s</sup>

B Q PAWN That 'tis

W Q PAWN The very self-same that the magical  
 mirror

Presented lately to me

B Q PAWN And how like

A most regardless<sup>t</sup> stranger he walks by,  
 Merely<sup>u</sup> ignorant of his fate<sup>f</sup> you are not minded,  
 The principlall<sup>st</sup> part of him. What strange mys-  
 teries

Inscrutable love works by!

W Q PAWN The time, you see,  
 Is not yet come

B Q PAWN But 'tis in our power now<sup>v</sup>  
 To bring time nearer—knowledge is a mastery—  
 And make it observe us, and not we it

<sup>r</sup> *Suffices*] So two eds Quarto C "Suffice"

<sup>s</sup> *'tis he*] In MS Lansd only

<sup>t</sup> *A most regardless*] So two eds Quarto C "*A most strange  
 regardless*"

<sup>u</sup> *Merely*] i e wholly

<sup>v</sup> *now*] So two eds Not in Quarto C

W Q PAWN I would force nothing from its  
proper virtue,  
Let time have his full course I had rather die  
The modest death of undiscover'd love  
Than have heaven's least and lowest servant suffer,  
Or in his motion receive check, for me  
How is my soul's growth alter'd! that single life,  
The fittest garment that peace ever made fai't,  
Is grown too strait, too stubborn on the sudden

B Q PAWN He comes this way again.

W Q PAWN O, there's a traitor  
Leapt from my heart into my cheek already,  
That will betray all to his powerful eye,  
If it but glance upon me!

B Q PAWN By my verity,  
Look, he's past by again, drown'd in neglect,  
Without the prosperous hint of so much happiness  
To look upon his fortune! How close fate  
Seals up the eye of human understanding,  
Till, like the sun's flower, time and love unclose<sup>w</sup>  
it'

'Twere pity he should dwell in ignorance longer  
W Q PAWN What will you do?

B Q PAWN Yes, die a bashful death, do,  
And let the remedy pass by unus'd still  
You're chang'd enough already, if you'd look into't —  
Absolute sir, with your most noble pardon  
For this my rude intrusion, I am bold  
To bring the knowledge of a secret nearer  
By many days, sir, than it would arrive  
In its own proper revelation with you  
Play, turn and fix do you know yond noble good-  
ness?

B B PAWN 'Tis the first minute mine eye blest  
me with her,

<sup>w</sup> *unclose*] Quarto C "vn closes" Other eds "incloses"

And clearly shews how much my knowledge wanted,  
Not knowing her till now

B Q PAWN She's to be lik'd then?  
Pray, view advisedly there is strong reason  
That I'm so bold to urge it, you must guess  
The work concerns you nearer than you think for

B B PAWN Her glory and the wonder of this  
secret

Put<sup>x</sup> a reciprocal amazement on me  
B Q PAWN And 'tis not without worth you

two must be

Better acquainted

B B PAWN Is there cause, affinity,  
Or any courteous help creation joys in,  
To bring that forward?

B Q PAWN Yes, yes, I can shew you  
The nearest way to that perfection  
Of a most virtuous one that joy e'er found  
Pray, mark her once again, then follow me,  
And I will shew you her must be your wife, sir

B B PAWN The mystery extends, or else crea-  
tion

Hath set that admirable piece before us  
To choose our chaste delights by

B Q PAWN Please you follow, sir

B B PAWN What art have you to put me on an  
object

And cannot get me off! 'tis pain to part from't

[Exit with Black Queen's Pawn

W Q PAWN If there prove no check in that  
magical glass now,

But my proportion come as fair and full  
Into his eye as his into mine lately,  
Then I'm confirm'd he is mine own for ever

\* Put] Eds "Puts"

*Re-enter Black Queen's Pawn and Black Bishop's Pawn*

B B PAWN The very self-same that the murther  
blest me with,  
From head to foot, the beauty and the habit!—  
Kept you this place still? did you not remove,  
lady?

W Q PAWN Not a foot further, sir

B B PAWN Is't possible?  
I would have sworn I had seen the substance yonder,  
'Twas to that lustie, to that life presented

W Q PAWN Even so was yours to me, sir

B B PAWN Saw you mine?

W Q PAWN Perfectly clear, no sooner my name  
us'd

But yours appear'd

B B PAWN Just so did yours at mine now

B Q PAWN Why stand you idle? will you let  
time cozen you,  
Protracting time, of those delicious benefits  
That fate hath mark'd<sup>x</sup> to you? You modest pair  
Of blushing gamesters,—and you, sir, the bashfull<sup>y</sup>st,  
I cannot flatter a foul fault in any,—  
Can you be more than man and wife assign'd,  
And by a power the most irrevocable?<sup>y</sup>  
Others, that be adventurers in delight,  
May meet with crosses, shame,<sup>z</sup> or separation,  
You know the mind of fate, you must be coupled

B B PAWN She speaks but truth in this I see  
no reason then

That we should miss the relish of this night,  
But that we are both shamefac'd.

<sup>x</sup> mark'd] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "work'd"

<sup>y</sup> irrevocable] So two eds Quarto C "irrecouerable"

<sup>z</sup> shame] So two eds and both MSS Quarto C "chance"

W Q PAWN How? this night, sir?  
 Did not I know you must be mine, and therein  
 Your privilege runs strong, for that loose motion  
 You never should be Is it not my fortune  
 To match with a pure mind? then am I miserable  
 The doves and all chaste-loving wingèd creatures  
 Have their pairs fit, then desires justly mated,  
 Is woman more unfortunate, a virgin,  
 The May of woman? Fate, that hath ordain'd, sir,  
 We should be man<sup>z</sup> and wife, hath not given warrant  
 For any act of knowledge till we are so

B B PAWN Tender-ey'd modesty, how it grieves<sup>a</sup>  
 at this!  
 I'm as far off, for all this strange imposture,  
 As at first interview Where lies our game now?  
 You know I cannot marry<sup>b</sup> by mine order

B Q PAWN I know you cannot, sir, yet you  
 may venture  
 Upon a contract

B B PAWN Hah!  
 B Q PAWN Surely you may, sir,  
 Without all question, so far without danger,  
 Or any stain to your vow, and that may take her  
 Nay, do't with speed, she'll think you mean the  
 better too

B B PAWN Be not so lavish of that blessed  
 spring,  
 You've wasted that upon a cold occasion now  
 Would wash a sinful soul white By our love-joys,  
 That motion shall ne'er light upon my tongue more  
 Till we're contracted, then, I hope, you're mine.

W Q PAWN In all just duty ever  
 B Q PAWN Then? do you question it?

<sup>z</sup> be man] So two eds Quarto C "be both man"

<sup>a</sup> grieves] So two eds Quarto C "gues"

<sup>b</sup> marry] So two eds Quarto C "be married"

Pish' then you're man and wife, all but church-  
ceremony  
 Pray, let's see that done first, she shall do reason  
 then —  
 Now I'll enjoy the sport, and cozen you both  
 My blood's game is the wages I have work'd for  
 [Aside Ereunt

## SCENE II

*An apartment in the Black House*

*Enter Black Knight and Black Knight's Pawn*

B KNIGHT Pawn, I have spoke to the Fat Bishop  
 for thee,

I'll get thee absolution from his own mouth  
 Reach me my chair of ease, my chair of cozenage,  
 Seven thousand pounds in women, reach me that  
 I love a' life<sup>c</sup> to sit upon a bank  
 Of heretic gold O, soft and gently, sirrah !  
 There's a foul flaw<sup>d</sup> i' the bottom of my drum, Pawn  
 I ne'er shall make sound soldier, but sound treacher<sup>e</sup>  
 With any he in Europe How now? qualm ?  
 Thou hast the puking'st soul that e'er I met with,  
 It cannot bear one suckling villany  
 Mine can digest a monster without crudity,  
 A sin as weighty as an elephant,  
 And never wamble for't

B KT 's PAWN Ay, you've been us'd to't, sir,  
 That's a great help The swallow of my conscience  
 Hath but a narrow passage, you must think yet  
 It lies i' the penitent pipe, and will not down  
 If I had got seven thousand pounds by offices,

<sup>c</sup> a' life] i.e as my life—exceedingly So two eds Quarto  
 C has the more unusual form "of life"

<sup>d</sup> a foul flaw, &c ] See note, p 339

<sup>e</sup> treacher] i.e deceiver, cozener, cheater

And gull'd<sup>e</sup> down that, the bore would have been  
bigger

B KNIGHT Nay, if thou prov'st facetious, I shall  
hug thee

Can a soft, rear,<sup>f</sup> poor-poach'd<sup>g</sup> iniquity  
So ride upon thy conscience? I'm ashamed of thee  
Hadst thou betray'd the White House to the Black,  
Beggar'd a kingdom by dissimulation,  
Unjointed<sup>h</sup> the fair frame of peace and traffic,  
Poison'd allegiance, set faith back, and wrought  
Women's soft souls even up to masculine malice,  
To pursue truth to death, if the cause rous'd 'em,  
That stares<sup>i</sup> and parrots are first taught to curse  
thee —

B KT'S PAWN Ay, marry, sir, here's swapping  
sins indeed!

B KNIGHT All these, and ten times tiebled, hath  
this brain

Been parent to, they are my offsprings all

B KT'S PAWN A goodly brood!

B KNIGHT Yet I can jest as lightly,<sup>j</sup>  
Laugh and tell stirring stories to court-madams,  
Daughters of my seducement, with alacrity  
As high and hearty as youth's time of innocence  
That never knew a sin to shape a sorrow by  
I feel no tempest, not a leaf wind-stirring  
To shake a fault, my conscience is becalm'd rather

B KT'S PAWN I'm sure there is a whirlwind  
huffs in mine, sir

B KNIGHT Sirrah, I've sold the groom-of-the  
stole six times,

<sup>e</sup> *gull'd*] i.e. swallowed      <sup>f</sup> *rear*] i.e. under-dressed  
<sup>g</sup> *poach'd*] So two eds (where the line in other respects is  
different) Quarto C "pouch'd."

<sup>h</sup> *Unjointed, &c.*] So two eds The line not in Quarto C

<sup>i</sup> *stares*] i.e. starlings

<sup>j</sup> *lightly*] So two eds Quarto C "tithe"

And receiv'd money of six several ladies  
 Ambitious to take place of baronets' wives  
 To three<sup>k</sup> old mummy matrons I have promis'd  
 The mothership o' the maids I've taught our  
 friends too

To convey White-House gold to our Black kingdom  
 In cold bak'd pasties, and so cozen searcheis  
 For venting hallow'd oil, beads, medals, pardons,  
 Pictures, Veronica's heads in private presses,  
 That's done by one i' th' habit of a pedlar,  
 Letters convey'd in rolls, tobacco-balls  
 When a restraint comes, by my politic counsel,  
 Some of our Jesuits turn<sup>l</sup> gentlemen-ushers,  
 Some falconers, some park-keepers, and some  
 huntsmen,  
 One took the shape of an old lady's cook once,  
 And despatch'd two chares<sup>m</sup> on a Sunday morning,  
 The altar and the dresser Pray, what use  
 Put I my summer-recreation to,  
 But more t' inform my knowledge in the state  
 And strength of the White Kingdom? no fortifica-  
 tion,

Haven, creek, landing-place about the White coast,  
 But I got draft and platform, learn'd<sup>n</sup> the depth  
 Of all their channels, knowledge of all sands,  
 Shelves, rocks, and riveis for invasion properest,  
 A catalogue of all the navy royal,  
 The burthen of each ship, the brassy muiderers,<sup>o</sup>  
 The number of the men, to what cape bound  
 Again, for the discovery of the inlands,  
 Never a shire but the state better known

<sup>k</sup> *three*] So two eds Quarto C "thee"

<sup>l</sup> *turn*] So two eds Quarto C "turned"

<sup>m</sup> *chares*] i.e. works, jobs

<sup>n</sup> *learn'd*] So two eds Quarto C "and learn'd"

<sup>o</sup> *murderers*] See note, p 218

To me than to her breast<sup>p</sup>-inhabitants,  
 What power of men and horse, gentry's revenues,  
 Who well affected to our side, who ill,  
 Who neither well nor ill, all the neutrality  
 Thirty-eight thousand souls have been seduc'd,

Pawn,

Since the jails<sup>q</sup> vomited with the pill I gave 'em  
 B KT 's PAWN Sue, you put oil of toad into<sup>r</sup>  
 that physic, sir

B KNIGHT I'm now about a masterpiece of play  
 T' entrap the White Knight, and with false allure-  
 ments

Entice him to the Black House,—more will follow,—  
 Whilst our Fat Bishop sets upon the Queen,  
 Then will our game lie sweetly

*Enter Fat Bishop with a book*

B KT 's PAWN He's come now, sir

F BISHOP Here's *Taxa Pœnitentiaria*, Knight,  
 The Book of General Pardons, of all prices  
 I have been searching for his sin this half hour,  
 And cannot light upon't

B KNIGHT That's strange, let me see't.

B KT 's PAWN Wretched that I am! hath my  
 rage done that

There is no precedent of pardon for?

B KNIGHT [reads] *For wilful murder thirteen*  
*pound four shillings*  
*And sixpence,—that's reasonable cheap,—For killing,*  
*Killing, killing, killing, killing, killing—*  
 Why, here's nothing but *killing*, Bishop, on this side

F BISHOP Turn the sheet o'er, and you shall find  
 adultery

And other trivial sins

<sup>p</sup> *breast*] So both MSS Eds "best."

<sup>q</sup> *the jails, &c*] See note, p 355

<sup>r</sup> *into*] So two eds Quarto C "in"

B KNIGHT Adultery? O,  
 I'm in't now—[reads] *For adultery a couple  
 Of shillings, and for fornication fivepence,—*  
 Mass,<sup>s</sup> these are two good pennyworths! I cannot  
 See how a man can mend himself—*For lying  
 With mother, sister, or<sup>t</sup> daughter,—av, mary, sir,—*  
*Thirty-three pounds three shillings and<sup>u</sup> threepence,—*  
 The sin's gradation right, paid all in threes too

F BISHOP You've read the story of that monster,  
 sir,

That got his daughter, sister, and his wife  
 Of his own mother?

B KNIGHT [reads] *Simony, nine pound*

F BISHOP They may thank me for that, it was  
 nineteen

Before I came,

I've mitigated many of the sums<sup>v</sup>

B KNIGHT [reads] *Sodomy, sixpence—you should  
 put that sum*  
 Ever on the backside of your book, Bishop

F BISHOP There's few on's very forward, sir

B KNIGHT What's here, sir? [reads] *Two old  
 precedents of encouragement —*

F BISHOP Ay, those are ancient notes

B KNIGHT [reads] *Gwen, as a gratuity, for the  
 killing of an heretical prince with a poisoned knife,  
 ducats five thousand<sup>w</sup>*

F BISHOP True, sir, that was paid

B KNIGHT [reads] *Promised also to doctor Lopez<sup>x</sup>  
 for poisoning the maiden queen of the White Kingdom,*

<sup>s</sup> Mass] So two eds Not in Quarto C

<sup>t</sup> or] So two eds Quarto C "and "

<sup>u</sup> and] So two eds Not in Quarto C

<sup>v</sup> sums] So two eds Quarto C "sinnes "

<sup>w</sup> thousand] So two eds Quarto C "thousands "

<sup>x</sup> doctor Lopez, &c.] Lopez, domestic physician to Queen Elizabeth, was executed for having accepted a bribe from

*ducats twenty thousand, which said sum was afterwards given as a meritorious alms to the nunnery at Lisbon, having at this present ten thousand pounds more at use in the town-house of Antwerp*

B Kt's PAWN What's all this to my conscience,  
worthy holiness?

I sue for pardon, I've brought money with me

Spain to destroy her Taylor, the water-poet, in the 13th stanza (or sonnet) of *The Churches Deluerances*, tells, in his own homely and facetious manner, the story of Lopez, p 145 —*Workes*, 1630 Dekker introduces him actually making an attempt on the queen's life, in the following passage of *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607

"TITANIA Is Lupus here, our Doctor?

LUPUS Gratiouse Lady

TITANIA You haue a lucky hand since you were ours,  
It quickens our tast well, fill vs of that  
You last did minister a draught, no more,  
And gue it fire, euen Doctor how thou wilst

LUPUS I made a new extraction, you shall neuer  
Relish the like

TITANIA Why, shall that be my last?

LUPUS Oh my deere Mistres'

TITANIA Go, go, I dare sware thou lou'st my very heart

TITANIA Sure 'tis too hot

FIDELI Oh rogue!

TITANIA Set it to coole

FIDELI Hell and damnation, Druels

FLORIMELL What's that?

FIDELI The damned'st treason! Dog, you whorsen dog,  
O blessed mayd let not the toad come neere her  
What's this? If't be his brewing, touch it not,  
For 'tis a drench to kill the strongest Deuill  
That's Drunke all day with brimstone come sucke, Weezell,  
Sucke your owne teat, you—pray

Thou art preser'nd

TITANIA From what? From whome?

FIDELI Looke to that Glister-pipe

One crowne doe's serue thy tourne, but heere's a theefe,  
That must haue 50000 crownes to steale

F BISHOP. You must depart, you see there is  
no precedent  
Of any price or pardon for your fact  
B KT 's PAWN Most miserable! Are fouler sins  
remitted,  
Killing, nay, wilful murdei ?  
F BISHOP True, there's instance  
Were you to kill him, I would pardon you,  
There's precedent for that, and price set down,  
But none for gelding  
B KT 's PAWN I've pick'd out understanding  
now for ever  
Out of that cabalistic bloody riddle  
I'll make away all my estate,<sup>y</sup> and kill him,  
And by that act obtain full absolution

[*Aside, and exit*

Thy life Here 'tis in blacke and white—thy life  
Sirra thou Vrinall, Tynoco, Gama,  
Andrada, and Ibarra, names of Duels,  
Or names to fetch vp Duels thou knowest these Scar-crowes  
LUPUS Oh mee! O mercy, mercy! I confesse  
FIDELI Well sayd, thou shalt be hang'd then  
TITANIA Haue we for this                           Shee readees the letter  
Heap'd faours on thee?                                 Enter Gard  
FIDELI Heape halters on him call the Guard out pole-  
cat  
He smels, thy conscience stucks Doctor, goe purge  
Thy soule, for 'tis diseas'd Away with Lopus  
OMNES Away with him foh  
LUPUS Here my tale but out  
FIDELI Ther's too much out already  
LUPUS Oh me accursed! and most miserable

*Exit with Guard*

Sigs a 4, H

In the above passage the old ed has, by a misprint, “*Ropus*” instead of “*Lopus*” when he appears in an earlier scene he is called “*Lopus*,” which a marginal note explains to mean “*Lopes*” Sig F

<sup>y</sup> estate] So two eds Quarto C “state”

*Enter Black King*

B KING Why, Bishop, Knight, where's your removes, your traps?

Stand you now idle in the heat of game?

B KNIGHT My life for yours, Black sovereign, the game's ours,

I have wrought unde<sup>hand</sup> for the White Knight And his brave Duke, and find 'em coming both

F BISHOP Then for their sanctimonious Queen's surprisal, sir,

In that state-puzzle and distracted hurry, Trust my arch-subtlety with

B KING O eagle pride!

Never was game more hopeful of our side

[*Exeunt B King and F Bishop*

B KNIGHT If Bishop<sup>2</sup> Bull-beef be not snapt<sup>a</sup> next<sup>b</sup> bout,

As the men stand, I'll never trust art more [Exit.

## SCENE III

*Dumb Show*

*Recorders Enter Black Queen's Pawn with a taper in her hand, she conducts White Queen's Pawn, in her night-attire,<sup>c</sup> into one chamber, and then conveys Black Bishop's Pawn, in his night-habit, into another chamber, and putting out the light, follows him*

<sup>a</sup> B King] So two eds Quarto C "Bl Kng"

<sup>b</sup> Bishop] So two eds Quarto C "Bishops"

<sup>a</sup> snapt] So two eds Quarto C "snatch'd"

<sup>b</sup> next] So MS Bridge Eds "at next"

<sup>c</sup> her night-attire his night-habit] So MS Lansd only

## SCENE IV

*Field between the two Houses*

*Enter White Knight and White Duke*

W KNIGHT True, noble Duke, fair virtue's<sup>d</sup> most  
endear'd one,

Let us prevent<sup>e</sup> their rank insinuation  
With truth of cause and courage, meet their plots  
With confident goodness that shall strike 'em gro-  
velling

W DUKE Sir, all the guns, traps, and alluring  
snares,

The devil hath been at work since eighty-eight<sup>f</sup> on,  
Are laid for the great hope of this game only

W KNIGHT Why, the more noble will truth's  
triumph be

When they have wound about our constant courages  
The glittering'st<sup>g</sup> serpent that e'er falsehood fa-  
shion'd,

And glorying most in his resplendent poisons,  
Just heaven can find a bolt to bruise his head

W DUKE Look, would you see destruction lie  
a-sunning?

*Enter Black Knight*

In yonder smile sit<sup>h</sup> blood and treachery basking,  
In that perfidious model of face<sup>i</sup>-falsehood

Hell is drawn grinning

W KNIGHT What a pain it is  
For truth to feign a little!

<sup>d</sup> *virtue's]* So two eds Quarto C "virtue"

<sup>e</sup> *prevent]* i.e. anticipate

<sup>f</sup> *eighty-eight]* i.e. 1588—the year of the Spanish armada.

<sup>g</sup> *glittering'st]* So both MSS Eds "glittering"

<sup>h</sup> *sit]* Eds "sits"

<sup>i</sup> *face]* So two eds Quarto C "falce"

B KNIGHT O fair Knight,  
 The rising glory of that House of Candou,  
 Have I so many protestations lost,  
 Lost, lost, quite lost? am I not worth your confidence?

I that have vow'd the faculties of soul,  
 Life, spirit, and brain, to your sweet game of youth,  
 Your noble, fruitful game? Can you mistrust  
 Any foul play in me, that have been ever  
 The most submiss observer of your virtues,  
 And no way tainted with ambition,  
 Save only to be thought your<sup>j</sup> first admirer?  
 How often have I chang'd, for your delight,  
 The royal presentation of my place  
 Into a mimic jester, and become,  
 For your sake and th' expulsion of sad thoughts,  
 Of a grave state-sire<sup>k</sup> a light son of pastime,  
 Made three-score years a tomboy, a mere wanton!  
 I'll tell you what I told a Savoy dame once,  
 New-wed, high-plump, and lustng for an issue  
 Within the year I promis'd her a child,  
 If she could<sup>l</sup> stride over saint Rumbant's<sup>m</sup> breeches,  
 A relique kept at Mechlin the next morning  
 One of my followers' old hose<sup>n</sup> was convey'd  
 Into her chamber, where she tried the feat,  
 By that, and a court-friend, after grew great

<sup>j</sup> *your*] So two eds Quarto C "you"

<sup>k</sup> *sire*] So both MSS Eds "sir" and "sice"

<sup>l</sup> *could*] Two eds "would" but see the third line following

<sup>m</sup> *Rumbant's*] So all the eds and both MSS The right reading, I have little doubt, is "*Rumbold's*," or rather "*Rum-old's*"—"A great and sumptuous church was built at Mechlin to receive his [St Rumold's] precious relicks, which is still possessed of that treasure, and bears the name of this saint" Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol vii p 2, sec ed In the title-page of his *Life*, 1662, written in Latin by Ward, he is termed "advocati sterilium conjugum"

<sup>n</sup> *hose*] i e breeches.

W KNIGHT Why, who could be without thee?

B KNIGHT I will change

To any shape to please you, and my aim  
Hath been to win your love in all this game

W KNIGHT Thou hast it nobly, and we long to  
see

The Black-House pleasure, state, and dignity

B KNIGHT Of honour you'll so surfeit and de-  
light,

You'll ne'er desire again to see the White [Exeunt

*Enter White Queen*

W QUEEN My love, my hope, my dearest! O,  
he's gone,  
Ensnar'd, entrapt, surpris'd amongst the Black  
ones!

I never felt extremity like this  
Thick darkness dwells upon this hour, integrity,  
Like one of heaven's bright luminaries, now  
By error's dullest element interpos'd,  
Suffers a black eclipse I never was  
More sick of love than now I am of horror  
I shall be taken, the game's lost, I'm set upon'—

*Enter Fat Bishop*

O, 'tis the turncoat Bishop, having watch'd  
Th' advantage of his play, comes now to seize on  
me!

O, I am hard beset, distrest most miserably!

F BISHOP 'Tis vain to stir, remove which way  
you can,

I take you now, this is the time we've hop'd for  
Queen, you must down

W QUEEN No rescue, no deliverance!<sup>n</sup>

<sup>n</sup> *deliverance*] So MS Bridge Eds "deliuier" and "de-  
luerer"

F BISHOP The Black King's blood burns for thy  
prostitution,  
And nothing but the spring of thy chaste virtue  
Can cool his inflammation, instantly

*Enter White Bishop*

He dies upon a plunsey of luxury,<sup>o</sup>  
If he deflower thee not

W QUEEN O strait of misery !

W BISHOP And is your holiness his divine pro-  
curer ?

F BISHOP The devil's in't, I'm taken by a ring-  
dove !

Where stood this Bishop that I saw him not ?

W BISHOP O, <sup>p</sup> you were so ambitious you look'd  
o'er me !

You aim'd at no less person than the Queen,  
The glory of the game, if she were won,  
The way were open to the master-check,

*Enter White King*

Which, look you, he and his live<sup>q</sup> to give you,  
Honour and virtue guide him in his station !

W QUEEN O my safe sanctuary !

W KING Let heaven's blessings  
Be mine no longer than I am thy sure one !  
The dove's house is not safer in the rock  
Than thou in my firm bosom

W QUEEN I am blest in't

W KING Is it that lump of rank ingratitude,  
Swell'd with the poison of hypocrisy ?  
Could he be so malicious, hath partaken  
Of the sweet fertile blessings of our kingdom ?—

<sup>o</sup> *luxury*] i e lust

<sup>p</sup> O] So two eds Not in Quarto C

<sup>q</sup> *live*] Eds "lives"

Bishop, thou'st done our White House gracious  
service,  
And worthy the fair reverence of thy place —  
For thee, Black holiness, that work'st out thy death  
As the blind mole, the properest son of earth,  
Who, in the casting his ambitious hills up,  
Is often taken and destroy'd i' the midst  
Of his advancèd work, 'twere well with thee  
If, like that verminous labourer, which thou imi-  
tat'st

In hills of pride and malice, when death puts thee up,  
The silent grave might prove thy bag for ever,  
No deeper pit than that for thy vain hope  
Of the White Knight and his most firm assistant,  
Two princely pieces, which I know thy thoughts  
Give lost for ever now, my strong assurance  
Of their fix'd virtues, could you let in seas  
Of populous untruths against that fort,  
'Twould burst the proudest billows

W QUEEN My fear's past then

W KING Fear? you were never<sup>a</sup> guilty of an  
injury

To goodness, but in that

W QUEEN It stay'd not with me, sir

W KING It was too much if it usurp'd a thought  
Place a strong<sup>r</sup> guard there

W QUEEN Confidence is set, sir

W KING Take that prize hence, go, reverend  
of men,

Put covetousness into the bag again.

F BISHOP The bag had need be sound, or't goes  
to wrack,

Sin and my weight will make a strong one crack

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> *were never*] So two eds Quarto C "neuer were"

<sup>r</sup> *strong*] So two eds Quarto C "good"

## ACT V SCENE I

*Before the Black House*

*Loud music* <sup>s</sup> *Black Bishop's Pawn discovered above enter Black Knight in his litter,* <sup>t</sup> *as passing in haste over the stage*

B KNIGHT Hold, hold!  
 Is the Black Bishop's Pawn, the Jesuit,  
 Planted above for his concise oration? <sup>u</sup>  
 B B PAWN *Ecce triumphantis me fixum Cæsaris arce!*  
 B KNIGHT Art there, my holy boy? sirrah,  
 Bishop Tumbrel  
 Is snapt<sup>v</sup> i' the bag by this time  
 B B PAWN *Hæretici per eant sic!*  
 B KNIGHT All Latin! sure th' oration hath infected him  
 Away, away, make haste, they are coming

*Hautboys again* <sup>x</sup> *Enter Black King, Black Queen, Black Duke, with Pawns, meeting White Knight and White Duke Black Bishop's Pawn from above entertains him<sup>y</sup> with this Latin oration* <sup>z</sup>

B B PAWN *Si quid mortalibus unquam oculis*

<sup>s</sup> *Loud music*] So MS Bridge only

<sup>t</sup> *in his litter, &c*] So two eds Not in Quarto C — “As he [Gondomar] was carried in his Litter or bottomless Chair (the easiest seat for his Fistula),” &c Wilson’s *Life and Reign of James*, p 146, ed 1653

<sup>u</sup> *concise oration*] So both MSS Quarto C “course oration” Other eds “consecration”

<sup>v</sup> *triumphantis*] Eds and MSS “triumphant”

<sup>w</sup> *snapi*] So two eds Quarto C “snap”

<sup>x</sup> *Hautboys again*] So MS Bridge only

<sup>y</sup> *him*] i.e. the White Knight

<sup>z</sup> *Enter Black King Latin oration*] So two eds Quarto C has only “Enter Bl K Q. D K and Wh Kni and D”

*hilarēm et gratūm aperit diem, si quid per amantibus  
amicorum animis gaudium attulit peperitve lētitiam,  
Eques Candidissime, praelūcentissime, felicem profecto  
tuum a Domo Candoris ad Domum Nigritudinis ac-  
cessum promisisse, peperisse, attulisse fatemur omnes  
adventus tui conflagrantissimi, omni qua possumus  
lētitia, gaudio, congratulatione, acclamatione, animis  
observantissimus, affectibus devotissimus, obsequis vene-  
rabundis, te sospitem congratulamu'*

B KING Sir, in this short congratulatory speech  
You may conceive how the whole House affects you

B KNIGHT The colleges and sanctimonious seed-  
plots

W KNIGHT 'Tis clear and so acknowledg'd,  
royal sir

B KING What honours, pleasures, rarities, de-  
lights,

Your noble thought can think ——

B QUEEN Your fair eye fix<sup>y</sup> on,  
That's comprehended in the spacious circuit  
Of our Black Kingdom, they're your servants all

W KNIGHT How amply you endear us !

W DUKE They are favours  
That equally enrich the royal giver,  
As the receiver, in the free donation

[*Music An altar is discovered with tapers un-  
lit, and divers images about it*

B KNIGHT Hark, to enlarge your welcome, from  
all parts

Is heard sweet-sounding airs ! abstruse things open  
Of voluntary freeness , and yon altar,  
The seat of adoration, seems t' adore  
The virtues you bring with you

W KNIGHT There's a taste  
Of the old vessel still

<sup>y</sup> *fix]* So two eds Quarto C "fixed"

W DUKE Th' erroneous relish<sup>y</sup>

*Song*

*Wonder work some strange delight,  
(This place was never yet without),  
To welcome the fair<sup>z</sup> White-House Knight,  
And to bring our hopes about!  
May from the altar flames aspire,  
Those tapers set themselves on fire'  
May senseless things our joys approve,<sup>a</sup>  
And those brazen statues mole,  
Quicken'd by some power above,  
Or what more strange, to shew our love!  
[Flames rise from the altar, the tapers take  
fire, and the images move in a dance]*

B KNIGHT A happy omen waits upon this hour,  
All move portentously the right-hand way  
B KING<sup>b</sup> Come, let's set free all the most choice  
delights,  
That ever adorn'd days or quicken'd nights

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

*Field between the two Houses.*

*Enter White Queen's Pawn*

W Q PAWN I see 'twas but a trial of my duty  
now,  
Hath a more<sup>c</sup> modest mind, and in that virtue  
Most worthily hath fate provided for me

<sup>y</sup> W Duke Th' erroneous relish] So two eds Not in Quarto C

<sup>z</sup> the fair] So both MSS Eds "thee the faire"

<sup>a</sup> approve] i.e. prove

<sup>b</sup> B King] So two eds Quarto C "Bl K P"

<sup>c</sup> more] So two eds Quarto C "most"

*Enter Black Bishop's Pawn in his reverend habit*

Hah! 'tis the bad man in the reverend habit  
 Dares he be seen again, traitor to holiness,  
 O marble-fronted impudence! and knows  
 How much has wrong'd<sup>c</sup> me? I'm ashamed he  
 blushes not

B B PAWN Are you yet stor'd with any woman's  
 pity?

Are you the mistress of so much devotion,  
 Kindness, and charity, as to bestow  
 An alms of love on your poor sufferer yet  
 For your sake only?

W Q PAWN Sir, for the reverend respect you  
 ought

To give to sanctity, though none to me,  
 In being her servant vow'd and wear her livery,  
 If I might counsel, you should never speak  
 The language of unchasteness in that habit,  
 You would not think how ill it doth with you  
 The world's a stage on which all parts are play'd  
 You'd think it most absurd to see a devil  
 Presented there not in a devil's shape,  
 Or, wanting one, to send him out in yours,  
 You'd rail at that for an absurdity  
 No college e'er committed For decorum' sake,  
 then,

For pity's cause, for sacred virtue's honour,  
 If you'll persist still in your devil's part,  
 Present him as you should do, and let one  
 That carries up the goodness of the play  
 Come in that habit, and I'll speak with him,  
 Then will the parts be fitted, and the spectators

<sup>c</sup> *much has wrong'd*] So MS Bridge Eds "ill hath (and  
 "has") vs'd"

Know which is which they must have cunning  
 judgments<sup>d</sup>

To find it else, for such a one as you  
 Is able to deceive a mighty audience,  
 Nay, those you have seduc'd, if there be any  
 In the assembly, when<sup>e</sup> they see what manner  
 You play your game with me, they cannot love you  
 Is there so little hope of you, to smile, sir?

B B PAWN Yes, at your fears, at th' ignorance  
 of your power,

The little use you make of time, youth, fortune,  
 Knowing you have a husband for lust's shelter,  
 You dare not yet make bold with a friend's comfort,  
 This is the plague of weakness

W Q PAWN So hot burning!  
 The syllables of sin fly from his lips  
 As if the letter came new-cast<sup>f</sup> from hell

B B PAWN Well, setting by<sup>g</sup> the dish you loathe  
 so much,

Which hath been heartily tasted by your betters,  
 I come to marry you to the gentleman  
 That last enjoy'd you I hope that pleases you,  
 There's no immodest relish in that office

W Q PAWN Strange of all men he should first  
 light on him  
 To tie that holy knot that sought t' undo me!

*Aside.*

Were you requested to perform that business, sir?

B B PAWN I name you a sure token

W Q PAWN As for that, sir,  
 Now you're most welcome, and my fair hope's of  
 you,

<sup>d</sup> judgments] So two eds Quarto C "judgement"

<sup>e</sup> when] So MS Bridge Eds "if"

<sup>f</sup> cast] So two eds Quarto C "last"

<sup>g</sup> by] So MS Bridge Eds "aside"

You'll<sup>e</sup> never break the sacred knot you tie once  
With any lewd soliciting hereafter

B B PAWN But all the craft's in getting of it  
knit

You're all on fire to make your cozening market  
I am the marrier and the man—do you know me?  
Do you know me, nice iniquity, strict luxury,<sup>h</sup>  
And holy whoredom?—that would clap on marriage  
With all hot speed to solder up your game  
See what a scourge fate hath provided for thee!  
You were a maid, swear still, you're no worse now,  
I left you as I found you have I startled you?  
I'm quit with you now for my discovery,  
Your outcries, and your cunning<sup>i</sup> farewell, brok-  
age!

W Q PAWN Nay, stay, and hear me but give  
thanks a little,  
If your ear can endure a work so gracious,  
Then you may take your pleasure

B B PAWN I have done that

W Q PAWN Thou<sup>j</sup> power, that hath preserv'd  
me from this devil —

B B PAWN How?

W Q PAWN This that may challenge the chief  
chair in hell,  
And sit above his master —

B B PAWN Bring in merit

W Q PAWN That suffered'st him, through blind  
lust, to be led

Last night to the action of some common bed —

B Q PAWN [within] Not over-common neither

B B PAWN Hah, what voice is that?

<sup>e</sup> You'll] So MSS Eds "You'l'd."

<sup>h</sup> luxury] i e lust, incontinence

<sup>i</sup> cunning] So two eds Quarto C "cunnings"

<sup>j</sup> Thou] Eds and both MSS "That"

W Q PAWN Of virgins be thou ever honour-ed!—

Now you may go, you hear I've given thanks, sir  
 B B PAWN Here's a strange game! Did not I  
 lie with you?

B Q PAWN [*within*] No

B B PAWN What the devil art thou?

W Q PAWN I will not answer you, sir,

After thanksgiving

B B PAWN Why, you made promise to me

After the contract

B Q PAWN [*within*] Yes

B B PAWN Mischief confound thee!

I speak not to thee—and you were prepar'd for't,  
 And set your joys more high —

B Q PAWN [*within*] Than you could reach, sir

B B PAWN This is some<sup>k</sup> bawdy Pawn, I'll slit  
 the throat on't!

*Enter Black Queen's Pawn*

B Q PAWN What, offer violence to your bed-fellow?

To one that works so kindly without rape?

B B PAWN My bedfellow?

B Q PAWN Do you plant your scorn against  
 me?

Why, when I was probationer at Brussels,  
 That engine was not known, then adoration  
 Fill'd up the place, and wonder was in fashion  
 Is't turn'd to the wild seed of contempt so soon?  
 Can five years stamp a bawd? pray, look upon me,  
 sir,

I've youth enough to take it 'tis no longer  
 Since you were chief agent for the transportation

<sup>k</sup> *some*] So two eds Quarto C "a."

Of ladies' daughters, if you be remember'd  
 Some of their portions I could name, who purs'd  
 'em too

They were soon dispossess'd of worldly cares  
 That came into your fingers

B B PAWN Shall I hear her?

B Q PAWN Holy derision, yes, till thy ears<sup>m</sup>  
 swell

With thine own venom, thy profane life's vomit  
 Whose niece was she you poison'd, with child twice,  
 And gave her out possess'd with a foul spirit,  
 When 'twas indeed your bastard?

B B PAWN I am taken  
 In mine own toils!

*Enter White Queen and White Bishop's Pawn*

W B PAWN. Yes, and 'tis just you should be

W QUEEN<sup>n</sup> And thou, lewd Pawn, the shame of  
 womanhood!

B B PAWN I'm lost of all hands!

B Q PAWN And I cannot feel

The weight of my perdition, now he's taken,  
 'T hath not the burden of a grasshopper

B B PAWN Thou whore of order, cockatrice<sup>o</sup> in  
 vota!

*Enter Black Knight's Pawn*

B KT'S PAWN Yon's the White Bishop's Pawn,  
 I'll play at's heart now

W Q PAWN How now, black villain! would'st  
 thou heap a murder

On thy first foul offence? O merciless bloodhound,  
 'Tis time that thou wert taken!

<sup>m</sup> ears] So two eds Quarto C "eare"

<sup>n</sup> W Queen] So both MSS Eds "W Q P"

<sup>o</sup> cockatrice] A cant term for a harlot.

B Kt 's PAWN Death <sup>1</sup>p prevented?  
 W. Q. PAWN For thy sake and that partner in  
     thy shame,  
 I'll never know man further than by name

[*Exeunt*

### SCENE III

*In the Black House*

*Enter Black King, Black Queen, Black Knight, Black Duke, Black Bishop, White Knight, and White Duke*

W KNIGHT You have enrich'd my knowledge,  
     royal<sup>4</sup> sir,

And my content together

B KING 'Stead of riot  
 We set you only welcome surfeit is  
 A thing that's seldom heard of in these parts

W KNIGHT I hear of the more virtue when I  
     miss on't

B KNIGHT. We do not use to bury in our bellies  
 Two hundred thousand ducats, and then boast on't,  
 Or exercise th' old Roman painful idleness  
 With care of fetching fishes far from home,  
 The golden-headed coracine out of Egypt,  
 The salpa from Ebusus,<sup>r</sup> or the pelamis,  
 Which some call summer-whiting, from Chalcedon,  
 Salmons from Aquitaine, helops from Rhodes,  
 Cockles from Chios, frank'd<sup>s</sup> and fatted up

<sup>p</sup> *Death*] So two eds Quarto C "How"

<sup>q</sup> *royal*] So two eds Quarto C "noble"

<sup>r</sup> *Ebusus*] Quarto C and both MSS "Eleusis." Two eds  
 "Ebusus"—"Circa Ebusum [i.e. Iycia] salpa." Plin *Hist Nat* 1 ix c 18 t 1 p 511, ed Hard. 1723

<sup>s</sup> *frank'd*] i.e. stuft, crammed. (A *frank* meant a place to  
 fatten hogs and other animals in)

With far and sapa,<sup>s</sup> flour and cocted wine,  
 We cram no birds, nor, Epicurean<sup>t</sup>-like,  
 Enclose some creeks o' the sea, as Sergius Orata<sup>u</sup> did,  
 He that invented the first stews for oysters  
 And other sea-fish, who, besides the pleasure of his  
 Own throat, got large revenues by th' invention,  
 Whose fat example the nobility follow'd,  
 Nor do we imitate that arch-gormandiser  
 With two-and-twenty courses at one dinner,  
 And, betwixt every course, he and his guests  
 Wash'd and us'd women, then sat down and strength-  
 en'd,

Lust swimming in their dishes, which no sooner  
 Was tasted but was ready to be vented

W KNIGHT Most impious epicures!

B KNIGHT We commend rather,  
 Of two extremes, the parsimony of Pertinax,  
 Who had half-lettuces set up to serve again,  
 Or his successor Julian,<sup>v</sup> that would make  
 Three meals of a lean hare, and often<sup>w</sup> sup  
 With a green fig and wipe his beard, as we can  
 The old bewailers of excess in those days  
 Complain'd there was more coin bid for a cook  
 Than for a war-horse, but now cooks are pur-  
 chas'd

<sup>s</sup> *far and sapa*] The remainder of the line is an explanation of these words, yet it may be necessary to add that *cocted* is boiled

<sup>t</sup> *Epicurean*] So two eds Quarto C "Epicanean"

<sup>u</sup> *Orata*] Eds and both MSS "Crata."—Sergius was so called from the fish *orata* or *aurata* see Macr (*Sat* l ii c xi p 361, ed. 1670), Pliny, Festus, &c — Middleton, perhaps, intended only one of the names—"Sergius" or "Orata"—to stand in the line

<sup>v</sup> *his successor Julian*] Did Middleton confound Didius Julianus (who purchased the empire on the murder of Pertinax,) with Julian the apostate?

<sup>w</sup> *often*] So both MSS Eds "after"

After the rate of triumphs,<sup>w</sup> and some dishes  
 After the rate of cooks, which must needs make  
 Some of your White-House gormandizers, 'specially  
 Your wealthy plump plebeians, like the hogs  
 Which Scaliger cites,<sup>x</sup> that could not move for fat,  
 So insensible of either prick or goad,  
 That mice made holes to needle<sup>y</sup> in their buttocks,  
 And they ne'er felt 'em There was once a ruler,  
 Cyrene's governor,<sup>z</sup> chok'd with his own paunch,  
 Which death fat Sanctius,<sup>a</sup> king of Castile, fearing,  
 Through his infinite mass of belly, rather chose  
 To be kill'd suddenly by a pernicious herb  
 Taken to make him lean, which old Corduba,  
 King of Morocco, counsell'd his fear to,  
 Than he would hazard to be stunk<sup>b</sup> to death,  
 As that huge cormorant that was chok'd before him

W KNIGHT Well, you're as sound a spokesman,  
 sir, for parsimony,  
 Clean abstinence, and scarce one meal a-day,  
 As ever spake with tongue

<sup>w</sup> triumphs] i.e. public shows

<sup>x</sup> the hogs which Scaliger cites] An allusion, perhaps, to the following passage "Pinguescit autem longe magis sus adeoque pinguescit, ut pene totus immobilis reddatur Neque enim fabulosum est, in eorum clunibus excavare sibi mures foveas, non equidem ut midificant, sed ut sagimentur" J C Scaliger *De Subtilitate ad Cardanum*, Exer cxclx 2 p 610, ed 1634

<sup>y</sup> needle] i.e. nestle

<sup>z</sup> Cyrene's governor] i.e. Magas see Atheneus, l xi c 12, t iv p 544, ed Schw

<sup>a</sup> Sanctius] So two eds Quarto C "Sauetius"—Wanley states that Sanctius, "by the advice of Garsia King of Navarre, made peace with Miramoline King of Corduba, went over to him, was honourably receiv'd, and in his Court was cured by an herb prescribed by the Physicians of that King" *Wonders, &c*, p 47, ed 1678 See also Grimeston's (translation of Turquet's) *Historie of Spaine*, p 205, ed 1612

<sup>b</sup> stunk] So both MSS Eds "strucke" and "stung"

B KING Censure him mildly, sir,  
 'Twas but to find discourse  
 B QUEEN He'll raise['t] of any thing  
 W KNIGHT I shall be half afraid to feed here-  
     after  
 W DUKE Or I, beshrew my heart, for I fear  
     fatness,  
 The fog of fatness, as I fear a dragon  
 The comeliness I wish for, that's as glorious  
 W KNIGHT Your course is wondrous strict I  
     should transgress, sure,<sup>b</sup>  
 Were I to change my side, as you've much wrought  
     me  
 B KNIGHT How you misprize! this is not meant  
     to you ward  
 You that are wound up to the height of feeding  
 By clime and custom, are dispens'd withal,  
 You may eat kid, cabrito, calf, and tons,<sup>c</sup>  
 Eat and eat every day, twice, if you please,  
 Nay, the frank'd<sup>d</sup> hen, fatten'd with milk and corn,  
 A riot which th' inhabitants of Delos  
 Were first inventors of, or the cramm'd cockle  
 W KNIGHT Well, for the food I'm happily re-  
     solv'd<sup>e</sup> in,  
 But for the diet of my disposition,  
 There comes a trouble, you will hardly find  
 Food to please that  
 B KNIGHT It must be a strange nature  
 We cannot find a dish for, having Policy,  
 The master-cook of Christendom, to diess it  
 Pray, name your nature's diet.

<sup>b</sup> *sure]* So both MSS Eds "sir"

<sup>c</sup> *kid, cabrito, calf, and tons]* "Kid" and "cabrito,"—the latter a Spanish word—are, I believe, synonymous *tons* means, perhaps, tunny-fish

<sup>d</sup> *frank'd]* See note, p. 401

<sup>e</sup> *resolv'd]* i e satisfied

W KNIGHT The first mess  
Is hot ambition

B KNIGHT That's but serv'd in puff-paste,  
Alas, the meanest of our cardinals' cooks  
Can dress that dinner your ambition, sir,  
Can fetch no further compass than the world?

W KNIGHT That's certain, sir  
B KNIGHT We're about that already,  
And in the large feast of our vast ambition  
We count but the White Kingdom, whence you  
come from,

The garden for our cook to pick his salads,  
The food's lean France, larded with Germany,  
Before which comes the grave, chaste signory  
Of Venice, serv'd in, capon-like, in white broth,  
From our chief oven, Italy, the bake-meats,  
Savoy the salt, Geneva the chipt manchet,<sup>e</sup>  
Below the salt<sup>f</sup> the Netherlands are plac'd,  
A common dish at lower end a' the table,  
For meaner pride to fall to for our second course,  
A spit of Portugals serv'd in for plovers,  
Indians and Moors for blackbirds all this while  
Holland stands ready-melted to make sauce  
On all occasions when the vorder<sup>g</sup> comes,  
And with such cheer our full hopes we suffice,  
Zealand says grace for fashion, then we rise

W KNIGHT Here's meat enough, in<sup>h</sup> conscience,  
for ambition!  
B KNIGHT If there be any want, there's Switzer-  
land,  
Polonia, and such pickled things will serve  
To furnish out the table.

<sup>e</sup> *manchet*] 1 e. small loaf or roll of fine white bread

<sup>f</sup> *Below the salt*] See note, vol III p 40

<sup>g</sup> *vorder*] 1 e basket or tray, into which the trenchers, broken  
meat, &c, were swept from the table with a wooden knife

<sup>h</sup> *in*] So two eds Quarto C "on"

W. KNIGHT You say well, sir  
 But here's the misery, when I've stopt the mouth  
 Of one vice, there's another gapes for food,  
 I am as covetous as a barren womb,  
 The grave, or what's more ravenous

B KNIGHT We're for you, sir  
 Call you that heinous, that's good husbandry?  
 Why, we make money of our faith,<sup>1</sup> our prayers,  
 We make the very deathbed buy her comforts,  
 Most dearly pay for all her<sup>2</sup> pious counsels,  
 Leave rich revenues for a few weak orisons,  
 Or else they pass unreconcil'd without 'em  
 Did you but view the vaults within our monasteries,  
 You'd swear then Plutus, whom<sup>3</sup> the fiction calls  
 The lord of riches, were entomb'd there<sup>4</sup>

W KNIGHT Is't possible?

B DUKE You cannot walk for tuns

W DUKE But how shall I bestow the vice I  
 bring, sirs?

You quite forget me, I shall be shut out  
 By your strict key of life

B KNIGHT Is yours so vild,<sup>5</sup> sir?

W DUKE Some that are pleas'd to make a wanton  
 on't,

Call it infirmity of blood, flesh-frailty,  
 But certain there's a worse name in your books  
 for't

B KNIGHT The trifle of all vices, the mere in-  
 nocent,

The very novice of this house of clay,—venery  
 If I but hug thee hard, I shew the worst on't,  
 'Tis all the fruit we have here after supper,

<sup>1</sup> *faith*] So two eds Quarto C "faiths"

<sup>2</sup> *her*] So two eds Quarto C "their"

<sup>3</sup> *whom*] So two eds Quarto C "which"

<sup>4</sup> *there*] So two eds Quarto C "within 'em"

<sup>5</sup> *vild*] See note, p 137

Nay, at the ruins of a<sup>n</sup> nunnery once,  
Six thousand infants' heads found in a fish-pond

W DUKE How'

B KNIGHT Ay, how? how came they thither,  
think you?

Huldrick, bishop of Augsburg, in's Epistle<sup>o</sup>  
To Nicholas the first, can tell you how,  
May be he was at cleansing of the pond  
I can but smile to think how it would puzzle  
All mother-maids that ever liv'd in those parts  
To know their own child's head But is this all?

B DUKE Are you ours yet?

W KNIGHT One more, and I am silenc'd  
But this that comes now will divide us questionless,  
'Tis ten times, ten times worse than the forerun-  
ners

B KNIGHT Is it so vild there is no name ordain'd  
for't?

Toads have their titles, and creation gave  
Serpents and adders those names to be known by

" a] So two eds Quarto C "the"

o *Epistole to Nicholas the first*] B *Udalrici, Episcops Augstanus, pro coniugio clericorum ad Nicolaum primum, Romanum Pontificem, epistola*, contains the following passage "Sunt vero aliqui, qui sanctum Gregorium suæ sectæ sumunt adiutorium quorum quidem temeritatem rideo, ignorantiam doleo Ignorant enim, quod periculosum hujus haeresis decretum, a sancto Gregorio factum, condigno penitentia fructu postmodum ab eodem sit purgatum Quippe quam die quadam in vivarium suum propter pisces misisset, et allata inde plus quam sex milia infantum capita videret, intima mox ductus penitentia ingemuit, et factum a se de abstinentia decretum, tanta cædis caussam confessus, condigno illud, ut dixi, penitentia fructu purgavit, suoque decreto prorsus damnato, Apostolicum illud (1 Cor 9 7) laudavit consilium *Mehus est nubere, quam ure, addens ex sua parte, Mehus est nubere, quam mortis occasionem præbere*" Appendix to *Calixti de Coniugio Clericorum Liber*, Pars ii p 550, ed Henke

W KNIGHT This of all others bears the hiddest venom,  
 The smoothest poison, I'm an arch-dissembler, sir  
 B KNIGHT How?  
 W KNIGHT 'Tis my nature's brand, turn from me, sir,  
 The time is yet to come that e'er I spoke  
 What my heart meant  
 B KNIGHT And call you that a vice?—  
 Avoid all profanation, I beseech you,—  
 The only prime state-virtue upon earth,  
 The policy of empires, O, take heed, sir,  
 For fear it take displeasure and forsake you!  
 'Tis like a jewel of that precious value,  
 Whose worth's not known but to the skilful lapidary,  
 The instrument that picks ope princes' hearts,  
 And locks up ours from them, with the same motion  
 You never came so near our souls as now  
 B DUKE Now you're a brother to us  
 B KNIGHT What we have done  
 Hath been dissemblance ever  
 W KNIGHT There you lie then,  
 And the game's ours, we give thee check-mate by  
 Discovery, King, the noblest mate of all!  
 B KNIGHT <sup>o</sup> I'm lost, I'm taken!  
 [A great shout and flourish  
 W. KNIGHT Ambitious, covetous,  
 Luxurious falsehood!  
 W. DUKE Dissembler includes all  
 B KING <sup>p</sup> All hopes confounded!  
 B QUEEN Miserable condition!  
<sup>o</sup> B Knight] One ed and MS Lansd "B K[ing]," which may be right, B B Pawn presently says, "King taken"  
<sup>p</sup> B King] Two eds and MS Lansd "B Kt"

*Enter White King, White Queen, White Bishop, White Queen's Pawn, and other White Pawns*

W KING O, let me bless mine arms with this  
dear treasure,  
Truth's glorious masterpiece! See, Queen of sweet-  
ness,  
He's in my bosom safe, and this fair structure  
Of comely honour, his true blest assistant

[*Embracing W Knight and W Duke*

W. QUEEN May their integrities ever possess  
That powerful sanctuary!

W KNIGHT As 'twas a game, sir,  
Won with much hazard, so with much more triumph  
We<sup>p</sup> gave him check-mate by discovery, sir

W KING Obscurity is now the fittest favour  
Falsehood can sue for, it well suits perdition  
'Tis their best course that so have lost their fame  
To put their heads into the bag for shame,  
And there, behold, the bag, like hell-mouth,<sup>a</sup> opens

[*The bag opens,<sup>r</sup> and the Fat Bishop and the  
Black lost Pawns appear in it*

To take her due, and the lost sons appear  
Greedily gaping for increase of fellowship  
In infamy, the last desire of wretches,  
Advancing their perdition-branded foreheads  
Like Envy's issue, or a bed of snakes.

<sup>p</sup> *We*] So MS Bridge Eds "I"—Compare l 25 of pre-  
ceding page

<sup>a</sup> *the bag, like hell-mouth*] So MS Bridge Eds "the bags  
mouth like hell"

<sup>r</sup> *The bag opens, &c*] So MS Lansd, except that it makes  
no mention of the Fat Bishop Quarto C "*The Bagge opens  
the Bl Side in it*" Two eds "*The Bag opens, the B B slides  
in it*"—The bag, probably, was either on one side, or at the  
back, of the stage, during the whole of the play see notes  
pp 366, 370

B B PAWN [*in the bag*] 'Tis too apparent, the game's lost, King<sup>q</sup> taken

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] The White House hath given us the bag,<sup>r</sup> I thank 'em

B JESTING PAWN [*in the bag*] They had need give you a whole bag by yourself

'Sfoot, this Fat Bishop<sup>s</sup> hath so overlaid me, So squelch'd<sup>t</sup> and squeez'd me, I've no verjuice left in me!

You shall find all my goodness, if you look for't, In the bottom of the bag

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] Thou malapert Pawn! The Bishop must have room, he will have room, And room to lie at pleasure

B JESTING PAWN [*in the bag*] All the bag, I think, Is room too scant for your Spalato<sup>u</sup> paunch

B B PAWN [*in the bag*] Down, viper of our order! I abhor thee

Thou shew thy whorish front?

B Q PAWN [*in the bag*] Yes, monster-holiness!

W KNIGHT Contention in the pit! is hell divided?

W KING You had need have some of majesty and power

To keep good rule amongst you make room, Bishop [Puts *B King* into the bag]

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] I'm not so<sup>v</sup> easily mov'd when I'm once set,

I scorn to stir for any king on earth

<sup>q</sup> King] So two eds Quarto C "King's"

<sup>r</sup> given us the bag] i.e. cheated, or rather, put a trick on us a colloquial phrase, common in our old writers

<sup>s</sup> 'Sfoot, this Fat Bishop] Quarto C "This Blacke Bishop" Other eds "Sfoot this blacke Bishop" MS Lansd "This Fat Black Bishop" MS Bridge "Slid this fat Bishop"

<sup>t</sup> squelch'd] i.e. crushed So two eds Quarto C "quench'd"

<sup>u</sup> Spalato] See note, p 365

<sup>v</sup> so] So MS Bridge Not in eds

W QUEEN Here comes the Queen, what say you  
then to her? [*Puts B Queen into the bag*

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] Indeed a Queen may make  
a Bishop stir

W KNIGHT Room for the mightiest Machiavel-  
politician

That e'er the devil hatch'd of a nun's egg!

[*Puts B Knight into the bag*  
F BISHOP [*in the bag*] He'll pick a hole in the  
bag and get out shortly,

But I shall<sup>w</sup> be the last man that creeps out,

And that's the misery of greatness ever<sup>x</sup>

W DUKE Room for<sup>y</sup> a sun-burnt, tansy-fac'd  
belov'd,

An olive-colour'd Ganymede<sup>z</sup> and that's all

That's woth the bagging

F BISHOP [*in the bag*] Crowd in all you can,  
The Bishop will be still uppermost man,  
Maugre King, Queen, or politician

W KING So, let the bag close now, the fittest  
womb

For treachery, pride, and falsehood, whilst we,  
winner-like,

Destroying, through heaven's power, what would  
destroy,

Welcome our White Knight with loud peals of joy

[*Eaeunt omnes*

<sup>w</sup> *But I shall*] So MS Bridge Eds "I'em (and "I'me")  
sure to "

<sup>x</sup> *greatness ever*] After these words MS Bridge has,

" For the Politician is not sound i' th' vent,  
I smell him hither "

which does not connect well with the rest of the speech

<sup>y</sup> *Room for, &c*] I have not ventured to insert a stage-direction here, being doubtful which character is meant by the  
" olive-coloured Ganymede "

## EPILOGUE

*By White Queen's Pann*

My mistress, the White Queen, hath sent me forth,  
And bade me bow thus low to all of worth,  
That are true friends of the White House and cause,  
Which she hopes most of this assembly draws  
For any else, by envy's mark denoted,  
To those night glow-worms in the bag devoted,  
Where'er they sit, stand, or in private lurk,  
They'll be soon known by their depraving work,  
But she's assur'd what they'll commit to bane,  
Her White friends' hands will build up fair again

**ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE.**



*Any Thing For A Quiet Life A Comedy, Formerly Acted at  
Black-Fyers, by His late Majesties Servants Never before  
Printed Written by Tho Middleton, Gent London Printed  
by Tho Johnson for Francis Kirkman, and Henry Marsh, and are  
to be sold at the Princes Arms in Chancery-Lane 1662 4to*

In the old ed the whole play, with the exception of a few lines here and there, is printed as prose, and there is every reason to believe that the text is greatly corrupted



## PROLOGUE.

Howe'er th' intents and appetites of men  
Are different as their faces, how and when  
T' employ their actions, yet all without strife  
Meet in this point,—Any thing for a quiet life  
Nor is there one, I think, that's hither come  
For his delight, but would find peace at home  
On any terms The lawyer does not cease<sup>a</sup>  
To talk himself into a sweat wth pain,  
And so his fees buy quiet, 'tis his gain  
The poor man does endure the scorching sun  
And feels no weariness, his day-labour done,  
So his wife entertain him with a smile  
And thank his travail, though she slept the while  
This being in men of all conditions true  
Does give our play a name, and if to you  
It yield content and usual delight,  
For our parts we shall sleep secure to night.

<sup>a</sup> *cease*] Though there is no corresponding rhyme to this word, it does not appear that a line has dropt out, the sense being complete

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LORD BEAUFORT  
SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM  
GEORGE CRESSINGHAM, } his sons  
EDWARD, a child, }  
FRANKLIN senior  
FRANKLIN junior, his son  
KNAVESBY, a lawyer  
SAUNDER, steward to Sir Francis Cressingham  
WATER-CAMLET, a ricer  
GEORGE, } his apprentices  
RALPH, }  
SWEET-BALL, a barber  
FLESH-HOOK  
COUNTERBUFF  
*Surveyor, Barber's Boy, &c*

LADY CRESSINGHAM, wife to Sir Francis  
MISTRESS GEORGE CRESSINGHAM, disguised as Selenger, a  
page to Lord Beaufort  
MISTRESS KNAVESBY  
MISTRESS WATER CAMLET  
MARIA, a child, daughter to Sir Francis Cressingham  
MARGARITA, a French bawd

Scene, LONDON

## ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE

---

### ACT I SCENE I

*A room in SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM's house*

*Enter LORD BEAUFORT and SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM*

L BEAU Away, I am asham'd of your proceedings!  
And, seriously, you have in this one act  
O'erthrown the reputation the world  
Held of your wisdom

SIR F CRES Why, sir?

L BEAU Can you not see your error?  
That having buried so good a wife  
Not a month since,—one that, to speak the truth,  
Had all those excellencies which our books  
Have only feign'd to make a complete wife  
Most exactly in her in practice,—and to marry  
A girl of fifteen, one bred up i' the court,  
That by all consonancy of reason is like  
To clogg your estate why, one new gown of hers,  
When 'tis paid for, will eat you out the keeping  
Of a bountiful Christmas I'm asham'd of you,  
For you shall make too dear a proof of it,  
I fear, that in the election of a wife,  
As in a project of war, to err but once  
Is to be undone for ever.

SIR F CRES Good my lord,  
I do beseech you, let your better judgment  
Go along with your reprehension'

L BEAU So it does,  
And can find nought t' extenuate your fault  
But your dotage you're a man well sunk in years,  
And to graft such a young blossom into your stock  
Is the next way to make every carnal eye  
Bespeak your injury Troth, I pity her too,  
She was not made to wither and go out  
By painted fies, that yield<sup>a</sup> her no more heat  
Than to be lodg'd in some bleak banqueting-house  
I' the dead of winter, and what follows then?  
Your shame and the ruin of your children, and  
there's

The end of a rash bargain

SIR F CRES With your pardon,  
That she is young is true, but that discretion  
Has gone beyond her years, and overta'en  
Those of maturer age, does more improve<sup>b</sup>  
Her goodness I confess she was bred at court,  
But so retiredly, that, as still the best  
In some place is to be learnt there, so her life  
Did rectify itself more by the court-chapel  
Than by th' office of the revels best of all virtues  
Are to be found at court, and where you meet  
With writings contrary to this known truth,  
They're fiam'd by men that never were so happy  
To be planted there to know it For the difference  
Between her youth and mine, if you will read  
A matron's sober staidness in her eye,  
And all the other grave demeanour fitting  
The governess of a house, you'll then confess  
There's no disparity between us

<sup>a</sup> *yield*] Old ed "yields"

<sup>b</sup> *improve*] i.e. prove

L BEAU Come, come, you read

*Enter WATER-CAMLET*

What you'd have her to be, not what she is —  
O, master Water-Camlet, you are welcome

W -CAM I thank your lordship

L BEAU And what news stirring in Cheapside?

W -CAM Nothing new there,<sup>c</sup> my lord, but the Standard <sup>d</sup>

L BEAU O, that's a monument your wives take  
great delight in I do hear you are grown a mighty  
purchaser, I hope shortly to find you a continual  
resident upon the north aisle of the Exchange

W -CAM Where? with the Scotchmen?

L BEAU No, sir, with the aldermen

W -CAM Believe it, I am a poor commoner

SIR F CRES Come, you are warm, and blest with  
a fair wife

W -CAM There's it, her going brave<sup>e</sup> has the  
only virtue to improve my credit in the subsidy-  
book

L BEAU But, I pray, how thrives your new  
plantation of silk-worms? those I saw last summer  
at your garden.

W -CAM They are removed, sir

L BEAU Whither?

<sup>c</sup> *Nothing new there*] My attempt to restore the prose speeches in this scene to the blank verse in which they appear to have been originally written, proved on the whole so unsuccessful, that I now give them as exhibited in the 4to. The text of the play is, I believe, corrupted throughout and perhaps the reader, when he meets with sundry passages which are scarcely metrical, will be of opinion that I ought more frequently to have left the prose of the old edition undisturbed

<sup>d</sup> *the Standard*] See note, vol 1 p 438, but I find nothing in Stow to illustrate the present passage

<sup>e</sup> *brave*] i.e finely dressed

W -CAM This winter my wife has removed them home to a fair chamber, where divers courtiers use to come and see them, and my wife carries them up I think shortly, what with the store of visitants, they'll prove as chargeable to me as the morrow after Simon and Jude, only excepting the taking down and setting up again of my glass-windows

L BEAU That a man of your estate should be so grapple-minded and repining at his wife's bounty!

SIR F CRES There are no such ridiculous things i' the world as those love money better than themselves, for though they have understanding to know riches, and a mind to seek them, and a wit to find them, and policy to keep them, and long life to possess them, yet, commonly, they have withal such a false sight, such bleared eyes, all their wealth, when it lies before them, does seem poverty, and such a one are you

W -CAM Good sir Francis, you have had sore eyes too, you have been a gamester, but you have given it o'er, and to redeem the vice belonged to't, now you entertain certain farcels<sup>f</sup> of silenced ministers, which, I think, will equally undo you, yet should these waste you but lenitively, your devising new water-mill[s] for recovery of drowned land, and certain dreams you have in alchemy to find the philosopher's stone, will certainly draw you to the bottom I speak freely, sir, and would not have you angry, for I love you

SIR F CRES I am deeply in your books for furnishing my late wedding, have you brought a note of the particulars?

W -CAM No, sir, at more leisure

<sup>f</sup> *farcels*] Is, perhaps, a word formed from the verb *farce* (to stuff), though I have not elsewhere met with it

SIR F CRES What comes the sum to?

W -CAM For tissue, cloth-of-gold, velvets, and silks, about fifteen hundred pounds

SIR F CRES Your money is ready

W -CAM Sir, I thank you

SIR F CRES And how do<sup>g</sup> my two young children, whom I have put to board with you?

L BEAU Have you put forth two of your children already?

SIR F CRES 'Twas my wife's discretion to have it so

L BEAU Come, 'tis the first principle in a mother-in-law's chop-logic to divide the family, to remove from forth your sight the object[s] that her cunning knows would dull her insinuation Had you been a kind father, it would have been your practice every day to have preached to these two young ones carefully your late wife's funeral-sermon 'Las, poor souls, are they turn'd so soon a-grazing?

W -CAM My lord, they are placed where they shall be respected as mine own

*Enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM and FRANKLIN junior*

L BEAU I make no question of't, good master Camlet —

See here your eldest son, George<sup>h</sup> Cressingham

SIR F CRES You have displeas'd and griev'd your mother-in-law,

And till you've made submission and procur'd Her pardon, I'll not know you for my son

G. CRES I've wrought her no offence, sir, the difference

<sup>g</sup> do] Old ed "does"

<sup>h</sup> George] Old ed "Franck"

Grew about certain jewels which my mother,  
 By your consent, lying upon her deathbed,  
 Bequeath'd to her three children these I de-  
 manded,

And being denied these, thought this sin of hers,  
 To violate so gentle a request  
 Of her predecessor, was an ill foregoing  
 Of a mother-in-law's harsh nature

SIR F CRES Sir, understand  
 My will mov'd in her denial you have jewels,  
 To pawn or sell them<sup>1</sup> sirrah, I will have you  
 As obedient to this woman as to myself,  
 Till then you're none of mine

W -CAM O master George,  
 Be rul'd, do any thing for a quiet life !  
 Your father's peace of life moves in it too  
 I have a wife, when she is in the sullens,  
 Like a cook's dog that you see turn a wheel,  
 She will be sure to go and hide herself  
 Out of the way dinner and supper, and in  
 These fits Bow-bell is a still organ to her  
 When we were married first, I well remember,  
 Her railing did appear but a vision,  
 Till certain scratches on my hand[s] and face  
 Assur'd me 'twas substantial She's a creature  
 Uses to waylay my faults, and more desires  
 To find them out than to have them amended  
 She has a book, which I may truly nominate  
 Her Black Book, for she remembers in it,  
 In short items, all my misdemeanours,  
 as, item, such a day I was got foxed<sup>2</sup> with foolish  
 metheglin, in the company of certain Welsh chapmen  
 item, such a day, being at the Artillery Garden,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *foaxed*] i e drunk

<sup>2</sup> *Artillery Garden*] "A field enclosed with a bricke wall,  
 without Bishopsgate." Stow's *Annales*, p 1084, ed 1631

one of my neighbours, in courtesy to salute me with his musket, set a-fire my fustian and apes breeches <sup>k</sup> such a day I lost fifty pound in huggemugger at dice, at the Quest-house <sup>l</sup> item, I lent money to a sea-captain on his bare *Confound him he would pay me again the next morning* and such like For which she rail'd upon me when I should sleep, And that's, you know, intolerable, for indeed 'Twill tame an elephant

G CRES 'Tis a shrewd vexation,  
But your discretion, sir, does bear it out  
With a month's sufferance

W -CAM Yes, and I would wish you  
To follow mine example

FRANK JUN Here's small comfort,  
George, from your father, here's a lord whom I  
Have long depended upon for employment, I'll  
see  
If my suit will thrive better — Please your lord-  
ship,  
You know I'm a younger brother, and my fate  
Throwing me upon the late ill-starr'd voyage

see, too, his account of "The practise in the Artillery Garden ruined [in 1610]," *ibid* p 995 At a later period, "the practise" was generally held in Moorfields vide Stow's *Survey*, b iii p 70, ed 1720

<sup>k</sup> *fustian and apes breeches*] May be right, though I cannot explain it but qy "Naples breeches"? In *The Rates of Marchandizes* (reign of James I) various sorts of "Naples Fustians" are mentioned.

<sup>l</sup> *the Quest-house*] Was generally the chief watch-house in a parish to it those were brought who were taken up by the common watchmen, and there, I believe, about Christmas, the aldermen and citizens of the ward used to hold a quest, to inquire concerning misdemeanours and annoyances Some parishes in London still have Quest-houses, St Giles, Cripplegate, for instance From the present passage it would seem that gambling was sometimes carried on there

To Guiana,<sup>1</sup> failing of our golden hopes,  
I and my ship address'd ourselves to seive  
The duke of Florence

L BEAU Yes, I understood so

FRANK JUN Who gave me both encouragement  
and means

To do him some small service 'gainst the Turk  
Being settled there, both in his pay and trust,  
Your lordship, minding to rig forth a ship  
To trade for the East Indies, sent for me,  
And what your promise was, if I would leave  
So great a fortune to become your servant,  
Your letters yet can witness

L BEAU Yes, what follows?

FRANK JUN That, for ought I perceive, your  
former purpose

Is quite forgotten I've stay'd here two months,  
And find your intended voyage but a dream,  
And the ship you talk of as imaginary  
As that th' astronomers point at in the clouds  
I've spent two thousand ducats since my arrival,  
Men that have command, my lord, at sea, cannot  
live

Ashore without money

L BEAU Know, sir, a late purchase,  
Which cost me a great sum, has diverted me  
From my former purpose, besides, suits in law  
Do every term so trouble me by land,  
I've forgot going by water If you please  
To rank yourself among my followers,  
You shall be welcome, and I'll make your means  
Better than any gentleman's I keep

<sup>1</sup> *voyage to Guiana]* i e , I presume, the first voyage, under Raleigh, in 1595 there were three voyages to Guiana, see Southey's excellent *Lives of Brit Admirals*, vol iv pp 257, 317, 324

FRANK JUN Some twenty mark<sup>m</sup> a-year<sup>1</sup> will  
that maintain  
Scarlet and gold lace, play at th' ordinary,<sup>n</sup>  
And bevers<sup>o</sup> at the tavern<sup>o</sup>

L BEAU I had thought  
To prefer you to have been captain of a ship  
That's bound for the Red Sea

FRANK JUN What hinders it?

L BEAU Why, certainly, the merchants are pos-  
sess'd<sup>p</sup>  
You've been a pirate

FRANK JUN Say I were one still,  
If I were past the Line once, why, methinks,  
I should do them better service

*Enter KNAVESBY*

L BEAU Pray, forbear,  
Here is a gentleman whose business must  
Engross me wholly

G CRES What's he? dost thou know him?

FRANK JUN A pox upon him! a very knave and  
rascal,  
That goes a-hunting with the penal statutes,  
And good for nought but to persuade their lords  
To rack their rents and give o'er housekeeping  
Such caterpillars may hang at their lords' ears  
When better men are neglected

G CRES What's his name?

FRANK JUN Knavesby

G CRES Knavesby!

FRANK JUN One that deals in a tenth share

<sup>m</sup> *mark*] See note, p 10

<sup>n</sup> *play at the ordinary*] See note, vol 1 p 434

<sup>o</sup> *bevers*] i.e. potations—(the word generally means—refreshments between meals)

<sup>p</sup> *possess'd*] i.e. informed or, perhaps, convinced see  
note, vol 1 p 420

About projections he and his partners, when  
 They've got a suit once past the seal, will so  
 Wrangle about partition, and sometimes  
 They fall to th' ears about it, like your fencers,  
 That cudgel one another by patent you shall see  
 him

So terribly bedash'd in a Michaelmas term,  
 Coming from Westminster, that you would swear  
 He were lighted from a horse-race Hang him,  
 hang him!

He's a scurvy informer, has moe cozenage  
 In him than is in five travelling lotteries  
 To feed a kite with the carrion of this knave  
 When he's dead, and reclaim<sup>o</sup> her, O she would prove  
 An excellent hawk for talon<sup>1</sup> has a fair creature  
 To his wife too, and a witty rogue it is,  
 And some men think this knave will wink at small  
 faults

But, honest George, what shall become of us now?  
 G CRES Faith, I'm resolvèd to set up my rest  
 For<sup>p</sup> the Low Countries

FRANK JUN To serve there?

G CRES Yes, certain

FRANK JUN There's thin commons,  
 Besides, they've added one day more to the week  
 Than was in the creation art thou valiant,  
 Art thou valiant, George?

G CRES I may be, and<sup>q</sup> I be put to't

FRANK JUN O, never fear that,  
 Thou canst not live two hours after thy landing  
 Without a quarrel thou must resolve to fight,

<sup>o</sup> reclaim] i e tame

<sup>p</sup> set up my rest for] i e stand upon, take my chance with  
 a metaphor from the game of primero see the long article in  
 Nares's *Gloss (Rest, to set up)*

<sup>q</sup> and] i e if

Or, like a sumner,<sup>r</sup> thou'l be bastinado'd  
 At every town's end You shall have gallants there  
 As ragged as the fall o' the leaf, that live  
 In Holland, where the finest linen's made,  
 And yet wear ne'er a shirt these will not only  
 Quarrel with a new-comer when they're drunk,  
 But they will quarrel with any man has means  
 To be drunk afore them Follow my council,  
 George,

Thou shalt not go o'er , we'll live here i' the city  
 G CRES But how ?

FRANK JUN How ! why, as other gallants do,  
 That feed high and play copiously, yet brag  
 They've but nine pound a-year to live on these  
 Have wit to turn rich fools and gulls into quarter  
 days,

That bring them in certain payment I've a project  
 Reflects upon yon mercer, master Camlet,  
 Shall put us into money

G CRES What is't ?

FRANK JUN Nay,  
 I will not stale<sup>s</sup> 't beforehand, 'tis a new one  
 Nor cheating amongst gallants may seem strange ,  
 Why, a reaching wit goes current on th' Exchange

[*Exeunt G CRESSINGHAM and FRANKLIN junior*

KNA O, my lord, I remember you and I were  
 students together at Cambridge , but, believe me,  
 you went far beyond me

L BEAU When I studied there, I had so fantastical a brain, that like a felfare<sup>t</sup> frighted in winter  
 by a birding-piece, I could settle no where , here  
 and there a little of every several art, and away

KNA Now, my wit, though it were more dull,  
 yet I went slowly on , and as divers others, when I

<sup>r</sup> *sumner*] i e apparitor

<sup>s</sup> *stale*] See note, p 213

<sup>t</sup> *felfare*] A corruption of *fieldfare*

could not prove an excellent scholar, by a plodding patience I attamed to be a petty lawyer, and I thank my dulness for't you may stamp in lead any figure, but in oil or quicksilver nothing can be imprinted, for they keep no certain station

L BEAU O, you tax me well of irresolution but say, worthy friend, how thrives my weighty suit which I have trusted to your friendly bosom? is there any hope to make me happy?

KNA 'Tis yet questionable, for I have not broke the ice to hei' an hour hence come to my house, and if it lie in man, be sure, as the law-phrase says, I will create you lord-paramount of your wishes

L BEAU O my best friend! and one that takes the hardest course i' the world to make himself so  
[Exit KNAVESBY]—Sir, now I'll take my leave

SIR F CRES Nay, good my lord, my wife is coming down

L BEAU Pray, pardon me, I have business so importunes me o' the sudden, I cannot stay deliver mine excuse, and in your ear this,—let not a fair woman make you forget your children [Exit

*Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM and SAUNDER*

L CRES What, are you taking leave too?

W -CAM Yes, good madam

L CRES The rich stuff[s] which my husband bought of you, the works of them are too common; I have got a Dutch painter to draw patterns, which I'll have sent to your factors, as in Italy, at Florence, and Ragusa, where these stuffs are woven, to have pieces made for mine own wearing, of a new invention

W -CAM You may, lady, but 'twill be somewhat chargeable

L CRES Chargeable! what of that? if I live

another year, I'll have my agents shall lie for me at Paris, and at Venice, and at Valladolid in Spain, for intelligence of all new fashions

SIR F CRES Do, sweetest, thou deservest to be exquisite in all things

W -CAM The two children, to which you are mother-in-law, would be repaired too, 'tis time they had new clothing

L CRES I pray, sir, do not trouble me with them, they have a father indulgent and careful of them

SIR F CRES I am sorry you made the motion to her

W -CAM I have done —  
He has run himself into a pretty dotage! — [*Aside*  
Madam, with your leave —  
He's tied to a new law and a new wife,  
Yet, to my old proverb, Any thing for a quiet life  
[*Aside, and exit*

L CRES Good friend, I have a suit to you

SIR F CRES Dearest self, you most powerfully sway me

L CRES That you would give o'er this fruitless, if I may not say this idle, study of alchemy, why, half your house looks like a glass-house

SAUN And the smoke you make is a worse enemy to good housekeeping than tobacco

L CRES Should one of your glasses break, it might bring you to a dead palsy.

SAUN My lord, your quicksilver has made all your more solid gold and silver fly in fume

SIR F CRES I'll be ruled by you in any thing

L CRES Go, Saunder, break all the glasses

SAUN I fly to't

L CRES Why, noble friend, would you find the true philosopher's stone indeed, my good house-

wifery should do it you understand I was bred up with a great courtly lady, do not think all women mind gay clothes and riot, there are some widows living have improved both their own fortunes and their children's would you take my counsel, I'd advise you to sell your land

SIR F CRES My land!

L CRES Yes, and the manor-house upon't, 'tis rotten O the new-fashioned buildings brought from the Hague! 'tis stately I have intelligence of a purchase, and the title sound, will for half the money you may sell yours for, bring you in more rent than yours now yields you

SIR F CRES If it be so good a pennyworth, I need not sell my land to purchase it, I'll procure money to do it

L CRES Where, sir?

SIR F CRES Why, I'll take it up at interest

L CRES Never did any man thrive that purchased with use-money

SIR F CRES How come you to know these thrifty principles?

L CRES How? why, my father was a lawyer, and died in the commission, and may not I, by a natural instinct, have a reaching that way? there are, on mine own knowledge, some divines' daughters infinitely affected with reading controversies, and that, some think, has been a means to bring so many suits into the spiritual court Pray, be advised, sell your land, and purchase more I knew a pedlar, by being merchant this way, is become lord of many manors we should look to lengthen our estates, as we do our lives,

*Re-enter SAUNDER*

And though I'm young, yet I am confident

You able constitution of body,  
 When you are past fourscore, shall keep you flesh  
 Till I arrive at the neglected year  
 That I'm past child-bearing, and yet even there<sup>u</sup>  
 Quicken our faint heats in a soft embrace,  
 And kindling divine flames in fervent prayers,  
 We may both go out together, and one tomb  
 Quit our executors the rites of two

SIR F CRES O, you're so wise and so good in  
 every thing,  
 I move by your direction

SAUN She has caught him

[*Aside*  
*Exeunt*

## ACT II SCENE I

*A room in KNAVESBY's house*

*Enter KNAVESBY and MISTRESS KNAVESBY.*

KNA Have you drunk<sup>v</sup> the eggs and muscadine  
 I sent you?

MIS KNA. No, they are too fulsome

KNA Away! you're a fool!—How shall I begin  
 to break the matter to her? [*Aside*]—I do long,  
 wife

MIS KNA Long, sū?

KNA Long infinitely sit down, there is a peni-  
 tential motion in me, which if thou wilt but second,  
 I shall be one of the happiest men in Europe

MIS KNA What might that be?

<sup>u</sup> *even there*] Old ed “ever there” Qy “even then”

<sup>v</sup> *Have you drunk, &c*] After arranging the whole of this  
 scene as blank verse, I found it so intolerably rugged and  
 halting, that, with the exception of a few speeches, I have  
 thrown it again into prose

KNA I had last night one of the strangest dreams,  
 Methought I was thy confessor, thou mine,  
 And we reveal'd between us privately  
 How often we had wrong'd each other's bed  
 Since we were married

MIS KNA Came you drunk to bed ?  
 There was a dream, with a witness !

KNA No, no witness ,  
 I dreamt nobody heard it but we two  
 This dream, wife, do I long to put in act ,  
 Let us confess each other , and I vow ,  
 Whatever thou hast done with that sweet corpse  
 In the way of natural frailty, I protest ,  
 Most freely I will pardon

MIS KNA Go sleep again  
 Was there e'er such a motion ?

KNA Nay, sweet woman ,  
 And<sup>w</sup> thou'l not have me run mad with my desire ,  
 Be persuaded to't

MIS KNA Well, be it [at] your pleasure

KNA But to answer truly

MIS KNA O, most sincerely

KNA Begin then , examine me first

MIS KNA Why, I know not what to ask you

KNA Let me see your father was a captain ,  
 demand of me how many dead pays<sup>x</sup> I am to answer  
 for in the muster-book of wedlock, by the martial  
 fault of borrowing from my neighbours

MIS KNA Troth, I can ask no such foolish  
 questions

KNA Why, then, open confession, I hope, dear  
 wife, will merit fierer pardon I sinned twice with  
 my laundress , and last circuit there was at Banbury

<sup>w</sup> And] i.e if

<sup>x</sup> dead pays] i.e pay continuued to soldiers who were dead ,  
 taken by dishonest officers for themselves

a she-chamberlain that had a spice of purity, but at last I prevailed over her

MIS KNA O, you are an unglacious husband!

KNA I have made a vow never to ride abroad but in thy company O, a little drink makes me clamber like a monkey! Now, sweet wife, you have been an out-lier too, which is best feed, in the forest or in the purlieus?

MIS KNA A foolish mind of you i' this

KNA Nay, sweet love, confess freely, I have given you the example

MIS KNA Why, you know I went last year to Stowbridge fair

KNA Yes

MIS KNA And being in Cambridge, a handsome scholar, one of Emmanuel College, fell in love w th me

KNA O you sweet-breathed monkey!

MIS KNA Go hang, you are so boisterous

KNA But did this scholar shew thee his chamber?

MIS KNA Yes

KNA And didst thou like him?

MIS KNA Like him? O, he had the most enticingest straw-coloured beard, a woman with black eyes would have loved him like jet he was the finest man, with a formal wit, and he had a fine dog, that sure was whelped i' the college, for he understood Latin

KNA Pooh waw! this is nothing, till I know what he did in's chamber

MIS KNA He burnt wormwood in't, to kill the fleas i' the rushes \*

KNA But what did he to thee there?

MIS KNA Some five-and-twenty years hence I

\* *rushes*] With which the floor was strewed

may chance tell you fie upon you, what tricks,  
what crotchets are these? have you placed any body  
behind the arras to hear my confession? I heard  
one in England got a divorce from 's wife by such a  
trick were I disposed now, I would make you as  
mad you shall see me play the changeling<sup>y</sup>

KNA No, no, wife, you shall see me play the  
changeling hadst thou confessed, this other suit  
I'll now prefer to thee would have been despatched  
in a trice

MIS KNA And what's that, sir?

KNA Thou wilt wonder at it four-and-twenty  
years longer than nine days

MIS KNA I would very fain hear it

KNA There is a lord o' the court, upon my  
credit, a most dear, honourable friend of mine, that  
must lie with thee do you laugh? 'tis not come to  
that, you'll laugh when you know who 'tis

MIS KNA Are you stark mad?

KNA On my religion, I have past my word for't,  
'Tis the Lord Beaufoit, thou'rt made happy for  
ever,

The generous and bountiful Lord Beaufort  
You being both so excellent, 'twere pity  
If such rare pieces should not be conferr'd  
And sampled together

MIS KNA Do you mean seriously?

KNA As I hope for preferment

MIS KNA And can you lose me thus?

KNA Lose you? I shall love you the better  
why, what's the viewing any wardrobe or jewel-  
house, without a companion to confer their likings?  
yet, now I view thee well, methinks thou art a rare  
monopoly, and great pity one man should enjoy  
thee

<sup>y</sup> *changeling*] i e fool.

MIS KNA This is pretty!

KNA Let's divorce ourselves so long, or think I am gone to th' Indies, or lie with him when I am asleep, for some Familiſts<sup>z</sup> of Amsterdam will tell you [it] may be done with a safe conscience come, you wanton, what hurt can this do to you? I protest, nothing so much as to keep company with an old woman has sore eyes, no more wrong than I do my beaver when I ty it thus, look, this is all, smooth, and keeps fashion still

MIS KNA You're one of the basest fellows!

KNA I look'd for chiding,  
I do make this a kind of fortitude  
The Romans never dreamt of, and<sup>a</sup> 'twere known,  
I should be spoke and writ of when I'm rotten,  
For 'tis beyond example

MIS KNA But, I pray, resolve<sup>b</sup> me,  
Suppose this done, could you e'er love me after?

KNA I protest I never thought so well of thee  
Till I knew he took a fancy to thee, like one  
That has variety of choice meat before him,  
Yet has no stomach to't until he hear  
Another praise [it] hark, my lord is coming!

[Knocking within]

MIS KNA Possible?

KNA And my preferment comes along with him -  
be wise, mind your good, and to confute all reason  
in the world which thou canst urge against it, when  
'tis done, we will be married again, wife, which  
some say is the only *supersedeas* about Limehouse  
to remove cuckoldry

*Enter LORD BEAUFORT*

L BEAU Come, are you ready to attend me to  
the court?

<sup>z</sup> *Familiſt;*] See note, vol 1 p 104

<sup>a</sup> *and*] i.e if <sup>b</sup> *resolve*] i.e inform, satisfy

KNA Yes, my lord

L BEAU Is this fair one your wife?

KNA At your lordship's service I will look up  
some writings, and return presently [Exit

Mrs KNA To see and<sup>c</sup> the base fellow do not  
leave's alone too! [Aside

L BEAU 'Tis an excellent habit this where  
were you born, sweet?

Mrs KNA I am a Suffolk woman, my lord

L BEAU Believe it, every country you breathe on  
is the sweeter for you let me see your hand the  
case is loath to part with the jewel [drawing off her  
glove] fairest one, I have skill in palmistry

Mrs KNA Good my lord, what do you find  
there?

L BEAU In good earnest, I do find written here,  
all my good fortune lies in your hand

Mrs KNA You'll keep a very bad house then,  
you may see by the smallness of the table<sup>d</sup>

L BEAU Who is your sweetheait?

Mrs KNA Sweetheart?

L BEAU Yes, come, I must sift you to know it

Mrs KNA I am a sieve too coarse for your lord-  
ship's manchet<sup>e</sup>

L BEAU Nay, pray you, tell me, for I see your  
husband is an unhandsome fellow

Mrs KNA O, my lord, I took him by weight, not  
fashion, goldsmiths' wives taught me that way of  
bargain, and some ladies swerve not to follow the  
example

L BEAU But will you not tell me who is your  
private friend?

Mrs KNA Yes, and<sup>c</sup> you'll tell me who is yours

<sup>c</sup> and] i.e if

<sup>d</sup> table] i.e palm of the hand

<sup>e</sup> manchet] See note, p 405

L BEAU Shall I shew you her?

MIS KNA Yes, when will you?

L BEAU Instantly look you, there you may see her [Leading her to a mirror]

MIS KNA I'll break the glass, 'tis now worth nothing

L BEAU Why?

MIS KNA You have made it a flattering one

L BEAU I have a summer-house for you, a fine place to flatter solitariness, will you come and lie there?

MIS KNA No, my lord

L BEAU Your husband has promised me, will you not?

MIS KNA I must wink, I tell you, or say nothing

L BEAU So, I'll kiss you and wink too [kisses her], midnight is Cupid's holyday

*Re-enter KNAVESBY*

KNA By this time 'tis concluded —Will you go, my lord?

L BEAU I leave with you my best wishes till I see you

KNA This now, if I may borrow our lawyer's phrase, is my wife's *imparlance*, at her next appearance she must answer your *declaration*

L BEAU You follow it well, sir.

[*Exeunt LORD BEAUFORT and KNAVESBY*

MIS KNA Did I not know my husband of so base,

Contemptible [a] nature, I should think  
'Twere but a trick to try me, but it seems  
They're both in wicked earnest, and methinks  
Upon the sudden, I've a great mind to loathe  
This scurvy, unhandsome way my lord has ta'en

To compass me, why, 'tis for all the world  
 As if he should come to steal some apricocks  
 My husband kept for's own tooth, and climb up  
 Upon his head and shoulders I'll go to him,  
 He'll put me into brav<sup>b</sup>e clothes and rich jewels,  
 'Tweie a very ill part in me not to go,  
 His mercer and his goldsmith else might curse me,  
 Ard what I'll do there, a' my troth, yet I know not  
 Women, though puzzled with these subtle deeds,  
 May, as i' the spring, pick physic out of weeds

[Exit]

## SCENE II

WATER-CAMLET'S *shop*<sup>b</sup>WATER-CAMLET, GEORGE, and RALPH *discovered*

GEO What is't you lack,<sup>1</sup> you lack, you lack ?  
 Stuffs for the belly or the back ?  
 Silk-grograns, satins, velvet fine,  
 The rosy-colour'd carnadine,<sup>j</sup>  
 Your nutmeg hue, or gingerline,  
 Cloth-of-tissue or tabine,<sup>k</sup>  
 That like beaten gold will shine  
 In your amorous ladies' eyne,<sup>l</sup>  
 Whilst you their softer silks do twine ?  
 What is't you lack, you lack, you lack ?

<sup>b</sup> brav<sup>e</sup>] i e fine<sup>b</sup> shop] See note, vol iii p 54<sup>1</sup> What is't you lack] See note, vol 1 p 447<sup>j</sup> carnadine] Or carnardine—"Is," says Steevens, who quotes the present passage, "the old term for carnation" Note on Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, act ii sc 2<sup>k</sup> tabine] A sort of wrought silk see in v *The Rates of Marchandizes, &c* in the reign of James I Old ed "Tobine"<sup>l</sup> eyne] i e eyes

*Enter Mistress Water-Camlet*

MIS W CAM I do lack content, sir, content I  
lack, have you or your worshipful master here any  
content to sell?

GEO If content be a stuff to be sold by the yard,  
you may have content at home, and never go abroad  
for't

MIS W -CAM Do, cut me three yards, I'll pay  
for 'em

GEO There's all we have i' the shop, we must  
know what you'll give for 'em first

W -CAM Why, Rachel, sweet Rachel, my bosom  
Rachel,  
How didst thou get forth? thou wert here, sweet  
Rac,

Within this hour, even in my very heart

MIS W -CAM Away! or stay still, I'll away from  
thee,

One bed shall never hold us both again,  
Nor one roof cover us didst thou bring home —

GEO What is't you lack, you lack, you lack?

MIS W -CAM Peace, bandog, bandog! give me  
leave to speak,  
Or I'll —

GEO Shall I not follow my trade? I'm bound  
to't, and my master bound to bring me up in't

W -CAM Peace, good George, give her anger  
leave,

Thy mistress will be quiet presently

MIS W -CAM Quiet! I defy thee and quiet too,  
Quiet thy bastards thou hast brought home

GEO and RAL What is't you lack, you lack? &c

MIS W -CAM Death, give me an ell!<sup>m</sup> has one  
bawling cur

<sup>m</sup> an ell] i e an ell wand compare vol iii p 166

Raised up another? two dogs upon me?  
 And<sup>m</sup> the old bear-ward will not succour me,  
 I'll stave 'em off myself give me an ell, I say!  
 GEO Give her not an inch, master, she'll take  
 two ells if you do

W-CAM Peace, George and Ralph, no more  
 words, I charge you —  
 And Rachel, sweet wife, be more temperate  
 I know your tongue speaks not by the rule  
 And guidance of your heart, when you proclaim  
 The pretty children of my virtuous  
 And noble kinswoman, whom in life you knew  
 Above my praises' reach, to be my bastards  
 This is not well, although your anger did it,  
 Pray, chide your anger for it

MIS W-CAM Sir, sir, your gloss  
 Of kinswoman cannot serve turn, 'tis stale,  
 And smells too rank though your shop-wares you  
 vent<sup>n</sup>

With your deceiving lights,<sup>o</sup> yet your chamber stuff  
 Shall not pass so with me, I say, and I'll prove —

GEO What is't you lack?

*Enter MARIA and EDWARD*

W-CAM Why, George, I say —

MIS W-CAM Lecher, I say, I'll be divorc'd from  
 thee,  
 I'll prove 'em thy bastards, and thou insufficient

[*Exit*]  
 MAR What said my angry cousin<sup>p</sup> to you, sir?  
 That we were bastards?

EDW I hope she meant not us

W-CAM No, no,

<sup>m</sup> *And*] i.e. if

<sup>n</sup> *vent*] i.e. vend

<sup>o</sup> *deceiving lights*] See note, vol. i p. 482

<sup>p</sup> *cousin*] See notes, vol. i p. 499, vol. iii p. 60

My pretty cousins, she meant George and Ralph,  
Rage will speak any thing, but they're ne'er the  
worse

GNO Yes indeed, forsooth, she spoke to us, but  
chiefly to Ralph, because she knows he has but one  
stone

RAL No more of that, if you love me, George,  
this is not the way to keep a quiet house

MAR Truly, sir, I would not, for more treasure  
Than ever I saw yet, be in your house  
A cause of discord

EDW And do you think I would, sister?

MAR No indeed, Ned

*Enter FRANKLIN junior and GEORGE CRESSINGHAM,  
disguised*

EDW Why did you not speak for me with you  
then, and said we could not have done so?

W-CAM No more, sweet cousins, now — Speak,  
George, customers approach

G CRES Is the barber prepared?

FRANK JUN With ignorance enough to go through  
with it, so near I am to him, we must call cousins,  
would thou wert as sue to hit the tailor!

G CRES If I do not steal away handsomely, let  
me never play the tailor again

GEO What is't you lack? &c

FRANK JUN Good satins, sir

GEO The best in Europe, sir, here's a piece  
worth a piece every yard of him, the king of Naples  
wears no better silk, mark his gloss, he dazzles  
the eye to look upon him

FRANK JUN Is he not gummed?<sup>q</sup>

<sup>q</sup> *gummed*] "Velvet and taffeta," says Nares, "were sometimes stiffened with gum, to make them sit better" *Gloss* (in

GEO Gumm'd he has neither mouth nor tooth,  
how can he be gummed?

FRANK JUN Very pretty

W-CAM An especial good piece of silk, the  
worm never spun a finer thiead, believe it, sir

FRANK JUN Gascoyn, you have some skill in it

W-CAM Your tailor, sir?

FRANK JUN Yes, sir

G CRES A good piece, sir, but let's see more  
choice

RAL Tailor, drive thorough, you know your  
bribes

G CRES Mum he bestows forty pounds, if I  
say the word

RAL Strike through, there's poundage for you  
then

FRANK JUN. Ay, marry, I like this better —  
What sayst thou, Gascoyn?

G CRES A good piece indeed, sir

GEO The great Turk has worse satin at's elbow  
than this, sir

FRANK JUN The price?

W-CAM Look on the mark, George

GEO O, Souse and P, by my facks, sir

W-CAM The best sort then, sixteen a yard  
nothing to be bated

*Gumm'd velvet*)—Brathwait gives another reason for the use  
of gum,

" If a penurious Master have a mind  
To Satten-face his doublet, &c

Yet I confesse this Remnant that he bought  
Such a commoditie 'twas good for nougnt,  
*Being gumm'd throughout to make it nealy shine,*  
Which gave content unto this spruce Divine"

*Honest Ghost*, 1658, p 189

FRANK JUN Fie, sir, fifteen's too high, yet so —  
How<sup>p</sup> many yards will serve for my suit, sirrah ?

G CRES Nine yards, you can have no less, sir Andrew

FRANK JUN But I can, sir, if you please to steal less, I had but eight in my last suit

G CRES You pinch us too near, in faith, sir Andrew

FRANK JUN Yet can you pinch out a false pair of sleeves to a fizezado doublet

GEO No, sir, some purses and pin pillows perhaps a tailor pays for his kissing that ways

FRANK JUN Well, sir, eight yards, eight fifteens I give, and cut it

W -CAM I cannot, truly, sir

GEO My master must be no subsidy-man, sir, if he take such fifteens

FRANK JUN I am at highest, sir, if you can take money

W -CAM Well, sir, I'll give you the buying once, I hope to gain it in your custom want you nothing else, sir?

FRANK JUN Not at this time, sir

G CRES Indeed but you do, sir Andrew, I must needs deliver my lady's message to you, she enjoined me by oath to do it, she commanded me to move you for a new gown

FRANK JUN Sirrah, I'll break your head, if you motion it again

G CRES I must endanger myself for my lady, sir you know she's to go to my lady Trenchmore's wedding, and to be seen there without a new gown ! she'll have ne'er an eye to be seen there, for her fingers in 'em nay, by my fack, sir, I do not think

<sup>p</sup> How] Old ed "for hou "

she'll go , and then, the cause known, what a discredit 'twill be to you !

FRANK JUN Not a word more, goodman snip-snapper, for your ears —What comes this to, sir ?

W -CAM Six pound, sir

FRANK JUN There's your money [ *Gives money* ] —Will you take this, and be gone and about your business presently ?

G CRES Troth, sir, I'll see some stuffs for my lady first , I'll tell her, at least, I did my good will —A fair piece of cloth-of-silver, pray you, now

GEO Or cloth-of-gold, if you please, sir, as rich as ever the Sophy wore

FRANK JUN You are the arrantest villain of a tailor that ever sat cross-legged , what do you think a gown of this stuff will come to ?

G. CRES Why, say it be forty pound, sir, what's that to you ? three thousand a-year I hope will maintain it

FRANK JUN It will, sir , very good, you were best be my overseer say I be not furnished with money, how then ?

G CRES A very fine excuse in you ' which place of ten now will you send me for a hundred pound, to bring it presently ?

W -CAM Sir, sir, your tailor persuades you well , 'tis for your credit and the great content of your lady

FRANK JUN 'Tis for your content, sir, and my charges —Never think, goodman false-stitch, to come to the mercer's with me again pray, will you see if my cousin Sweetball the barber—he's nearest hand—be furnished, and bring me word instantly.

G CRES I fly, sir [ *Exit.* ]

FRANK JUN You may fly, sir, you have clipt somebody's wings for it, to piece out your own , an arrant thief you are !

W -CAM Indeed he speaks honestly and justly, sir

FRANK JUN You expect some gain, sir, there's  
your cause of love

W -CAM Surely I do a little, sir

FRANK JUN And what might be the price of this?

W -CAM This is thirty a yard, but if you'll go  
to forty, here's a nonpareil

FRANK JUN So, there's a matter of forty pound  
for a gown-cloth?

W -CAM Thereabouts, sir why, sir, there are  
far short of your means that wear the like

FRANK JUN Do you know my means, sir?

GEO By overhearing your tailor, sir,—three  
thousand a-year, but if you'd have a petticoat for  
your lady, here's a stuff

FRANK JUN Are you another tailor, sirrah?  
here's a knave! what are you?

GEO You are such another gentleman! but for  
the stuff, sir, 'tis *L SS* and *K*, for the turn stript<sup>p</sup>  
a' purpose, a yard and a quarter broad too, which  
is the just depth of a woman's petticoat

FRANK JUN And why stript for a petticoat?

GEO Because if they abuse their petticoats, there  
are abuses stript, then 'tis taking them up, and  
they may be stript and whipt too<sup>q</sup>

FRANK JUN Very ingenious!

GEO Then it is likewise stript standing, between  
which is discovered the open part, which is now  
called the placket<sup>r</sup>

FRANK JUN Why, was it ever called otherwise?

<sup>p</sup> stript] i.e striped why I have not altered the old  
spelling will appear from what follows

<sup>q</sup> stript and whipt too] An allusion, perhaps, to the cele-  
brated poetical work of Wither, entitled *Abuses Stript and*  
*Whipt*

<sup>r</sup> the open part, which is now called the placket] Another pas-  
sage which disproves the assertion of Nares see notes, vol ii  
p 497, vol iii p 241

GEO Yes, while the word remained pure in his original, the Latin tongue, who have no K's, it was called the *placet*, *a placendo*, a thing or place to please

*Re-enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM*

FRANK JUN. Better and worse still — Now, sir, you come in hastie, what says my cousin?

G CRES Protest, sir, he's half angry, that either you should think him unfurnished, or not furnished for your use, there's a hundred pound ready for you he desires you to pardon his coming, his folks are busy, and his wife trimming a gentleman, but at your first approach the money wants but telling

FRANK JUN He would not trust you with it—I con him thanks<sup>s</sup>—for that he knows what trade you are of—Well, sir, pray, cut him patterns, he may in the meantime know my lady's liking let your man take the pieces whole, with the lowest prices, and walk with me to my cousin's

W -CAM With all my heart, sir — Ralph, your cloak, and go with the gentleman look you give good measure

G. CRES Look you carry a good yard with you  
RAL The best i' the shop, sir, yet we have none bad — You'll have the stuff for the petticoat too?

FRANK. JUN No, sir, the gown only

G CRES By all means, sir not the petticoat? that were holy-day upon working-day, i'faith

FRANK. JUN You are so forward for a knave,<sup>t</sup> sir!

<sup>s</sup> *con him thanks*] i. e. feel thankful to him see Richardson's *Dict in v Con* — Tyrwhitt thinks the expression equivalent to the French *sgavoir gre* *Gloss* to Chaucer's *Cant Tales*

<sup>t</sup> *so forward for a knave*] i. e so forward a knave compare vol ii p 421, and note

G CRES 'Tis for your credit and my lady's both  
I do it, sir

FRANK JUN Your man is trusty, sir?

W -CAM O sir, we keep none but those we dare  
trust, sir —Ralph, have a care of light gold

RAL I warrant you, sir, I'll take none

FRANK JUN Come, sirrah —Fare you well, sir

W -CAM Pray, know my shop another time, sir

FRANK JUN That I shall, sir, from all the shops  
i' the town, 'tis the Lamb in Lombard Street

[*Exeunt FRANKLIN jun., G CRESSINGHAM, and*

*RALPH carrying the stuffs and a yard-meas-*  
*sure*

GEO A good morning's work, sir, if this custom  
would but last long, you might shut up your shop  
and live privately

W -CAM O George, but here's a grief that takes  
away all the gains and joy of all my thrift

GEO What's that, sir?

W -CAM Thy mistress, George, her frowardness  
sours all my comfort

GEO Alas, sir, they are but squibs and crackers,  
they'll soon die, you know her flashes of old

W -CAM But they fly so near me, that they burn  
me, George,

They are as ill as muskets charg'd with bullets

GEO She has discharged herself now, sir, you  
need not fear her

W -CAM No man can love without his affliction,  
George

GEO As you cannot without my mistress

W -CAM Right, right,<sup>t</sup> there's harmony in dis-  
cords this lamp of love, while any oil is left, can  
never be extinct, it may, like a snuff, wink and

<sup>t</sup> *Right, right, &c.]* A speech originally, perhaps, blank  
verse see note, p 421

seem to die, but up he will again and shew his head  
I cannot be quiet, George, without my wife at home

GEO And when she's at home you're never  
quiet, I'm sure, a fine life you have on't! Well,  
sir, I'll do my best to find her, and bring her back,  
if I can

W-CAM Do, honest George, at Knavesby's  
house, that varlet's—

There is her haunt and harbour—who enforces  
A kinsman on her, and [she] calls him cousin  
Restore her, George, to ease this heart that's vexed,  
The best new suit that e'er thou wor'st is next

GEO I thank you beforehand, sir      [*Exeunt*

### SCENE III

*A room in SWEETBALL'S house*

Enter FRANKLIN jun and GEORGE CRESSINGHAM dis-  
guised as before, RALPH carrying the stuffs and a  
yard-measure, SWEETBALL, and Boy.

SWEET Were it of greater moment than you  
speak of, noble sir, I hope you think me sufficient,  
and it shall be effectually performed

FRANK JUN I could wish your wife did not know  
it, coz, women's tongues are not always tuneable,  
I may many ways require it.

SWEET Believe me, she shall not, sir, which will  
be the hardest thing of all

FRANK JUN Pray you, despatch him then

SWEET With the celerity a man tells gold to him

FRANK JUN He hits a good comparison [*Aside.*]  
—Give my waste-good your stuffs, and go with my  
cousin, sir, he'll presently despatch you

RAL Yes, sir [*Gives stuffs to G. CRESSINGHAM.*

SWEET Come with me, youth, I am ready for  
you in my more private chamber

[*Exeunt SWEETBALL and RALPH*

FRANK JUN Sirrah, go you shew your lady the  
stuffs, and let her choose her colour, away, you  
know whither —Boy, prithee, lend me a brush i'  
the meantime —Do you tarry all day now?

G CRES That I will, sir, and all night too, ere I  
come again [*Exit with the stuffs*

BOY Here's a brush, sir [*Gives brush*

FRANK JUN A good child

SWEET [within] What, Toby!

BOY Anon, sir

SWEET [within] Why, when,<sup>t</sup> goodman picklock?

BOY I must attend my master, sir —I come

FRANK JUN Do, pretty lad [*Exit Boy*]—So,  
take water at Cole-Harbour <sup>u</sup>

An easy mercer, and an innocent<sup>v</sup> barber!

[*Exit with the brush*

#### SCENE IV

*Another room in SWEETBALL'S house*

*Enter SWEETBALL, RALPH, and Boy.*

SWEET So, friend, I'll now despatch you pre-  
sently —Boy, reach me my dismembering instru-  
ment, and let my cauterizer<sup>w</sup> be ready, and, hark  
you, snap-snap —

Boy. Ay, sir

SWEET See if my *luxinum*,<sup>x</sup> my fomentation, be

<sup>t</sup> *Why, when*] A frequent expression of impatience see  
notes, vol i pp 289, 362

<sup>u</sup> *Cole-Harbour*] See note, vol ii p 58

<sup>v</sup> *innocent*] i.e foolish, silly

<sup>w</sup> *cauterizer*] So old ed afterwards (p 454) here "cau-  
terize"

<sup>x</sup> *luxinum*] Occurs twice afterwards, and (p 466) Ralph  
plays on the word but qy "*luxinum*"?

provided first, and get my rollers, bolsters,<sup>v</sup> and pledges armed

[Exit Boy

RAL Nay, good sir, despatch my business first,  
I should not stay from my shop

SWEET You must have a little patience, sir, when  
you are a patient if *præputrum* be not too much  
perished, you shall lose but little by it, believe my  
art for that

RAL What's that, sir?

SWEET Marry, if there be exulceration between  
*præputrum* and *glans*, by my faith, the whole *penis*  
may be endangered as far as *os pubis*

RAL What's this you talk on, sir?

SWEET If they be gangrened once, *testiculi, vesica*,  
and all may run to mortification

RAL What a pox does this barber talk on?

SWEET O fie, youth! *pox* is no word of art,  
*morbus Gallicus*, or *Neapolitanus*, had been well  
come, friend, you must not be nice, open your  
griefs freely to me

RAL Why, sir, I open my grief to you, I want  
my monev

SWEET Take you no care for that, your worthy  
cousin has given me part in hand, and the rest I  
know he will upon your recovery, and I dare take  
his word

RAL 'Sdeath, where's my ware?

SWEET Ware! that was well, the word is cleanly,  
though not artful; your ware it is that I must see.

RAL My tabine<sup>w</sup> and cloth-of-tissue!

SWEET You will neither have tissue nor issue, if  
you linger in your malady, better a member cut  
off than endanger the whole microcosm.

<sup>v</sup> *bolsters*] In Vigen's *Workes of Chirurgerie*, 1571, various  
kinds of *bolsters* are described, that "must be applyed in hol-  
lowe vlcers," &c fol cxiii

<sup>w</sup> *tabine*] See note, p 440 Old ed "Tobine"

RAL Barber, you are not mad ?

SWEET I do begin to fear you are subject to  
*subeth*,<sup>x</sup> unkindly sleeps, which have bred oppilations  
 in your brain , take heed, the *symptoma* will follow,  
 and this may come to frenzy begin with the first  
 cause, which is the pain of your member

RAL Do you see my yard, barber ?

[Holding up yard-measure

SWEET Now you come to the purpose , 'tis that  
 I must see indeed

RAL You shall feel it, sir death, give me my  
 fifty pounds or my ware again, or I'll measure out  
 your anatomy by the yard !

SWEET Boy, my cauterizing iron red hot !

*Re-enter Boy with the iron*

Boy 'Tis here, sir

SWEET If you go further, I take my dismem-  
 bering knife

RAL Where's the knight, your cousin ? the thief  
 and the tailor, with my cloth-of-gold and tissue ?

Boy The gentleman that sent away his man  
 with the stuffs is gone a pretty while since , he has  
 carried away our new brush

SWEET O that brush hurts my heart's side !  
 Cheated, cheated ! he told me that your *virga* had  
 a burning fever

RAL Pox on your *virga*, barber !

SWEET And that you would be bashful, and  
 ashamed to shew your head

RAL I shall so hereafter, but here it is, you  
 see, yet, my head, my hair, and my wit, and here  
 are my heels that I must shew to my master, if the  
 cheaters be not found and, barber, provide thee

<sup>x</sup> *subeth*] " Subée espèce d'apoplexie " Roquefort, *Gloss de la Lang Rom in v*

plasters, I will break thy head with every basin  
under the pole [Exit.

SWEET Cool the *luxinum*,<sup>x</sup> and quench the cau-  
terizei ,  
I'm partly out of my wits, and partly mad ,  
My razor's at my heart these storms will make  
My sweet-balls stink, my harmless basins shake  
[Exeunt.

## ACT III SCENE I

*An apartment in LORD BEAUFORT'S house*

Enter MISTRESS GEORGE CRESSINGHAM disguised as  
a page, and MISTRESS KNAVESBY.

MIS G CRES You're welcome, mistress, as I may  
speak it,  
But my lord will give't a sweeter emphasis ,  
I'll give him knowledge of you [Going

MIS KNA Good sir, stay,  
Methinks it sounds sweetest upon your tongue ,  
I'll wish you to go no further for my welcome

MIS G CRES Mine' it seems you never heard  
good music,  
That command a bagpipe hear his harmony !

MIS KNA Nay, good now, let me borrow of your  
patience,  
I'll pay you again before I rise to-morrow  
If it please you<sup>y</sup> —

MIS G CRES What would you, forsooth ?

MIS KNA Your company, sir

MIS G CRES. My attendance you should have,

<sup>x</sup> *luxinum*] See note, p 451

<sup>y</sup> *If it please you, &c*] I suspect that the whole of this scene  
was originally written in blank verse see note, p 421

mistress, but that my lord expects it, and 'tis his due

Mis KNA And must be paid upon the hour ?  
that's too strict, any time of the day will serve

Mis G CRES Alas, 'tis due every minute ! and  
paid, 'tis due again, or else I forfeit my recognisance,  
the cloth I wear of his

Mis KNA Come, come, pay it double at another  
time, and 'twill be quitted, I have a little use of  
you

Mis G CRES Of me, forsooth ? small use can  
be made of me if you have suit to my lord, none  
can speak better for you than you may yourself

Mis KNA O, but I am bashful

Mis G CRES So am I, in troth, mistress

Mis KNA Now I remember me, I have a toy  
to deliver your lord that's yet unfinished, and you  
may further me pray you, your hands, while I  
unwind this skein of gold from you , 'twill not de-  
tain you long

[Putting skein on Mis G CRESSINGHAM'S hands

Mis G CRES You wind me into your service  
prettily with all the haste you can, I beseech  
you

Mis KNA If it tangle not, I shall soon have  
done

Mis G CRES No, it shall not tangle, if I can  
help it, forsooth

Mis KNA If it do, I can help it, fear not this  
thing of long length you shall see I can bring you  
to a bottom

Mis G CRES I think so too, if it be not bot-  
tomless, this length will reach it

Mis KNA It becomes you finely , but I fore-  
warn you, and remember it, your enemy gan not  
this advantage of you, you are his prisoner then,

for, look you, you are mine now, my captive manacled, I have your hands in bondage<sup>z</sup>

MIS G CRES 'Tis a good lesson, mistress, and I am perfect in it, another time I'll take out this, and learn another pray you, release me now

MIS KNA I could kiss you now, spite of your teeth, if it please me

MIS G CRES But you could not, for I could bite you with the spite of my teeth, if it pleases me

MIS KNA Well, I'll not tempt you so far, I shew it but for rudiment

MIS G CRES When I go a-wooing, I'll think on't again

MIS KNA In such an hour I learnt it say I should,

In recompence of your hands' courtesy,  
Make you a fine wrist-favour of this gold,  
With all the letters of your name emboss'd  
On a soft tress of hair, which I shall cut  
From mine own fillet, whose ends should meet and close

In a fast true-love knot, would you wear it  
For my sake, sir?

MIS G CRES I think not, truly, mistress,  
My wrists have enough of this gold already,  
Would they were rid on't yet! pray you, have done,  
In troth, I'm weary

MIS KNA And what a virtue  
Is here express'd in you, which had lain hid  
But for this trial weary of gold, sir?  
O that the close engrossers of this treasure  
Could be so free to put it off of hand!

<sup>z</sup> *bondage*] Here old ed has a stage-direction "*Grasps the skin between his hands*"—i e the feigned page was to hold it so that his hands might seem to be fettered

What a new-mended world would here be !  
 It shews a generous condition<sup>a</sup> in you ,  
 In sooth, I think I shall love you dearly for't

Mis G CRES But if they were in prison, as I am,  
 They would be glad to buy their freedom with it

Mis KNA Surely no , there are that, rather than  
 release

This dear companion, do lie in prison  
 With it, yes, and will die in prison too

Mis G CRES 'Twere pity but the hangman did  
 enfranchise both

*Enter LORD BEAUFORT*

L BEAU Selenger, where are you ?

Mis G CRES E'en here, my lord —Mistress,  
 pray you, my liberty , you hinder my duty to my  
 lord

L BEAU [taking off his hat] Nay, sir, one cour-  
 tesy shall serve us both

At this time , you are busy, I perceive ,  
 When next your leisure<sup>b</sup> serves you, I'd employ  
 you

Mis G CRES You must pardon me, my lord ,  
 you see I am entangled here —Mistress, I protest  
 I'll break prison, if you free me not take you no  
 notice ?

Mis KNA O, cry your honour mercy !—You are  
 now at liberty, sir [Releasing her hands

Mis G CRES And I'm glad on't , I'll ne'er  
 give both my hands at once again to a woman's  
 command , I'll put one finger in a hole rather

L BEAU Leave us

Mis G CRES Free leave have you, my lord, so

<sup>a</sup> condition] i e disposition, nature

<sup>b</sup> next your leisure] Old ed "your leisure next"

I think you may have —Filthy beauty, what a white  
witch thou art! [Exit

L BEAU Lady, you're welcome

MIS KNA I did believe<sup>c</sup> it from your page, my  
laid

L BEAU Your husband sent you to me?

MIS KNA He did, my lord,  
With duty and commands unto your honour,  
Beseeching you to use me very kindly,  
By the same token your lordship gave him grant  
Of a new lease of threescore pounds a-year,  
Which he and his should forty years enjoy

L BEAU The token's true, and for your sake,  
lady,

'Tis likely to be better'd, not alone the lease,  
But the fee-simple may be his and yours

MIS KNA I have a suit unto your lordship too,  
Only myself concerns

L BEAU 'Twill be granted, sure,  
Though it outvalue thy husband's

MIS KNA Nay, 'tis small charge,  
Only your good will and good word, my lord

L BEAU The first is thine confirm'd, the second,  
then,

Cannot stay long behind

MIS KNA I love your page, sir

L BEAU Love him! for what?

MIS KNA O the great wisdoms that  
Our grandsires had! do you ask me reason for't?  
I love him 'cause I like him, sir

L BEAU My page!

MIS KNA In mine eye he is a most delicate  
youth,

But in my heart a thing that it would bleed for

<sup>c</sup> believe] Qy "receive"?—See first line of this scene

L BEAU Either your eye's blinded or your remembrance broken,  
Call to mind wherefore you came hither, lady.

MIS KNA I do, my lord, for love, and I'm in profoundly

L BEAU You trifle, sure, do you long for unripe fruit?

'Twill breed diseases in you

MIS KNA Nothing but worms  
In my belly, and there's a seed to expel them,  
In mellow, falling fruit I find no relish

L BEAU 'Tis true the youngest vines yield<sup>a</sup> the most clusters,

But the old ever the sweetest grapes

MIS KNA I can taste of both, sir,  
But with the old I am the soonest cloy'd,  
The green keep still an edge on appetite.

L BEAU Sure you're a common creature

MIS KNA Did you doubt it?  
Wherefore came I hither else? did you think  
That honesty only had been immur'd for you,  
And I should bring it as an offertory

Unto your shrine of lust? As 'twas, my lord,  
'Twas meant to you, had not the slippery wheel  
Of fancy<sup>e</sup> turn'd when I beheld your page,  
Nay, had I seen another before him

In mine eyes better grace, he had been forestall'd,  
But as it is—all my strength cannot help—  
Beseech you, your good will and good word, my lord,  
You may command him, sir, if not affection,  
Yet his body, and I desire but that

Do it, and I'll command myself your prostitute

L BEAU You're a base strumpet! I succeed my page!

<sup>a</sup> *yield*] Old ed "yields"

<sup>e</sup> *fancy*] i.e. love

MIS KNA O, that's no wonder, my lord, the  
servant oft

Tastes to his master of the daintiest dish  
He brings to him beseech you, my lord —

L BEAU You're a bold mischief, and to make  
me your spokesman,

Your procurer to my servant!

MIS KNA. Do you shrink at that?

Why, you've done worse without the sense of ill,  
With a full, free conscience of a libertine

Judge your own sin,

Was it not worse, with a damn'd broking-fee

To corrupt a<sup>d</sup> husband, 'state him a pander

To his own wife, by virtue of a lease

Made to him and your bastard issue, could you get  
'em?

What a degree of baseness call you this?

'Tis a poor sheep-steal[er] provok'd by want

Compar'd unto a capital traitor the master

To his servant may be recompens'd, but the husband

To his wife never

L BEAU Your husband shall smart for this

[Exit]

MIS KNA Hang him, do' you have brought him  
to deserve it,

Bring him to the punishment, there I'll join with  
you,

I loathe him to the gallows! hang your page too,

One mourning-gown shall serve for both of them.

This trick hath kept mine honesty secure,

Best soldiers use policy the lion's skin

Becomes the body not<sup>e</sup> when 'tis too great,

But then the fox's may sit close and neat [Exit.]

<sup>d</sup> corrupt a] Old ed "a corrupt"

<sup>e</sup> the body not] Old ed "not the body"

## SCENE II

*A Street*

*Enter SWEETBALL, FLESH-HOOK, and COUNTERBUFF*

SWEET Now, Flesh-hook, use thy talon, set upon his right shoulder, thy sergeant, Counterbuff, at the left, grasp in his jugulars, and then let me alone to tickle his *diaphragma*

FLESH You are sure he has no protection, sir?

SWEET A protection to cheat and cozen! there was never any granted to that purpose

FLESH I grant you that too, sir, but that use has been made of 'em

COUN Marry has there, sir, how could else so many broken bankrupts play up and down by their creditors' noses, and we dare not touch 'em?

SWEET That's another case, Counterbuff, there's privilege to cozen, but here cozenage went before, and there's no privilege for that to him boldly, I will spend all the scissors in my shop, but I'll have him snapt

COUN Well, sir, if he come within the length of large mace once, we'll teach him to cozen

SWEET Marry, hang him! teach him no more cozenage, he's too perfect in't already, go gingerly about it, lay your mace on gingerly, and spice him soundly

COUN He's at the tavern, you say?

SWEET At the Man in the Moon, above stairs, so soon as he comes down, and the bush<sup>f</sup> left at his back, Ralph is the dog behmd him, he watches to give us notice be ready then, my dear blood-hounds, you shall deliver him to Newgate, from

<sup>f</sup> *bush*] An allusion both to the bush carried by the man in the moon, and to the tavern-bush see note, p 177

thence to the hangman his body I will beg of the sheriffs, for at the next lecture I am likely to be the master of my anatomy, then will I ver' ev'ry vein about him, I will find where his disease of cozenage lay, whether in the *vertebræ* or in *os coxendix*,<sup>f</sup> but I guess I shall find it descend from *humore*, through the *thorax*, and he just at his fingers'-ends

*Enter RALPH*

RAL Be in readiness, for he's coming this way, alone too, stand to't like gentlemen and yeomen so soon as he is in sight, I'll go fetch my master

SWEET I have had a conquassation in my *cerebrum* ever since the disaster, and now it takes me again, if it turn to a megrim, I shall hardly abide the sight of him

RAL My action of defamation shall be clapt on him too, I will make him appear to't in the shape of a white sheet, all embroidered over with *peccavis* look about, I'll go fetch my master [Exit]

*Enter FRANKLIN junior*

COUN I arrest you, sir

FRANK JUN *Ha' qui va là ? que pensez-vous faire, messieurs ? me voulez-vous dérober ? je n'ai point d'argent ; je suis un pauvre gentilhomme François*

SWEET Whoop ! pray you, sir, speak English, you did when you bought cloth-of-gold at six *nihilis* a-yard, when Ralph's *præputrum* was exulcerated

FRANK JUN *Que voulez-vous ? me voulez-vous tuer ? les François ne sont point ennemis voilà ma bourse, que voulez-vous d'avantage ?*

COUN Is not your name Franklin, sir ?

FRANK JUN *Je n'ai point de joyaux que cestur-ci,*  
*[os coxendix] Comes nearest to the reading of old ed*  
*'Oscox-Index" but qy "os coccygis"?*

*et c'est à monsieur l'ambassadeur, il m'envoie à ses affaires, et vous empêchez mon service*

COUN Sir, we are mistaken, for ought I perceive

*Enter WATER-CAMLET with RALPH, hastily*

W-CAM So, so, you have caught him, that's well — How do you, sir?

FRANK JUN *Vous semblez être un homme courtois, je vous prie entendez mes affaires, il y a ici deux ou trois canailles qui m'ont assiégié, un pauvre étranger, qui ne leur ai fait nul mal, ni donné mauvaise parole, ni tiré mon épée, l'un me prend par une épaule, et me frappe deux livres pesant, l'autre me tire par le bras, il parle je ne sais quoi je leur ai donné ma bourse, et s'ils ne me veulent point laisser aller, que ferai-je, monsieur?*

W-CAM This is a Frenchman, it seems, sirs

COUN We can find no other in him, sir, and what that is we know not

W-CAM He's very like the man we seek for, else my lights go false

SWEET In your shop<sup>f</sup> they may, sir, but here they go true, this is he

RAL The very same, sir, as sure as I am Ralph, this is the rascal

COUN Sir, unless you will absolutely challenge him the man, we dare not proceed further

FLESH I fear we are too far already

W-CAM I know not what to say to't.

*Enter MARGARITA*

MAR Bon jour, bon jour, gentilhommes

SWEET How now? more news from France?

FRANK JUN *Cette femme ici est de mon pays —*

<sup>f</sup> *In your shop, &c c ] Compare p 442 of this vol , and p 482 of vol 1*

*Madame, je vous prie leur dire mon pays, ils m'ont retargé,<sup>8</sup> je ne sais pourquoï*

MAR *Etes-vous de France, monsieur?*

FRANK JUN *Madame, vrai est, que je les ai trompés, et suis arrêté, et n'ai nul moyen d'échapper qu'en changeant mon langage ardez-moi en cette affaire, je vous connais bien, où vous tenez un bordeau, vous et les autres en serez de mieux*

MAR *Laissez faire à moi Etes-vous de Lyons, dites-vous?*

FRANK JUN *De Lyon, ma chère dame*

MAR *Mon cousin' je suis bien aise de vous voir en bonne disposition* [They embrace and compliment

FRANK JUN *Ma cousin'*

W -CAM *This is a Frenchman sure*

SWEET *If he be, 'tis the likest an Englishman that ever I saw, all his dimensions, proportions, had I but the dissecting of his heart, in *capsula cordis* could I find it now, for a Frenchman's heart is more quassative and subject to tremor than an Englishman's*

W -CAM *Stay, we'll further inquire of this gentlewoman —Mistress, if you have so much English to help us with—as I think you have, for I have long seen you about London—pray, tell us, and truly tell us, is this gentleman a natural Frenchman or no?*

MAR *Ey, begar, de Frenchman, born à Lyons, my cozín*

W -CAM *Your cousin? if he be not your cousin, he's my cousin, sure*

MAR *Ey connosh his *père*, what you call his fadre, he sell *poissons**

SWEET *Sell poisons? his father was a 'pothecary then.*

<sup>8</sup> *retarge]* i.e. retardé see Cotgrave in v

MAR. No, no, *poissons*,—whāt you call fish, fish  
SWEET O, he was a fishmonger

MAR *Our, our*

W -CAM Well, well, we are mistaken, I see,  
pray you, so tell him, and request him not to be  
offended, an honest man may look like a knave,  
and be ne'er the worse for't the error was in our  
eyes, and now we find it in his tongue

MAR *J'essayerai encore une fois, monsieur cousin,*  
*pour votre sauveté, allez-vous en, votre liberté est*  
*suffisante je gagnerai le reste pour mon devoir, et vous*  
*aurez votre part à mon école, j'ai une fille qui parle*  
*un peu François, elle conversera avec vous à la Fleur-*  
*de-Lis en Turnbull Street* <sup>5</sup> *Mon cousin, ayez soin de*  
*vous-même, et trompez ces ignorans*

FRANK JUN *Cousin, pour l'amour de vous, et prin-*  
*cipalement pour moi, je suis content de m'en aller je*  
*trouverai votre école, et si vos écoliers me sont agré-*  
*ables, je tirerai à l'épée seule, et si d'aventure je la*  
*rompe, je payerai dix sous, et pour ce vieux fol, et ces*  
*deux canailles, ce poulain snap-snap, et l'autre bonnet*  
*rond, je les verrai pendre premier que je les vois*

[*Exit.*]

W -CAM. So, so, she has got him off, but I per-  
ceive much anger in his countenance still — And  
what says he, madam ?

MAR Moosh, moosh anger, but ey connosh heer  
lodging shall cool him very well, dere is a kins-  
woman can moosh allay heer heat and heer spleen,  
she shall do for my saka, and he no trobla you

W -CAM. [*gwing money*] Look, there is earnest,  
but thy reward's behind, come to my shop, the  
Holy Lamb in Lombard Street thou hast one friend  
more than e'er thou hadst

<sup>5</sup> *Turnbull Street*] See note, p 34

MAR Tank u, monsieur, shall visit u, ey make  
all pacifie à votre service très humblement,—tree,  
four, five fool of u [Aside, and exit

W-CAM What's to be done now?

COUN To pay us for our pains, sir, and better  
reward us, that we may be provided against further  
danger that may come upon 's for false imprisonment

W-CAM All goes false, I think What do you,  
neighbour Sweetball?

SWEET I must phlebotomise, sir, but my almanac  
says the sign is in Taurus, I dare not cut my own  
throat, but if I find any precedent that ever barber  
hanged himself, I'll be the second example

RAL This was your ill *luxinum*,<sup>g</sup> barber, to cause  
all to be cheated

COUN What say you to us, sir?

W-CAM Good friends, come to me at a calmer  
hour,

My sorrows lie in heaps upon me now  
What you have, keep, if further trouble follow,  
I'll take it on me I would be piess'd to death

COUN Well, sir, for this time we'll leave you

SWEET I will go with you, officers, I will walk  
with you in the open street, though it be a scandal  
to me, for now I have no care of my credit, a  
cacokenny<sup>h</sup> is run all over me

[*Exeunt SWEETBALL, FLESH-HOOK, and  
COUNTERBUFF.*

W-CAM What shall we do now, Ralph?

RAL Faith, I know not, sir here comes George,  
it may be he can tell you

W-CAM And there I look for more disaster still;  
Yet George appears in a smiling countenance.

<sup>g</sup> *luxinum*] See note, p 451

<sup>h</sup> *cacokenny*] Qy *cacochymy*"?

*Enter GEORGE*

Ralph, home to the shop, leave George and I together

RAL I am gone, sir [Exit

W -CAM Now, George, what better news eastward? all goes ill t'other way.

GEO I bring you the best news that ever came about your ears in your life, sir

W -CAM Thou puttest me in good comfort, George

GEO My mistress, your wife, will never trouble you more

W -CAM Ha! never trouble me more? of this, George, may be made a sad construction, that phrase we sometimes use when death makes the separation, I hope it is not so with her, George?

GEO No, sir, but she vows she'll never come home again to you, so you shall live quietly, and this I took to be very good news, sir

W -CAM The worst that could be this, candied poison

I love her, George, and I am bound to do so,  
The tongue's bitterness must not separate  
United<sup>h</sup> souls 'twere base and cowardly  
For all to yield to the small tongue's assault  
The whole building must not be taken down  
For the repairing of a broken window

GEO Ay, but this is a principal, sir the truth is, she will be divorced, she says, and is labouring with her cousin Knave—what do you call him? I have forgotten the latter end of his name

W -CAM Knavesby, George

GEO Ay, Knave, or Knavesby, one I took it to be

W -CAM Why, neither rage nor envy can make a cause, George

<sup>h</sup> United] Old ed "the united"

GEO Yes, sir, not only at your person, but she shoots at your shop too, she says you vent ware that is not warrantable, braided ware, and that you give not London measure, women, you know, look for more than a bare yard and then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects came not in at the right door

W -CAM She may as well suspect immaculate truth

To be curs'd falsehood

GEO Ay, but if she will, she will, she's a woman, sir

W -CAM 'Tis most true, George well, that shall be redress'd,

My cousin Cressingham must yield me pardon,  
The children shall home again, and thou shalt conduct 'em, George

GEO That done, I'll be bold to venture once more for hei recovery, since you cannot live at liberty, but because you are a rich citizen, you will have your chain about you neck I think I have a device will bring you together by th' ears again, and then look to 'em as well as you can

W -CAM O George, 'mongst all my heavy troubles, this

Is the groaning weight, but restore my wife <sup>h</sup>

GEO Although you ne'er lead hour of quiet life

W -CAM I will endeavour 't, George, I'll lend her will

A power and rule to keep all hush'd and still  
Eat we all sweetmeats, we are soonest rotten.

GEO A sentence! pity 't should have been forgotten!

[Exeunt.

<sup>h</sup> *wife*] There can be no doubt that this speech was originally verse, however awkwardly, in the present state of the text, it may read as such the answer of George is intended to rhyme with the second line.

## ACT IV SCENE I

*A room in SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM's house*

*Enter SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM and Surveyor  
severally*

SUR Where's master steward?

SIR F CRES Within what are you, sir?

SUR A surveyor, sir

SIR F CRES And an almanac-maker, I take it  
can you tell me what foul weather is toward?<sup>1</sup>

SUR Marry, the foulest weather is, that your  
land is flying away [Exit]

SIR F CRES A most terrible prognostication! All  
the resort, all the business to my house is to my  
lady and master steward, whilst sir Francis stands  
for a cipher, I have made away myself and my  
power, as if I had done it by deed of gift here  
comes the comptroller of the game

*Enter SAUNDER*

SAUN What, are you yet resolved to translate  
this unnecessary land into ready money?

SIR F CRES Translate it!

SAUN The conveyances are drawn, and the money  
ready my lady sent me to you to know directly  
if you meant to go through in the sale, if not, she  
resolves of another course

SIR F. CRES Thou speakest this cheerfully, me-  
thinks, whereas faithful servants were wont to  
mourn when they beheld the lord that fed and che-  
reished them, as<sup>2</sup> by cursed enchantment, removed

<sup>1</sup> toward] i e at hand  
<sup>2</sup> as] Old ed "is"

into another blood Cressingham of Cressingham has continued many years, and must the name sink now?

SAUN All this is nothing to my lady's resolution, it must be done, or she'll not stay in England she would know whether your son be sent for, that must likewise set his hand to the sale, for otherwise the lawyers say there cannot be a sure conveyance made to the buyer

SIR F CRES Yes, I have sent for him, but, I pray thee, think what a hard task 'twill be for a father to persuade his son and heir to make away his inheritance

SAUN Nay, for that, use your own logic, I have heard you talk at the sessions terribly against deer-stealers, and that kept you from being put out of the commission [Exit

SIR F CRES I do live to see two miseries, one to be commanded by my wife, the other to be censured by my slave

*Enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM*

G CRES That which I have wanted long, and has been cause of my irregular courses, I beseech you let raise me from the ground [Kneels

SIR F CRES [raising him and giving money] Rise, George, there's a hundred pounds for you, and my blessing, with these your mother's favour but I hear your studies are become too licentious of late

G CRES Has heard of my cozenage [Aside

SIR F CRES What's that you are writing?

G CRES Sir, not any thing

SIR F CRES Come, I hear there's something coming forth of yours will be your undoing

G CRES Of mine?

SIR F CRES Yes, of your writing, somewhat

you should write will be dangerous to you I have  
a suit to you

G CRES Sir, my obedience makes you com-  
mander in all things

SIR F CRES I pray, suppose I had committed  
some fault, for which my life and sole estate were  
forfeit to the law, and that some great man near  
the king should labour to get my pardon, on condi-  
tion he might enjoy my lordship, could you prize  
your father's life above the grievous loss of your  
inheritance?

G CRES Yes, and my own life at stake too

SIR F CRES You promise fair, I come now to  
make trial of it You know I have married one  
whom I hold so dear, that my whole life is nothing  
but a mere estate depending upon her will and her  
affections to me, she deserves so well, I cannot  
longer merit than *durante bene placita* 'tis her  
pleasure, and her wisdom moves in't too, of which  
I'll give you ample satisfaction hereafter, that I sell  
the land my father left me you change colour'  
I have promised her to do't, and should I fail, I  
must expect the remainder of my life as full of  
trouble and vexation as the suit for a divorce it  
lies in you, by setting of your hand unto the sale,  
to add length to his life that gave you yours

G. CRES Sir, I do now<sup>k</sup> ingeniously perceive why  
you said lately somewhat I should write would be  
my undoing, meaning, as I take it, setting my hand  
to this assurance O, good sir, shall I pass away  
my birthright? O, remember there is a malediction  
denounced against it in holy writ! Will you, for  
her pleasure, the inheritance of desolation leave to

<sup>k</sup> *Sir, I do now, &c*] Were not this speech, and the two pre-  
ceding speeches of sir F Cressingham, originally blank verse?  
see note, p 421

your posterity? think how compassionate the creatures of the field, that only live on the wild benefits of nature,<sup>1</sup> are unto their young ones, think likewise you may have more children by this woman, and by this act you undo them too 'Tis a strange precedent this, to see an obedient son labouring good counsel to the father, but know, sir, that the spirits of my great-grandfather and your father move<sup>m</sup> at this present in me, and what they bequeathed you on their<sup>n</sup> deathbed, they charge you not to give away in the dalliance of a woman's bed  
 Good sir, let it not be thought presumption in me that I have continued my speech unto this length, the cause, sir, is urgent, and, believe it, you shall find her beauty as malevolent unto you as a red morning, that doth still foretell a foul day to follow  
 O, sir, keep your land! keep that to keep your name immortal, and you shall see  
 All that her malice and proud will procures  
 Shall shew her ugly heart, but hurt not yours  
 SIR F CRES O, I am distracted, and my very soul sends blushes into my cheeks!

*Enter GEORGE with MARIA and EDWARD*

G CRES See here an object to beget more compassion. \*

GEO O, sir Francis, we have a most lamentable house at home<sup>l</sup> nothing to be heard in't but separation and divorces, and such a noise of the spiritual court, as if it were a tenement upon London Bridge, and built upon the arches

<sup>1</sup> *wild benefits of nature*] This expression occurs in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, see my edition of his *Works*, vol 1 p 253 but it may be traced to Sir P Sidney, "to have for food the *wild benefits of nature*" *Arcadia*, b iv p 426, ed 1633  
<sup>m</sup> move] Old ed. "moves"      <sup>n</sup> their] Old ed "your"

SIR F CRES What's the matter ?

GEO All about boarding your children my mistress is departed

SIR F CRES Dead !

GEO In a sort she is, and laid out too, for she is run away from my master

SIR F CRES Whither ?

GEO Seven miles off, into Essex , she vowed never to leave Barking while she lived, till these were brought home again

SIR F CRES O, they shall not offend her I am sorry for't

MARIA <sup>n</sup> I am glad we are come home, sir , for we lived in the unquietest house !

EDW The angry woman, methought, grutched<sup>o</sup> us our victuals , our new mother is a good soul, and loves us, and does not frown so like a vixen as she does

MARIA I am at home now, and in heaven, methinks what a comfort 'tis to be under your wing !

EDW Indeed, my mother was wont to call me your nestle-cock, and I love you as well as she did

SIR F CRES You are my pretty souls !

G CRES Does not the prattle of these move you ?

*Re-enter SAUNER with KNAVESBY, and Surveyor*

SAUN. Look you, sir, here's the conveyance and my lady's solicitor , pray resolve what to do, my lady is coming down —How now, George ? how does thy mistress, that sits in a wainscot-gown,<sup>p</sup> like

<sup>n</sup> Maria      Edw ] Old ed " 1 Childe "      " 2 Childe " We learn their names from an earlier scene, p 442

<sup>o</sup> grutched] i.e grudged

<sup>p</sup> wainscot-gown] If there be no misprint here, means, perhaps, a gown with a *waving* pattern see Richardson's *Dict* in v *Wainscot* but qy "waistcoat-gown" ?

a citizen's lure to draw in customers? O, she's a pretty mouse-trap!

GEO She's ill baited though to take a Welshman, she cannot away with<sup>n</sup> cheese

SIR F CRES And what must I do now?

KNA Acknowledge a fine and recovery of the land, then for possession the course is common

SIR F CRES Carry back the writings, sir, my mind is changed

SAUN Changed! do not you mean to seal?

*Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM*

SIR F CRES No, sir, the tide's turned

SAUN You must temper him like wax, or he'll not seal

L CRES Are you come back again?—How now, have you done?

MARIA How do you, lady mother?

L CRES You are good children —Bid my woman give them some sweetmeats

MARIA Indeed, I thank you —is not this a kind mother?

G CRES Poor fools, you know not how dear you shall pay for this sugar!

[*Exeunt GEORGE with MARIA and EDWARD*

L CRES What, ha'nt you despatched?

SIR F CRES No, sweetest, I'm dissuaded by my son From the sale o' the land

L CRES Dissuaded by your son!

SIR F CRES I cannot get his hand to't

L CRES Where's our steward?

Cause presently that all my beds and hangings Be taken down, provide carts, pack them up, I'll to my house i' the country · have I studied

<sup>n</sup> *cannot away with*] i.e. cannot endure

The way to your preferment and your children's,  
And do you cool i' th' upshot?

G CRES With your pardon,  
I cannot understand this course a way  
To any preferment, rather a direct  
Path to our ruin

L CRES O, sir, you're young-sighted —  
Shew them the project of the land I mean  
To buy in Ireland, that shall outvalue yours  
Three thousand in a year

KNA [*shewing map*] Look you, sir, here is Clancibbon, a fruitful country, and well wooded

SIR F CRES What's this? marsh ground?  
KNA No, these are bogs, but a little cost will  
drain them this upper part, that runs by the black  
water, is the Cossack's land,—a spacious country,  
and yields excellent profit by the salmon and fishing  
for herring, here runs the Kernesdale, admirable  
feed for cattle, and hereabout is St. Patrick's Purgatory.<sup>o</sup>

G. CRES. Purgatory? shall we purchase that  
too?

L CRES Come, come, will you despatch the other  
business,  
We may go through with this?

SIR F CRES My son's unwilling

L CRES Upon my soul, sir, I'll ne'er bed with  
you  
Till you have seal'd

SIR F CRES Thou hear'st her on thy blessing  
Follow me to the court, and seal

G CRES Sir, were it my death, were't to the loss  
of my estate, I vow to obey you in all things, yet  
with it remember there are two young ones living

<sup>o</sup> *Saint Patrick's Purgatory*] See note, vol. III p. 131

that may curse you, I pray dispose part of the money on their generous educations.

L CRES Fear no[t] you, sir —The caroach there' —When you have despatched, you shall find me at the scrivener's, where I shall receive the money

G CRES She'll devour that mass too

L CRES How likest thou my power over him?

SAUN Excellent

L CRES This is the height of a great lady's sway,  
When her night-service makes her rule i' the day

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE II<sup>a</sup>

*A hall in KNAVESBY's house*

*Enter KNAVESBY*

KNA Not yet, Sib? my lord keeps thee so long, thou'rt welcome, I see then, and pays sweetly too a good wench, Sib, thou'rt, to obey thy husband She's come a hundred mark<sup>a</sup> a-year, how fine and easy it comes into mine arms now! —

*Enter MISTRESS KNAVESBY*

Welcome home! what says my lord, Sib?

MIS KNA My lord says you are a cuckold!

KNA. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I thank him for that bob, i'faith, I'll afford it him again at the same price a month hence, and let the commodity grow as scarce as it will. Cuckold, says his lordship? ha, ha! I

<sup>a</sup> *Scene II*] Here, instead of marking a new scene, the old ed has "*Exeunt manet Knaves-bee*", and the audience were to imagine that, when the others had gone out, the stage represented the interior of Knavesby's house see note, p 291

<sup>a</sup> *mark*] See note, p 10

shall burst my sides with laughing, that's the worst,  
name not a hundred [a]-year, for then I burst<sup>\*</sup> It  
smarts not so much as a fillip on the forehead by  
five parts what has his dalliance taken from thy  
lips? 'tis as sweet as e'er twas, let me try else,  
buss me, sugar-candy

MIS KNA Forbear! you presume to a lord's  
pleasure!

KNA How's that? not I, Sib

MIS KNA Never touch me more,  
I'll keep the noble stamp upon my lip,  
No under baseness shall deface it now  
You taught me the way,  
Now I am in, I'll keep it, I have kiss'd  
Ambition, and I love it, I loathe the memory  
Of every touch my lip hath tasted from thee

KNA Nay, but, sweet Sib, you do forget your-  
self

MIS KNA I will forget all that I ever was,  
And nourish new<sup>s</sup> surrah, I am a lady

KNA Lord bless us, madam!

MIS. KNA I've enjoy'd a lord,  
That's real possession, and daily shall,  
The which all ladies have not with their lords

KNA But, with your patience, madam, who was  
it that preferred you to this ladyship?

MIS KNA 'Tis all I am beholding<sup>t</sup> to thee for,  
Thou'st brought me out of ignorance into light  
Simple as I was, I thought thee a man,  
[Un]till I found the difference by a man,  
Thou art a beast, a hornèd beast, an ox!

KNA Are these ladies' terms?

MIS KNA For thy pander's fee,

<sup>\*</sup> burst] Perhaps a couplet was intended here

<sup>s</sup> new] Qy "new thoughts"?

<sup>t</sup> beholding] See note, p 40

It shall be laid under the candlestick,  
Look for't, I'll leave it for thee

KNA A little lower,  
Good your ladyship, my cousin Camlet  
Is in the house, let these things go no further  
MIS KNA 'Tis for mine own credit if I forbear,  
not thine, thou bugle-brow'd<sup>u</sup> beast thou'

*Enter GEORGE with rolls of paper in his hand.*

GEO Bidden, bidden, bidden, bidden so, all  
these are past, but here's as large a walk to come  
if I do not get it up at the feast, I shall be leaner  
for bidding the guests, I'm sure

KNA How now? who's this?

GEO [reads] Doctor Glister et—what word's this?  
*f u x o r — O, uxor — the doctor and his wife —*  
*Master Body et uxor of Bow Lane, Master Knavesby*  
*et uxor*

KNA Ha! we are in, whatsoever the matter is

GEO Here's forty couple more in this quarter,  
but there, the provision bringing in, that puzzles  
me most [Reads] One ox,—that will hardly serve  
for beef too,—five muttons, ten lambs,—poor innoc-  
ents, they'll be devoured too!—three gross of  
capons—

KNA Mercy upon us! what a slaughter-house  
is here!

GEO. [reads] Two bushels of small birds, plovers,  
snipes, woodcocks, partridges, larks,—then for  
baked meats—

KNA George, George, what feast is this? 'tis  
not for St George's day?

GEO. Cry you mercy, sir, you and your wife

<sup>u</sup> *bugle-brow'd*] i.e. horned. *bugle* meant several kinds of  
horned cattle,—the bull, buffalo, &c

are in my roll my master invites you his guests  
to-morrow dinner

KNA Dinner, say'st thou? he means to feast a  
month sure

GEO Nay, sir, you make up but a hundred  
couple

KNA Why, what ship has brought an India home  
to him, that he's so bountiful? or what friend dead  
—unknown to us—has so much left to him of  
arable land, that he means to turn to pasture thus?

GEO Nay, 'tis a vessel, sir, a good estate comes  
all in one bottom to him, and 'tis a question whether  
ever he find the bottom or no, a thousand a-year,  
that's the uppermost

KNA A thousand a-year!

GEO To go no further about the bush, sir, now  
the bird is caught, my master is to-morrow to be  
married, and, amongst the rest, invites you a guest  
at his wedding-dinner the second

KNA Married!

GEO There is no other remedy for flesh and  
blood, that will have leave to play, whether we will  
or no, or wander into forbidden pastures

KNA Married! why, he is married, man, his wife  
is in my house now, thy mistress is alive, George

GEO She that was, it may be, sir, but dead to  
him, she played a little too rough with him, and  
he has discarded her, he's divorced, sir

KNA He divorced! then is her labour saved, for  
she was labouring a divorce from him

GEO They are well parted then, sir

KNA But wilt thou not speak with her? i'faith,  
invite her to't

GEO 'Tis not in my commission, I dare not  
Fare you well, sir, I have much business in hand,  
and the time is short

KNA Nay, but, George, I prithee, stay, may I report this to her for a certain truth?

GEO Wherefore am I employed in this invitation, sir?

KNA Prithee, what is she his second choice?

GEO Truly, a goodly presence, likely to bear great children, and great store, she never saw five-and-thirty summers together in her life by her appearance, and comes in her French hood, by my fecks, a great match 'tis like to be I am sorry for my old mistress, but cannot help it Pray you, excuse me now, sir, for all the business goes through my hands, none employed but myself [Exit]

KNA. Why, here is news that no man will believe but he that sees

MIS KNA This and your cuckoldry will be digestion throughout the city-dinners and suppers for a month together, there will need no cheese

KNA. No more of that, Sib I'll call my cousin Camlet, and make her partaker of this sport

#### *Enter MISTRESS WATER CAMLET*

She's come already —Cousin, take't at once, you're a free woman, your late husband's to be married to-morrow

MIS W -CAM Married' to whom?

KNA To a French hood, byrlakins,<sup>v</sup> as I understand, great cheer prepared, and great guests invited, so far I know

MIS W -CAM What a cursed wretch was I to pare my nails to-day! a Friday too, I looked for some mischief

KNA. Why, I did think this had accorded with

<sup>v</sup> *byrlakins*] i e by our *lady-kin* (the diminutive of *lady*)

your best liking , you sought for him what he has sought for you, a separation, and by divorce too <sup>w</sup>

MIS W -CAM I'll divorce 'em' is he to be married to a French hood ? I'll dress it the English fashion ne'er a coach to be had with six horses to strike fire i' the streets as we go ?

KNA Will you go home then ?

MIS W -CAM Good cousin, help me to whet one of my knives, while I sharp the other ,<sup>x</sup> give me a sour apple to set my teeth a'n edge , I would give five pound for the paring of my nails again ! have you e'er a bird-spit i' the house ? I'll dress one dish to the wedding

KNA This violence hurts yourself the most

MIS W -CAM I care not who I hurt O my heart, how it beats a' both sides ! Will you run with me for a wager into Lombard Street now ?

KNA I'll walk with you, cousin, a sufficient pace , Sib shall come softly after , I'll bring you thorough Bearbinder Lane

MIS W -CAM Bearbinder Lane cannot hold me, I'll the nearest way over St Mildred's church if I meet any French hoods by the way, I'll make black patches know for the rheum

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET and  
KNAVESBY]

MIS KNA So , 'tis to my wish Master Knavesby, Help to make peace abroad, here you'll find wars , I'll have a divorce too, with locks and bars. [*Exit*

<sup>w</sup> *too*] Here again, perhaps (see note, p 477), a couplet was intended

<sup>x</sup> *the other*] Old ed " *the t'other* "

## SCENE III

*A room in WATER-CAMLET's house*

*Enter GEORGE and MARGARITA*

GEO Madam, but stay here a little, my master comes instantly, I heard him say he did owe you a good turn, and now's the time to take it, I'll warrant you a sound rewaide ere you go

MAR Ey tank u de bon cœur, monsieur

*Enter WATER-CAMLET*

GEO Look, he's here already — Now would a skilful navigator take in his sails, for sure there is a storm towards <sup>x</sup> [Aside, and exit

W -CAM O madam, I perceive in your countenance—

I am beholding<sup>y</sup> to you—all is peace?

MAR All quiet, goor frendsheep, ey mooch a do, ey strive wid him, give goor worda for you, no more speak a de matra, all es undonne, u no more trobla

*Enter behind MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET and KNAVESBY*

W -CAM Look, there's the price of a fair pair of gloves,

And wear 'em for my sake [Gives money

Mrs W -CAM O, O, O! my heart's broke out of my ribs!

KNA Nay, a little patience

MAR. Ey tank u artely, shall no bestow en gloves, shall put moosh more to dees, an bestow your shop regarde dees stofa, my petticoate, u no soosh anodre, shall deal wid u for moosh, take in your hand

<sup>x</sup> towards] i e at hand.

<sup>y</sup> beholding] See note, p 40

W -CAM I see it, mistress, 'tis good stuff indeed,  
It is a silk rash, I can pattern it

Mrs W -CAM Shall he take up her coats before  
my face? O beastly creature! [Coming forward]  
French hood, French hood, I will make your hair  
grow thorough<sup>z</sup>

W -CAM My wife return'd!—O, welcome home,  
sweet Rachel!

Mis W -CAM I forbid the banes,<sup>a</sup> lecher!—and,  
strumpet, thou shalt bear children without noses!

MAR O, *pardonnez-moi*, by my trat, ey mean  
u no hurt a wat u meant by dees?

Mis W -CAM I will have thine eyes out, and thy  
bastards shall be as blind as puppies!

W -CAM Sweet Rachel!—Good cousin, help to  
pacify

Mis W -CAM I forbid the banes, adulterer!

W -CAM What means she by that, sir?

KNA Good cousin, forbid your rage awhile,  
unless you hear, by what sense will you receive  
satisfaction? [Restraining her

Mis W -CAM By my hands and my teeth, sir,  
give me leave! will you bind me whiles mine enemy  
kills me?

W -CAM Here all are your friends, sweet wife

Mis W -CAM Wilt have two wives? do, and be<sup>b</sup>  
hanged, fornicator! I forbid the banes give me  
the French hood, I'll tread it under feet in a pair  
of pantofies<sup>c</sup>

<sup>z</sup> grow thorough] An allusion to a proverbial saying,

"There is a nest of chickens which he doth brood

That will sure make his hay'e grove through his hood"

Heywood's *Dialogue*, sig g 2,—*Workes*, ed 1598.  
Ray gives "His hair grows through his hood—He is very poor,  
his hood is full of holes" *Proverbs*, p 57, ed 1768

<sup>a</sup> banes] i e bans see note, vol 1 p 471

<sup>b</sup> be] Old ed "by"      <sup>c</sup> pantofles] i e a sort of slippers

MAR Begar, shall save hood, head, and all,  
shall come no more heer, ey warran u [Exit]

KNA Sir, the truth is, report spoke it for truth  
You were to-morrow to be married

MIS W -CAM I forbid the banes!

W -CAM Mercy deliver me!

If my grave embrace me in the bed of death,  
I would to church with willing ceremony,

But for my wedlock-fellow, here she is,

The first and last that e'er my thoughts look'd on

KNA Why, la, you, cousin, this was nought but  
error,

Or an assault of mischief

W -CAM Whose report was it?

KNA Your man George's, who invited me to the  
wedding

W -CAM. George! and was he sober? good sir,  
call him

*Enter GEORGE*

GEO It needs not, sir, I am here already

W -CAM Did you report this, George?

GEO Yes, sir, I did

W -CAM And wherefore did you so?

GEO For a new suit that you promised me, sir,  
if I could bring home my mistress, and I think  
she's come, with a mischief

MIS W -CAM Give me that villain's ears!

GEO I would give ear, if I could hear you talk  
wisely.

MIS W -CAM Let me cut off his ears!

GEO I shall hear worse of you hereafter then,  
limb for limb, one of my ears for one of your  
tongues, and I'll lay out for my master

W -CAM 'Twas knavery with a good purpose in it  
Sweet Rachel, this was even George's meaning,  
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me,

And now I woo thee to't, a quiet night  
 Will make the sun, like a fresh bridegroom, rise  
 And kiss the chaste cheek of the rosy morn,  
 Which we will imitate, and, like him, create  
 Fresh buds of love, fresh-spreading arms, fresh  
 fruit,

Fresh wedding-robcs, and George's fresh new suit  
 Mis W -CAM This is fine stuff, have you much  
 on't to sell ?

GEO A remnant of a yard

W -CAM Come, come, all's well —

Sir, you must sup, instead of to-morrow's dinner

KNA I follow you [Exeunt all except KNAVESBY ]

—No, 'tis another way,

My lord's reward calls me to better cheer,  
 Many good meals, a hundred marks a-year  
 My wife's transform'd a lady, tush, she'll come  
 To her shape again my lord rides the circuit,  
 If I ride along with him, what need I grutch?<sup>c</sup>  
 I can as eas~~y~~ sit, and speed as much [Exit

## ACT V. SCENE I

*A street*

*Enter FRANKLIN senior in mourning, GEORGE CRESSINGHAM, and FRANKLIN junior disguised as an old Serving-man*

G CRES Sir, your son's death, which has apparell'd you

In this darker wearing, is a loss wherein  
 I've ample share, he was my friend

FRANK. SEN. He was my nearest

<sup>c</sup> grutch] i e grudge.

And dearest<sup>c</sup> enemy , and the perpetual  
Fear of a worse end, had he continuēd  
His former dissolute course[s], makes me weigh  
His death the lighter

G CRES Yet, sir, with your pardon,  
If you value him every way as he deserv'd,  
It will appear your scanting of his means,  
And the lord Beaufort's most unlordly breach  
Of promise to him, made him fall upon  
Some courses, to which his nature and mine own—  
Made desperate likewise by the cruelty of  
A mother-in-law—would else have been as strange  
As insolent greatness is to distress'd virtue

FRANK SEN Yes, I have heard of that too , you  
defeat<sup>d</sup>  
Made upon a mercer , I style't modestly ,  
The law intends it plain cozenage

G CRES 'Twas no less ,  
But my penitence and restitution may  
Come fairly off from't it was no impeachement  
To the glory won at Agincourt's great battle,  
That the achiever of it in his youth  
Had been a purse-taker , this with all reverence  
To the great example Now to my business ,  
Wherein you've made such noble trial of  
Your worth, that in a world so dull as this ,  
Where faith is almost grown to be a miracle ,  
I've found a friend so worthy as yourself ,  
To purchase all the land my father sold  
At the persuasion of a riotous woman ,  
And charitable, to reserve it for his use  
And the good of his three children , this, I say ,

<sup>c</sup> dearest] i.e. most hurtful, most injurious (from the old verb *dere*, to hurt). So also in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, (act i sc 2, "dearest foe"), though Steevens explains it "most immediate, consequential, important."

<sup>d</sup> defeat] Qy "deceit"?

Is such a deed shall style you our preserver,  
And owe the memory of your worth, and pay it  
To all posterity

FRANK SEN Sir, what I've done  
Looks to the end of the good deed itself,  
No other way i' the world

G CRES But would you please,  
Out of a friendly reprehension,  
To make him sensible of the weighty wrong  
He has done his children ? yet I would not have't  
Too bitter, for he undergoes already  
Such torment in a woman's naughty pride,  
Too harsh reproof would kill him

FRANK SEN Leave you that  
To my discretion I have made myself  
My son's executor, and am come up  
On purpose to collect his creditors,  
And where I find his pennyworth conscionable,  
I'll make them in part satisfaction

*Enter GEORGE*

O, this fellow was born near me, and his trading  
here i' the city may bring me to the knowledge of  
the men my son ought<sup>d</sup> money to

GEO Your worship's welcome to London , and I  
pray, how do<sup>e</sup> all our good friends i' the country ?

FRANK SEN They are well, George how thou  
art shot up since I saw thee ! what, I think thou art  
almost out of thy time ?

GEO I am out of my wits, sir , I have lived in a  
kind of bedlam these four years , how can I be mine  
own man then ?

FRANK SEN Why, what's the matter ?

GEO I may turn soap-boiler, I have a loose body  
I am turned away from my master

FRANK SEN How ! turned away ?

<sup>d</sup> *ought*] i e owed

<sup>e</sup> *do*] Old ed. "does "

GEO I am gone, sir, not in drink, and yet you may behold my indentures [*shewing indenture*] O the wicked wit of woman! for the good turn I did bringing her home, she ne'er left sucking my master's breath, like a cat, kissing him, I mean, till I was turned away

FRANK SEN I have heard she's a terrible woman

GEO Yes, and the miserablest! her sparing in housekeeping has cost him somewhat—the Dagger-pies<sup>e</sup> can testify she has stood in's light most miserably, like your fasting days before red letters in the almanac, saying the pinching of our bellies would be a mean to make him wear scarlet the sooner She had once persuaded him to have bought spectacles for all his servants, that they might have worn 'em dinner and supper

FRANK SEN To what purpose?

GEO Marry, to have made our victuals seem bigger than 't was she shews from whence she came, that my wind-colic can witness

FRANK SEN Why, whence came she?

GEO Marry, from a courtier, and an officer too, that was up and down I know not how often

FRANK SEN Had he any great place?

GEO Yes, and a very high one, but he got little by it, he was one that blew the organ in the court chapel, our Puritans,<sup>f</sup> especially your Puritans in Scotland, could ne'er away with<sup>g</sup> him

<sup>e</sup> *Dagger-pies*] i e pies made at *The Dagger*, a low ordinary and public-house in Holborn, they were in great repute, as well as its ale

<sup>f</sup> *our Puritans, &c*] Compare vol ii p 153, and note, also the following passage of the Latin comedy *Cornelianum Dokum*, 1638, “imo membras sua vix tolerare queunt quia Organa appellata sunt,” p 6 though the play just cited has on its title-page “auctore T. R.” (i e, as commonly explained, Thomas Randolph), I have little doubt that it was written by Brathwait.

<sup>g</sup> *away with*] i e endure.

FRANK SEN Is she one of the sect?

GEO Faith, I think not, for I am certain she denies her husband the supremacy

FRANK SEN Well, George, your difference may be reconciled. I am now to use your help in a business that concerns me, here's a note of men's names here i' the city unto whom my son ought<sup>g</sup> money, but I do not know their dwelling

GEO [taking note from FRANK SEN] Let me see, sir [reads] *Fifty pound ta'en up at use of Master Waterthin the brewer*

FRANK SEN What's he?

GEO An obstinate fellow, and one that denied payment of the groats till he lay by the heels for't, I know him [reads] *Item, fourscore pair of provant breeches, h' a' the new fashion, to Pinchbuttock, a hosier in Birchen Lane, so much*

FRANK SEN What the devil did he with so many pair of breeches?

FRANK JUN Supply a captain, sir, a friend of his went over to the Palatinate

GEO [reads] *Item, to my tailor, master Weathermose, by St Clement's church*

G CRES Who should that be? it may be 'tis the new prophet, the astrological tailor

FRANK JUN. No, no, no, sir, we have nothing to do with him

GEO. Well, I'll read no further, leave the note

<sup>g</sup> *ought*] i e owed

<sup>h</sup> *provant breeches*] i e such breeches as were supplied to the soldiers from the magazines of the army see Gifford's note on B Jonson's *Works*, vol 1 p 70 — *Provant* meant provision “put in apposition with any other thing,” says Nares, it “implied that such an article was supplied for mere provision, as we say ammunition bread, &c, meaning a common sort” *Gloss* in v

to my discretion, do not fear but I'll inquire them all

FRANK. SEN Why, I thank thee, George<sup>i</sup>—Sir, rest assured I shall in all your business be faithful to you, and at better leisure find time to imprint deeply in your father the wrong he has done you

G CRES You are worthy in all things —

[*Exeunt FRANKLIN senior, FRANKLIN junior, and GEORGE*

(*Scene changes<sup>j</sup> to a room in SIR F. CRESSINGHAM's house*)

*Enter SAUNDER*

Is my father stirring?

SAUN Yes, sir my lady wonders you are thus chargeable to your father, and will not direct yourself unto some gainful study, may quit him of your dependance

G CRES What study?

SAUN Why, the law, that law that takes up most a' the wits i' the kingdom, not for most good but most gain, or divinity, I have heard you talk well, and I do not think but you'd prove a singular fine churchman

G CRES I should prove a plural better, if I could attain to fine benefices

SAUN My lady, now she has money, is studying to do good works, she talked last night what a goodly act it was of a countess<sup>k</sup>—Northamptonshire

<sup>i</sup> *George*] Is printed in old ed. as the prefix to "Sir, rest assured," &c

<sup>j</sup> *Scene changes, &c*] There can be no doubt, I think, that, on the departure of the two Franklins and George, the poet intended the audience to suppose that a change of scene took place as I have marked it See notes, pp. 291, 476

<sup>k</sup> *countess, &c*] i.e. Godeva see Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 86, ed. 1656

breed belike, or thereabouts—that to make Coventry a corporation, rode through the city naked, and by daylight

G CRES I do not think but you have ladies living would discover as much in private, to advance but some member of a corporation

SAUN Well, sir, your wit is still goring at my lady's projects here's your father

*Enter SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM*

SIR F CRES Thou comest to chide me, hearing how like a ward I am handled since the sale of my land

G CRES No, sir, but to turn your eyes into your own bosom

SIR F CRES Why, I am become my wife's pensioner, am confined to a hundred mark<sup>1</sup> a-year, t' one suit, and one man to attend me

SAUN And is not that enough for a private gentleman?

SIR F CRES Peace, sirrah, there is nothing but knave speaks in thee —and my two poor children must be put forth to 'prentice'

G CRES Ha' to 'prentice?' sir, I do not come to grieve you, but to shew how wretched your estate was, that you could not come to see order until foul disorder pointed the way to't,  
So inconsiderate,<sup>m</sup> yet so fruitful still  
Is dotage to beget its own destruction

SIR F CRES. Surely I am nothing, and desire<sup>n</sup> to be so —Pray thee, fellow, entreat her only to be

<sup>1</sup> *mark*] See note, p 10

<sup>m</sup> *So inconsiderate, &c c*] Two lines, evidently, of blank verse —in which, probably, more of this scene was originally written than I have been able to arrange as such see note, p 421

<sup>n</sup> *desire*] Qy. "deserve"? compare p 279, and note.

quiet, I have given her all my estate on that condition

SAUN Yes, sir, her coffers are well lin'd, believe me

SIR F CRES And yet she's not contented. we observe

The moon is ne'er so pleasant and so clear  
As when she's at the full

G CRES You did not use  
My mother with this observance, you are like  
The frogs, who, weary of their quiet king,  
Consented to th' election of the stork,  
Who in the end devour'd them

SIR F CRES You may see  
~~How apt man is to forfeit all his judgment~~  
Upon the instant of his fall

G CRES Look up, sir

SIR F CRES O, my heart's broke! weighty are  
~~injuries~~  
That come from an enemy, but those are deadly  
That come from a friend, for we see commonly  
Those are ta'en most to heart She comes

G CRES What a terrible eye she darts on us!

*Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM*

SIR F CRES O, most natural for lightning to go  
before the thunder

L CRES What! are you in council? are ye  
levying faction against us?

SIR F CRES Good friend —

L CRES Sir, sir, pray, come hither, there is  
winter in your looks, a latter winter, do you com-  
plain to your kindred? I'll make you fear extremely,  
to shew you have any cause to fear.—Are the bonds  
sealed for the six thousand pounds I put forth to  
use?

SAUN Yes, madam.

L CRES The bonds were made in my uncle's name?

SAUN Yes

L CRES 'Tis well

SIR F CRES 'Tis strange though

L CRES Nothing strange, you'll think the allowance I have put you to as strange, but your judgment cannot reach the aim I have in't you were pricked last year to be high sheriff, and what it would have cost you I understand now, all this charge, and the other by the sale of your land, and the money at my dispose, and your pension so small, will settle you in quiet, make you master of a retired life, and our great ones may think you a politic man, and that you are aiming at some strange business, having made all over

SIR F CRES I must leave you man is never truly awake till he be dead!

[*Exeunt SIR F CRESSINGHAM and SAUNDER*

G CRES What a dream have you made of my father!

L CRES Let him be so, and keep the proper place of dreams, his bed, until I raise him

G CRES Raise him! not unlikely, 'tis you have ruined him

L CRES You do not come to quarrel?

G CRES No, certain, but to persuade you to a thing, that, in the virtue of it, nobly carries its own commendation, and you shall gain much honour by it, which is the recompence of all virtuous actions — to use my father kindly.

L CRES Why, does he complain to you, sir?

G CRES Complain? why should a king complain for any thing, but for his sins to heaven? the prerogative of husband is like to his over his wife

L CRES I'm full of business, sir, and will not  
mind you

G CRES I must not leave you thus, I tell  
you, mother, 'tis dangerous to a woman when her  
mind raises her to such height, it makes her only  
capable of her own merit, nothing of duty O, 'twas  
a strange, unfortunate o'erprizing your beauty,  
brought him, otherwise discreet, into the fatal ne-  
glect of his poor children! What will you give us  
of the late sum you received?

L CRES Not a penny, away, you are trouble-  
some and saucy

G CRES You are too cruel denials even from  
princes, who may do what they list, should be sup-  
plied with a gracious verbal usage, that, though  
they do not cure the sore, they may abate the sense  
of t' the wealth you seem to command over is his,  
and he, I hope, will dispose of't to our use

L CRES When he can command my will

G CRES Have you made him so miserable, that  
he must take a law from his wife?

L CRES Have you not had some lawyers forced  
to groan under the burden?

G CRES O, but the greater the women, the more  
visible are their vices!

L CRES So, sir,  
You've been so bold by all can bind an oath,  
And I'll not break it, I'll not be the woman  
To you hereafter you expected

G CRES Be not,  
Be not yourself, be not my father's wife,  
Be not my lady Cressingham, and then  
I'll thus speak to you, but you must not answer  
In your own person

L CRES A fine puppet-play!

G CRES Good madam, please you, pity the dis-

tress of a poor gentleman, that is undone by a cruel mother-in-law, you do not know her, nor does she deserve the knowledge of any good one, for she does not know herself, you would sigh for her that e'er she took you[1] sex, if you but heard her qualities

L CRES This is a fine crotchet

G CRES Envy and pride flow in her painted breasts, she gives no other succ<sup>o</sup>, all her attendants do not belong to her husband, his money is hers, marry, his debts are his own she bears such sway, she will not suffer his religion be his own, but what she please to turn it to

L CRES And all this while I am the woman you libel against

G CRES I remember, ere the land was sold, you talked of going to Ireland, but should you touch there, you would die presently

L CRES Why, man?

G CRES The country brooks no poison <sup>o</sup> go,  
You'll find how difficult a thing it is  
To make a settled or assur'd estate  
Of things ill-gotten when my father's dead,  
The curse of lust and riot follow you!  
Marry some young gallant that may rifle you,  
Yet add one blessing to your needy age,  
That you may die full of repentance

L CRES Ha, ha, ha!

G CRES O, she is lost to any kind of goodness'  
[*Exeunt severally*

<sup>o</sup> *brooks no poison*] See note, vol. III p. 177

## SCENE III

*A room p**Enter LORD BEAUFORT and KNAVESBY*

L BEAU Sirrah, begone! you're base  
 KNA Base, my good lord?

'Tis a ground part in music, trebles, means,<sup>q</sup>  
 All is but fiddling<sup>r</sup> your honour bore a part,  
 As my wife says, my lord

L BEAU Your wife's a stiumpet!

KNA Ah ha! is she so? I am glad to hear it,  
 Open confession, open payment,  
 The wager's mine then, a hundred a-year, my lord,  
 I said so before, and stak'd my head against it  
 Thus after darksome night the day is come, my lord

L BEAU Hence, hide thy branded head, let no  
 day see thee,

No! thou any but thy execution-day

KNA That's the day after washing-day, once  
 a-week

I see't at home, my lord

L BEAU Go home and see  
 Thy prostituted wife—for sure 'tis so—  
 Now folded in a boy's adultery,  
 My page, on whom the hot-rein'd harlot doats  
 This night he hath been her attendant, my house  
 He is fled from, and must no more return

[*a room*] Intent mainly on bringing together nearly the whole of the *dyariatu personæ*, Middleton appears to have left the location of this scene to the imagination of the audience. Soon after Water-Camlet and George have been concealing themselves "behind the arras," Sweetball and Knavesby enter, and agree (as if they were walking out of doors), that "the next man they meet shall judge them."

<sup>q</sup> means] i.e tenor

<sup>r</sup> is but fiddling] Old ed "his but sidling"

Go, and make haste, sir, lest your reward be lost  
For want of looking to

KNA My reward lost?  
Is there nothing due for what is past, my lord?

L BEAU Yes, pander, wittol,<sup>s</sup> macrio,<sup>t</sup> basest of  
knaves,  
Thou bolster-bawd to thine own infamy!  
Go, I've no more about me at this time,  
When I am better stor'd thou shalt have more,  
Where'er I meet thee

KNA Pander, wittol, macrio, base knave, bolster-bawd! here is but five mark toward a hundred a-year, this is poor payment If lords may be trusted no better than thus, I will go home and cut my wife's nose off, I will turn over a new leaf, and hang up the page, lastly, I will put on a large pair of wet-leather boots, and drown myself, I will sink at Queen hive,<sup>u</sup> and rise again at Charing Cross, contrary to the statute in *Edwardo primo* [Exit

*Enter FRANKLIN senior, FRANKLIN junior disguised as before, GEORGE, and several Creditors*

FANK SEN Good health to your lordship!  
L BEAU Master Franklin, I heard of your arrival, and the cause of this your sad appearance

FANK SEN And 'tis no more than as your honour says, indeed, appearance, it has more form than feeling sorrow, sir, I must confess there's none of these gentlemen, though aliens in blood, but have as large cause of grief as I

FIRST C No, by your favour, sir, we are well satisfied, there was in his life a greater hope, but less assurance

<sup>s</sup> *wittol*] i.e tame cuckold

<sup>t</sup> *macrio*] i.e pander, pimp

<sup>u</sup> *sink at Queen hive, &c.*] See note, vol iii p 255

SEC C Sir, I wish all my debts of no better promise to pay me thus, fifty in the hundred comes faintly homewards

FRANK JUN Considering hard bargains and dead commodities, sir

SEC C Thou sayest true, friend—and from a dead debtor, too

L BEAU And so you have compounded and agreed all your son's riotous debts?

FRANK SEN There's behind but one cause of worse condition, that done, he may sleep quietly

FIRST C Yes, sure, my lord, this gentleman is come a wonder to us all, that so fairly, with half a loss, could satisfy those debts were dead, even with his son, and from whom we could have nothing claimed

FRANK SEN I shewed my reason, I would have a good name live after him, because he bore my name

SEC C May his tongue perish first—and that will spoil his trade—that first gives him a syllable of ill!

L BEAU Why, this is friendly

*Enter WATER-CAMLET*

W -CAM My lord!

L BEAU Master Camlet! very welcome

W -CAM Master Franklin, I take it these gentlemen I know well, good master Pennystone, master Philip, master Cheyney I am glad I shall take my leave of so many of my good friends at once Your hand first, my lord—fare you well, sir—nay, I must have all your hands to my pass

[*Taking their hands*

GEO Will you have mine too, sir?

W -CAM Yes, thy two hands, George, and, I

think, two honest hands of a tradesman, George,  
as any between Cornhill and Lombard Street

GEO Take heed what you say, sir, there's Birch  
chin Lane between 'em

L BEAU But what's the cause of this, master  
Camlet?

W -CAM I have the cause in handling now, my  
lord, George, honest George, is the cause, yet no  
cause of George's, George is turned away one way,  
and I must go another

L BEAU And whither is your way, sir?

W -CAM E'en to seek out a quiet life, my lord  
I do hear of a fine peaceable island

L BEAU Why, 'tis the same you live in

W -CAM No, 'tis so fam'd,  
But we th' inhabitants find it not so  
The place I speak of<sup>v</sup> has been kept with thunder,  
With frightful lightnings, amazing noises,  
But now, th' enchantment broke, 'tis the land of  
peace,

Where hogs and tobacco yield fair increase

L BEAU This is a little wild, methinks

W -CAM Gentlemen, fare you well, I am for the  
Bermudas

L BEAU Nay, good sir, stay and is that your  
only cause, the loss of George?

W -CAM The loss of George, my lord? make  
you that no cause? why, but examine, would it not  
break the stout heart of a nobleman to lose his  
george,<sup>w</sup> much more the tender bosom of a citizen?

L BEAU Fie, fie, I'm sorry your gravity should

<sup>v</sup> The place I speak of, &c] See Malone's Essay on the  
Origin of *The Tempest*, reprinted in vol xv of his *Shakespeare*  
(by Boswell) At p 425 of the Appendix to that tract, Ma-  
lone, having occasion to notice the present passage, says, that  
*Any Thing for a Quiet Life* "appears from internal evidence  
to have been written about the year 1619"

<sup>w</sup> george] i.e the insignia of St George

run back to lightness thus you go to the Ber-mothes!<sup>x</sup>

FRANK SEN Better to Ireland, sir

W -CAM The land of Ire<sup>y</sup> that's too near home, my wife will be heard from Hellbree to Divelin<sup>y</sup>

FRANK SEN Sir, I must of necessity a while detain you I must acquaint you with a benefit that's coming towards you, you were cheated of some goods of late—come, I'm a cunning man, and will help you to the most part again, or some reasonable satisfaction

W -CAM That's another cause of my unquiet life, sir, can you do that, I may chance stay another tide or two

*Enter MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET*

My wife<sup>z</sup> I must speak more private with you—by forty foot, pain of death, I dare not reach her<sup>z</sup> no words of me, sweet gentlemen

[*Slips behind the arras*  
GEO I had need hide too [Follows W -CAMLET

MIS W CAM O, my lord, I have scarce tongue enough yet to tell you—my husband, my husband's gone from me<sup>z</sup> your warrant, good my lord<sup>z</sup> I never had such need of your warrant, my husband's gone from me<sup>z</sup>

L BEAU Going he is, 'tis true, has ta'en his leave of me and all these gentlemen, and 'tis your sharp tongue that whips him forwards

MIS W -CAM A warrant, good my lord<sup>z</sup>

L BEAU You turn away his servants, such on whom his estate depends, he says, who know his books, his debts, his customers, the form and order of all his affairs you make orderless—chiefly, his George you have banished from him

<sup>x</sup> *Ber-mothes*] Or *Bermoothes*—an old form of *Bermudas*

<sup>y</sup> *Divelin*] i.e. Dublin

MIS W -CAM My lord, I will call George again  
GEO [*behind the arras*] Call George again!

L BEAU Why, hark you, how high-voiced you are, that raise an echo from my cellarage, which we with modest loudness cannot!

MIS W -CAM My lord, do you think I speak too loud?

GEO [*behind the arras*] Too loud!

L BEAU Why, hark, your own tongue answers you, and reverberates your words into your teeth!

MIS W -CAM I will speak lower all the days of my life, I never found the fault in myself till now your warrant, good my lord, to stay my husband!

L BEAU Well, well, it shall o'ertake him ere he pass Gravesend, provided that he meet his quietness at home, else he's gone again

FRANK SEN And withal to call George again

MIS W -CAM I will call George again

GEO [*behind the arras*] Call George again!

L BEAU See, you are rais'd again, the echo tells you!

MIS W -CAM I did forget myself indeed, my lord, this is my last fault I will go make a silent inquiry after George, I will whisper half a score porters in the ear, that shall run softly up and down the city to seek him Be wi' ye, my lord—bye all, gentlemen [Exit]

L BEAU George, your way lies before you now [GEORGE comes from behind the arras], cross the street, and come into her eyes, your master's journey will be stayed

GEO I'll warrant you bring it to better subjection yet [Exit]

L BEAU These are fine flashes! [WATER-CAMLET comes from behind the arras]—How now, master Camlet?

W -CAM I had one ear lent to youward, my lord,  
 And this o' th' other<sup>y</sup> side, both sounded sweetly  
 I've whole recover'd my late losses, sir,  
 The one half paid, the other is foigiven

L BEAU Then your journey is stayed?

W CAM Alas, my lord, that was a trick of age!  
 For I had left never a trick of youth  
 Like it, to succour me

*Enter SWEETBALL with KNAVESBY*

L BEAU How now? what new object's here?

SWEET The next man we meet shall judge us

KNA Content, though he be but a common coun-  
 cilman

L BEAU The one's a knave, I could know him  
 at twelve score distance

FRANK SEN And t'other's a barber-surgeon, my  
 lord

KNA I'll go no further, here is the honourable  
 lord that I know will grant my request My lord—

SWEET Peace, I will make it plain to his lord-  
 ship My lord, a covenant by *jus jurandum* is be-  
 tween us, he is to suffocate my respiration by his  
*capistrum*, and I to make incision so far as morti-  
 fication by his jugulars

L BEAU This is not altogether so plain neither,  
 sir

SWEET I can speak no plamer, my lord, unless  
 I wrong mine art

KNA I can, my lord, I know some part of the  
 law I am to take him in this place where I find  
 him, and lead him from hence to the place of execu-  
 tion, and there to hang him till he dies, he in equal  
 courtesy is to cut my throat with his razor, and  
 there's an end of both on's

<sup>y</sup> other] Old ed here and next line but one, "to'ther"

SWEET There is the end, my lord, but we want  
the beginning I stand upon it to be strangled first,  
before I touch either his *gula* or *cervix*

KNA I am against it, for how shall I be sure to  
have my throat cut after he's hanged?

L BEAU Is this a condition betwixt you?

KNA A firm covenant, signed and sealed by oath  
and handfast, and wants nothing but agreement

L BEAU A little pause what might be the cause  
on either part?

SWEET My passions are grown to putrefaction,  
and my griefs are gangrened, master Camlet has  
scarified me all over, besides the loss of my new  
brush

KNA I am kept out of mine own castle, my wife  
keeps the hold against me, your page, my lord, is  
her champion I summoned a parle<sup>y</sup> at the window,  
was answered with defiance they confess they have  
lain together, but what they have done else, I know  
not

L BEAU Thou canst have no wrong that deserves  
pity, thou art thyself so bad

KNA I thank your honour for that, let me have  
my throat cut then

W-CAM Sir, I can give you a better remedy  
than his *capistrum*,—your ear a little

*Enter MISTRFSS KNAVESBY, and MISTRESS GEORGE  
CRESSINGHAM in female attire*

MIS KNA I come with a bold innocence to an-  
swer

The best and woist that can accuse me here

L BEAU Your husband

MIS KNA He's the worst, I dare his worst

KNA Your page, your page

<sup>y</sup> *parle]* i e parley

MIS KNA We lay together in bed,  
It is confess'd, you and your ends of law  
Make<sup>z</sup> worser of't, I did it for reward

L BEAU I'll hear no more of this —Come, gentlemen, will you walk?

*Enter GEORGE CRESSINGHAM*

G CRES My lord, a little stay, you'll see a sight

That neighbour amity will be much pleas'd with  
It is already come,<sup>a</sup> my father, sir

*Enter SIR FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM in rich apparel*

L BEAU There must be cause, certain, for this good change —

Sir, you are bravely<sup>b</sup> met,  
This is the best I ever saw you at<sup>c</sup>

SIR F CRES My lord, I am amazement to myself  
I slept in poverty, and am awake  
Into this wonder how I came<sup>d</sup> thus brave,  
My dreams did not so much as tell me of,  
I am of my kind son's new making up,  
It exceeds the pension much that yesternight  
Allow'd me, and my pockets centupled,  
But I'm my son's child, sir, he knows of me  
More than I do myself

G CRES Sir, you yet have  
But earnest of your happiness, a pinnace  
Fore-riding a goodly vessel, by this near anchor,  
Bulk'd like a castle, and with jewels fraught—  
Joys above jewels, sir —from deck to keel

<sup>z</sup> *Make*] Old ed “makes”

<sup>a</sup> *already come*] Old ed “come already”

<sup>b</sup> *bravely*] i.e. finely (in fine apparel)

<sup>c</sup> *the best I ever saw you at*] Old ed “at the best I ever saw you”

<sup>d</sup> *came*] Old ed “can”

Make way for the receipt, empty your bosom  
 Of all griefs and troubles, leave not a sigh  
 To beat her back again, she is so stor'd,  
 Y'had need have room enough to take her lading  
 SIR F CRES If one commodity be wanting now,  
 All this is nothing

G CRES Tush, that must out too  
 There must be no remembrance, not the thought  
 That ever youth in woman did abuse you,  
 That e'er your children had a stepmother,  
 That you sold lands to please your punishment,  
 That you were circumscrib'd and taken in,  
 Abridg'd the large extundure of your grounds,  
 And put into the pin-fold that belong'd to't,  
 That your son did cheat for want of maintenance,  
 That he did beg you shall remember only,  
 For I have begg'd off all these troubles from you

L BEAU This was a good week's labour

G CRES Not an hour's, my lord, but 'twas a  
 happy one —  
 See, sir, a new day shines on you.

*Enter LADY CRESSINGHAM in civil<sup>c</sup> habit, MARIA and  
 EDWARD very gallant, and SAUNDER*

L CRES O sir,  
 Your son has robb'd me —  
 SIR F CRES Ha, that way I instructed!  
 G CRES Nay, hear her, sir  
 L CRES Of my good purpose, sir,  
 He hath forc'd out of me what lay conceal'd,  
 Riven'd my pity with his dews of duty  
 Forgive me, sir, and but keep the number  
 Of every grief that I have pain'd you with,  
 I'll ten-fold pay with fresh obedience

<sup>c</sup> *civil*] i.e. sober, grave, plain — opposed to “*gallant*,” which follows

W -CAM O that my wife were here to learn this lesson !

L CRES Your state<sup>d</sup> is not abated, what was yours is still your own , and take the cause withal of my harsh - seeming usage,— it was to reclaim faults in yourself, the swift consumption of many large revenues, gaming , that of not much less speed, burning up house and land, not casual, but cumming fire, which, though it keeps the chimney, and outward shews like hospitality, is only devourer on't, consuming chemistry,— there I have made you a flat banquerout,<sup>e</sup> all your stillatories and labouring minerals are demolished—that part of hell in your house is extinct ,

Put out your desire with them, and then these feet  
Shall level with my hands until you raise  
My stoop'd humility to higher grace,  
To warm these lips with love, and duty do  
To every silver hair, each one shall be  
A senator to my obedience

SIR F CRES All this I knew<sup>f</sup> before whoe'er of  
you  
That had but one ill thought of this good woman,  
You owe a knee to her, and she is merciful  
If she forgive you

*Re-enter GEORGE and MISTRESS WATER-CAMLET*

L BEAU That shall be private penance, sir , we'll all joy in public with you

GEO On the conditions I tell you, not else.

MIS W -CAM Sweet George, dear George, any conditions

W -CAM My wife !

<sup>d</sup> Your state, &c ] A speech the whole of which seems to have been originally verse see note, p 421

<sup>e</sup> banquerout] i e bankrupt

<sup>f</sup> knew] Old ed "know "

FRANK SEN Peace, George is bringing her to conditions

W.-CAM Good ones, good George!

GEO You shall never talk your voice above the key sol, sol, sol

MIS W -CAM Sol, sol, sol—ay, George

GEO. Say, Welcome home, honest George, in that pitch

MIS W -CAM Welcome home, honest George!

GEO Why, this is well now

W -CAM That's well indeed, George

GEO Rogue nor rascal must never come out of your mouth

MIS W -CAM They shall never come in, honest George

GEO Nor I will not have you call my master plain *husband*, that's too coarse, but as your gentlewomen in the country use, and your parsons' wives in the town,—'tis comely, and shall be customed in the city,—call him *master Camlet* at every word

MIS W -CAM At every word, honest George.

GEO. Look you, there he is, salute him then

MIS W -CAM Welcome home, good master Camlet!

W -CAM Thanks, and a thousand,<sup>s</sup> sweet—*wife*, I may say, honest George?

GEO Yes, sir, or *bird*, or *chuck*, or *heart's-ease*, or plain *Rachel*, but call her *Rac* no more, so long as she is quiet

W -CAM God-a-mercy, sha't have thy new suit a' Sunday, George

MIS W -CAM George shall have two new suits, master Camlet

<sup>s</sup> *Thanks, and a thousand*] i.e. a thousand thanks compare note, vol 11 p 86

W -CAM God-a-mercy, i'faith, chuck

SWEET Master Camlet, you and I are friends,  
all even betwixt us?

W -CAM I do acquit thee, neighbour Sweetball

SWEET I will not be hanged then—Knavesby,  
do thy worst, nor I will not cut thy throat

KNA I must do't myself

SWEET If thou comest to my shop, and usurpest  
my chair of maintenance, I will go as near as I can,  
but I will not do't

G CRES No, 'tis I must cut Knavesby's th'oat,  
for slandering a modest gentlewoman and my wife,  
in shape of your page, my lord, in her own I durst  
not place her so near your lordship

L BEAU No more of that, sir, if your ends  
have acquired their own events, crown 'em with  
your own joy

G CRES Down a' your knees, Knavesby, to your  
wife, she's too honest for you

SWEET Down, down, before you are hanged,  
'twill be too late afterwards, and long thou canst  
not 'scape it

[KNAVESBY kneels]

MIS KNA You'll play the pander no more, will  
you?

KNA O, that's an inch into my throat!

MIS KNA And let out your wife for hire?<sup>h</sup>

KNA O, sweet wife, go no deeper!

MIS KNA Dare any be bail for your better be-  
haviour?

L BEAU Yes, yes, I dare, he will mend one day

MIS KNA And be worse the next

KNA Hang me the third then, dear, merciful  
wife,

I will do any thing for a quiet life

[Rises.]

L BEAU All then is reconciled?

<sup>h</sup> *hire*] Old ed. "her"

SWEET Only my brush is lost, my dear new  
brush

FRANK SEN I will help you to satisfaction for  
that too, sir

SWEET O spermaceti! I feel it heal already

FRANK SEN Gentlemen, I have fully satisfied  
my dead son's debts?

CREDITORS All pleased, all paid, sir

FRANK SEN Then once more here I bring him  
back to life,

From my servant to my son nay, wonder not,  
I have not dealt by fallacy with any,  
My son was dead, whoe'er outlives his virtues  
Is a dead man, for when you hear of spirits  
That walk in real bodies, to th' amaze  
And cold astonishment of such as meet 'em,  
And all would shun, those are men of vices,  
Who nothing have but what is visible,  
And so, by consequence, they have no souls,  
But if the soul return, he lives again,  
Created newly, such my son appears,  
By my blessing rooted, growing by his tears

CREDITORS You have beguiled us honestly, sir

FRANK JUN And you shall have your brush  
again

SWEET My basins shall all ring for joy

L BEAU Why, this deserves a triumph,<sup>1</sup> and my  
cost

Shall begin a feast to it, to which I do  
Invite you all, such happy reconcilements  
Must not be past without a health of joy  
Discorded friends aton'd,<sup>2</sup> men and their wives,  
This hope proclaims your after quiet lives

[*Exeunt omnes*

<sup>1</sup> *triumph*] See note, p. 408

<sup>2</sup> *aton'd*] i.e. reconciled

## EPILOGUE.

I am sent t' inquire your censure,<sup>k</sup> and to know  
How you stand affected? whether we do owe  
Our service to your favours, or must strike  
Our sails, though full of hope, to your dislike?  
Howe'er, be pleas'd to think we purpos'd well,  
And from my fellows thus much I must tell,  
Instruct us but in what we went astray,  
And, to redeem it, we'll take any way

<sup>k</sup> *censure*] i e judgment

**WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN**



*Women Beware Women A Tragedy, By Tho Middleton,  
Gent London Printed for Humphrey Moseley, 1657*—is the  
second of *Two New Playes*, originally published together in  
8vo see vol iii p 553

It has been reprinted in the 5th vol of *A Continuation of  
Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816

"The Foundation of this Play," says Langbaine, "is bor-  
row'd from a Romance called *Hippolito and Isabella*, octavo"  
*Acc of Engl Dram Poets*, p 374



UPON THE TRAGEDY OF MY FAMILIAR  
ACQUAINTANCE, THO MIDDLETON

*Women beware Women, 'tis a true text*  
 Never to be forgot, drabs of state vext  
 Have plots, poisons, mischiefs that seldom miss,  
 To murder virtue with a venom-kiss  
 Witness this worthy tragedy, exprest  
 By him that well deserv'd among the best  
 Of poets in his time he knew the rage,  
 Madness of women cross'd, and for the stage  
 Fitted their humours, hell-bred malice, strife  
 Acted in state, presented to the life  
 I that have seen't can say, having just cause,  
 Never came tragedy off with more applause

NATH RICHARDS <sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Nath Richards]* According to the *Biogr Dram*, "was of Caius College, Cambridge, where, in 1634, he took the degree of LL B" He was author of *Messalina the Roman Empress*, a tragedy, 1640, and *Poems Sacred and Satyricall*, 1641

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

*Duke of Florence  
Lord Cardinal, brother to the duke  
FABRICIO, father to Isabella  
HIPPOLITO, brother to Fabricio  
GUARDIANO, uncle to the Ward  
The Ward, a rich young heir  
LEANTIO, a factor, husband to Bianca  
SORDIDO, servant to the Ward  
Cardinals, Knights, States of Florence, Citizens, &c*  
*LIVIA, sister to Fabricio and Hippolito  
ISABELLA, daughter to Fabricio  
BIANCA,<sup>b</sup> wife to Leantio  
Mother to Leantio  
Ladies*

Scene, FLORENCE

---

<sup>b</sup> *Bianca*] Old ed., both in the list of characters and throughout the play, "Brancha". The violation of metre which the latter name occasions would alone be sufficient to prove it a misprint e g

" Sure you're not well, *Brancha*, how dost, prithee?"  
" What shall I think of first? Come forth, *Brancha*"  
" Thou hast been seen, *Brancha*, by some stranger"  
" *Brancha* Would you keep me closer yet?"  
" I should fall forward rather Come, *Brancha*"  
" Come sit, *Brancha* This is some good yet"  
" Here's to thyself, *Brancha* Nothing comes"  
" Of bright *Brancha*, we sat all in darkness"

Her family name, as we learn from act iii sc 1, was Capello — Most readers will recollect the celebrated *Bianca Capello*, second wife of Francis de Medici, grand duke of Tuscany the earlier events in her history, and in that of the *Bianca* of the tragedy, have a sort of resemblance, both fled from Venice to Florence, &c

## WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN

---

### ACT I SCENE I

*An outer room in the house of LEANTIO's Mother*

*Enter LEANTIO, BIANCA, and Mother*

MOTH Thy sight was never yet more precious  
to me,  
Welcome, with all th' affection of a mother,  
That comfort can express from natural love'  
Since thy birth-joy—a mother's chiefest gladness,  
After sh'as undergone her curse of sorrows—  
Thou wast not more dear to me than this hour  
Presents thee to my heart welcome again'

LEAN 'Las, poor affectionate soul, how her joys  
speak to me'

I have observ'd it often, and I know it is  
The fortune commonly of knavish children  
To have the loving'st mothers

*[Aside]*

MOTH What's this gentlewoman?

LEAN O, you have nam'd the most unvalu'dst<sup>c</sup>  
purchase

That youth of man had ever knowledge of'  
As often as I look upon that treasure,  
And know it to be mine—there lies the blessing—  
It joys me that I ever was ordain'd

<sup>c</sup> *unvalu'dst*] i e invaluablest

To have a being, and to live 'mongst men ,  
Which is a fearful living, and a poor one,  
Let a man truly think on't  
To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years  
Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots ,  
Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adul-  
terers,  
When even the very sheets they commit sin in  
May prove, for aught they know, all their last gar-  
ments

O what a mark were there for women then '  
But beauty, able to content a conqueror  
Whom earth could scarce content, keeps me in  
compass

I find no wish in me bent sinfully  
To this man's sister, or to that man's wife ,  
In love's name let 'em keep their honesties,  
And cleave to their own husbands,—tis their duties  
Now when I go to church I can pray handsomely ,  
Noi come like gallants only to see faces ,  
As if lust went to market still on Sundays  
I must confess I'm guilty of one sin, mother ,  
Moie than I brought into the world with me ,  
But that I glory in , 'tis theft, but noble  
As ever greatness yet shot up withal

MOTH How's that ?

LEAN Never to be repented, mother ,  
Though sin be death , I had died, if I had not sinn'd ,  
And here's my masterpiece , do you now behold  
her !

Look on her well, she's mine , look on her better ,  
Now say if't be not the best piece of theft  
That ever was committed? and I've my pardon  
for't,—

'Tis seal'd from heaven by marriage  
MOTH Married to her !

LEAN You must keep counsel, mother, I'm undone else,  
If it be known, I've lost her, do but think now  
What that loss is,—life's but a trifle to't  
From Venice, her consent and I have brought her  
From parents great in wealth, more now in rage,  
But let storms spend their furies, now we've got  
A shelter o'er our quiet innocent loves,  
We are contented little money sh'as brought me,  
View but her face, you may see all her dowry,  
Save that which lies lock'd up in hidden virtues,  
Like jewels kept in cabinets

MOTH You're to blame,  
If your obedience will give way to a check,  
To wrong such a perfection

LEAN How?

MOTH Such a creature,  
To draw her from her fortune, which, no doubt,  
At the full time might have prov'd rich and noble,  
You know not what you've done, my life can give  
you

But little helps, and my death lesser hopes,  
And hitherto your own means has but made shift  
To keep you single, and that hardly too  
What ableness have you to do her right then  
In maintenance fitting her birth and virtues?  
Which every woman of necessity looks for,  
And most to go above it, not confin'd  
By their conditions, virtues, bloods, or births,  
But flowing to affections, wills, and humours

LEAN Speak low, sweet mother, you're able to  
spoil as many  
As come within the hearing, if it be not  
Your fortune to mar all, I have much marvel  
I pray do not you teach her to rebel,  
When she is in a good way to obedience,

To rise with other women in commotion  
Against their husbands for six gowns a-year,  
And so maintain their cause, when they're once up,  
In all things else that require cost enough  
They're all of 'em a kind of spirits soon rais'd,  
But not so soon laid, mother, as, for example,  
A woman's belly is got up in a trice,—  
A simple charge ere't be laid down again  
So ever in all their quarrels and their courses,  
And I'm a proud man I hear nothing of 'em,  
They're very still, I thank my happiness,  
And sound asleep, pray let not your tongue wake  
'em

If you can but rest quiet, she's contented  
With all conditions that my fortunes bring her to,  
To keep close, as a wife that loves her husband,  
To go after the rate of my ability,  
Not the licentious swing of her own will,  
Like some of her old school-fellows, she intends  
To take out other works in a new sampler,  
And frame the fashion of an honest love,  
Which knows no wants, but, mocking poverty,  
Brings forth more children, to make rich men  
wonder

At divine providence, that feeds mouths of infants,  
And sends them none to feed, but stuffs their rooms  
With fruitful bags, their beds with barren wombs  
Good mother, make not you things worse than they  
are

Out of your too much openness, pray take heed  
on't,  
Nor imitate the envy of old people,  
That strive to mar good sport because they're per-  
fect

I would have you more pitiful to youth,  
Especially to your own flesh and blood

I'll prove an excellent husband, here's my hand,  
Lay in provision, follow my business roundly,  
And make you a grandmother in forty weeks  
Go, pray salute her, bid her welcome cheerfully

MOTH [*saluting BIANCA*] Gentlewoman, thus much  
is a debt of courtesy,  
Which fashionable strangers pay each other  
At a kind meeting then there's more than one  
Due to the knowledge I have of your nearness,  
I'm bold to come again, and now salute you  
By the name of daughter, which may challenge more  
Than ordinary respect

LEAN Why, this is well now,  
And I think few mothers of threescore will mend it  
[*Aside*

MOTH What I can bid you welcome to, is mean,  
But make it all your own, we're full of wants,  
And cannot welcome worth

LEAN Now this is scurvy,  
And spoke<sup>d</sup> as if a woman lack'd her teeth,  
These old folks talk of nothing but defects,  
Because they grow so full of 'em themselves

[*Aside*  
BIAN. Kind mother, there is nothing can be  
wanting  
To her that does enjoy all her desires  
Heaven send a quiet peace with this man's love,  
And I'm as rich as virtue can be poor,  
Which were enough after the rate of mind  
To erect temples for content plac'd here  
I have forsook friends, fortunes, and my country,  
And hourly I rejoice in't. Here's my friends,  
And few is the good number —Thy successes,  
Howe'er they look, I will still name my fortunes;

<sup>d</sup> *spoke*] Old ed "spake"

Hopeful or spiteful, they shall all be welcome  
 Who invites many guests has of all sorts,  
 As he that traffics much drinks of all fortunes,  
 Yet they must all be welcome, and us'd well  
 I'll call this place the place of my birth now,  
 And rightly too, for here my love was boin,  
 And that's the birthday of a woman's joys  
 You have not bid me welcome since I came

LEAN That I did questionless

BIAN No, sure — how was't?

I've quite forgot it

LEAN Thus

[*Kisses her*

BIAN O, sir, 'tis true,

Now I remember well, I've done thee wrong,  
 Play take 't again, sir

[*Kisses him*

LEAN How many of these wrongs  
 Could I put up in an hour, and turn up the glass  
 For twice as many more!

MOTH Will't please you to walk in, daughter?

BIAN Thanks, sweet mother,  
 The voice of her that bare me is not more pleasing

[*Exit with Mother*

LEAN Though my own care and my rich master's  
 trust

Lay their commands both on my factorship,  
 This day and night I'll know no other business  
 But her and her dear welcome 'Tis a bitterness  
 To think upon to-morrow! that I must leave  
 Her still to the sweet hopes of the week's end,  
 That pleasure should be so restram'd and curb'd  
 After the course of a rich work-master,  
 That never pays till Saturday night! marry,  
 It comes together in a round sum then,  
 And does more good, you'll say O fair-ey'd Flo-  
 rence,  
 Didst thou but know what a most matchless jewel

Thou now art mistress of, a pride would take thee,  
Able to shoot destruction through the bloods  
Of all thy youthful sons ! but 'tis great policy  
To keep choice treasures in obscurest places ,  
Should we shew thieves our wealth, 'twould make  
'em bolder ,  
Temptation is a devil will not stick  
To fasten upon a saint , take heed of that  
The jewel is cas'd up from all men's eyes ,  
Who could imagine now a gem were kept  
Of that great value under this plain roof ?  
But how in times of absence ? what assurance  
Of this restraint then ? Yes, yes, there's one with  
her  
Old motheis know the world , and such as these ,  
When sons lock chests , are good to look to keys  
[Exit

## SCENE II.

*A garden attached to FABRICIO's house*

*Enter GUARDIANO, FABRICIO, and LIVIA*

GUAR What, has your daughter seen him yet ?  
know you that ?

FAB. No matter, she shall love him

GUAR Nay, let's have fair play ,  
He has been now my ward some fifteen year ,  
And 'tis my purpose, as time calls upon me ,  
By custom seconded and such moral virtues ,  
To tender him a wife Now, sir, this wife  
I'd fain elect out of a daughter of yours ,  
You see my meaning's fair if now this daughter  
So tender'd,—let me come to your own phrase, sir,—  
Should offer to refuse him, I were hansell'd —  
Thus am I fain to calculate all my words

For the meridian of a foolish old man,  
To take his understanding [*Aside*]—What do you  
answer, sir?

FAB I say still, she shall love him

GUAR Yet again?

And shall she have no reason for this love?

FAB Why, do you think that women love with  
reason?

GUAR I perceive fools are not at all hours foolish,  
No more than wise men wise [*Aside*]

FAB I had a wife,  
She ran mad for me, she had no reason for't,  
For aught I could perceive — What think you, lady  
sister?

GUAR 'Twas a fit match that, being both out of  
their wits,

A loving wife, it seem'd  
She strove to come as near you as she could [*Aside*]

FAB And if her daughter prove not mad for love  
too,

She takes not after her, nor after me,  
If she prefer reason before my pleasure —  
You're an experienc'd widow, lady sister,  
I pray, let your opinion come amongst us

LIV I must offend you then, if truth will do't,  
And take my niece's part, and call't injustice  
To force her love to one she never saw  
Maids should both see and like, all little enough,  
If they love truly after that, 'tis well  
Counting the time, she takes one man till death,  
That's a hard task, I tell you, but one may  
Inquire at three years' end amongst young wives,  
And mark how the game goes

FAB Why, is not man  
Tied to the same observance, lady sister,  
And in one woman?

LIV 'Tis enough for him,  
Besides, he tastes of many sundry dishes  
That we poor wretches never lay our lips to,  
As obedience forsooth, subjection, duty, and such  
kickshaws,

All of our making, but serv'd in to them,  
And if we lick a finger then sometimes,  
We're not to blame, your best cooks [often] use it

FAB Thou'rt a sweet lady, sister, and a witty  
LIV A witty! O the bud of commendation,

Fit for a girl of sixteen! I am blown, man,  
I should be wise by this time, and, for instance,  
I've buried my two husbands in good fashion,  
And never mean more to marry

GUAR No! why so, lady?

LIV Because the third shall never bury me  
I think I'm more than witty How think you, sir?

FAB I have paid often fees to a counsellor  
Has had a weaker brain

LIV Then I must tell you  
Your money was soon parted

GUAR Light her now, brother<sup>a</sup>

LIV Where is my niece? let her be sent for  
straight,

If you have any hope 'twill prove a wedding,  
'Tis fit, i'faith, she should have one sight of him,  
And stop upon't, and not be join'd in haste,  
As if they went to stock a new-found land

FAB Look out her uncle, and you're sure of her,  
Those two are ne'er asunder, they've been heard  
In argument at midnight, moonshine nights

<sup>a</sup> GUAR *Light her now, brother*] Here, I apprehend, is some corruption of the text, and something wrong in the assignment of the speeches, but feeling dissatisfied with the alterations which I attempted, I leave the passage as it stands in the old ed.

Are noondays with them, they walk out their  
sleeps,  
Or rather at those hours appear like those  
That walk in 'em, for so they did to me  
Look you, I told you truth, they're like a chain,—  
Draw but one link, all follows

*Enter Hippolito and Isabella*

**GUAR** O affinity,  
What piece of excellent workmanship art thou!  
'Tis work clean wrought, for there's no lust but  
love in't,  
And that abundantly, when in stranger things  
There is no love at all but what lust brings

**FAB** On with your mask! for 'tis your part to  
see now,  
And not be seen go to, make use of your time,  
See what you mean to like, nay, and I charge you,  
Like what you see do you hear me? there's no  
dallying,

The gentleman's almost twenty, and 'tis time  
He were getting lawful heirs, and you a-breeding  
on 'em

**ISA** Good father ——

**FAB** Tell not me of tongues and rumours  
You'll say the gentleman is somewhat simple,  
The better for a husband, were you wise,  
For those that marry fools live ladies' lives  
On with the mask! I'll hear no more he's rich,  
The fool's hid under bushels

**LIV** Not so hid neither  
But here's a foul great piece of him, methinks,  
What will he be when he comes altogether?

*Enter the Ward with a trap-stick, and Sordido*

**WARD** Beat him?

I beat him out o' the field with his own cat-stick,  
 Yet gave him the first hand  
     SOR O strange !  
     WARD I did it,  
 Then he set jacks<sup>d</sup> on me  
     SOR What, my lady's tailor ?  
     WARD Ay, and I beat him too  
     SOR Nay, that's no wonder,  
 He's us'd to beating  
     WARD Nay, I tickled him  
 When I came once to my tippings  
     SOR Now you talk on 'em,  
 There was a poult erer's wife made a great complaint  
 Of you last night to your guardianer, that you struck  
 A bump in her child's head as big as an egg  
     WARD An egg may prove a chicken, then in time  
 The poult erer's wife will get by't when I am  
 In game, I'm furious , came my mother's eyes  
 In my way, I would not lose a fair end , no,  
 Were she alive, but with one tooth in her head,  
 I should venture the striking out of that  
 I think of nobody when I'm in play,  
 I am so earnest Coads me, my guardianer !  
 Prithee, lay up my cat and cat-stick<sup>e</sup> safe

<sup>d</sup> jacks] i.e. fellows

<sup>e</sup> cat and cat-stick] "TIP-CAT, or perhaps more properly, the *game of CAT*, is a rustic pastime well known in many parts of the kingdom. Its denomination is derived from a piece of wood called a *cat*, with which it is played, the *cat* is about six inches in length, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, and diminished from the middle to both the ends, in the shape of a double cone, by this curious contrivance the places of the trap and of the ball are at once supplied, for when the *cat* is laid upon the ground, the player with his cudgel [or cat stick] strikes it smartly, it matters not at which end, and it will rise with a rotatory motion, high enough for him to beat it away as it falls, in the same manner as he would a ball" *Sports, &c* (p 86), by Strutt, who de-

SOR Where, sir? i' the chimney-corner?

WARD Chimney-corner!

SOR Yes, sir, your cats are always safe i' the chimney-corner,

Unless they burn their coats

WARD Marry, that I am afraid on!

SOR Why, then, I will bestow your cat i' the gutter,

And there she's safe, I'm sure

WARD If I but live

To keep a house, I'll make thee a great man,  
If meat and drink can do't I can stoop gallantly,  
And pitch out when I list, I'm dog at a hole  
I mai'l'f my guardianer does not seek a wife for me,  
I protest I'll have a bout with the maids else,  
Or contract myself at midnight to the larder-  
woman,

In presence of a fool or a sack-posset

GUAR Ward!

WARD I feel myself after any exercise  
Horribly prone let me but ride, I'm lusty,  
A cock-horse, straight, i'faith!

GUAR Why, Ward, I say!

WARD I'll forswear eating eggs in moonshine  
nights,

There's ne'er a one I eat but turns into a cock  
In four-and-twenty hours, if my hot blood  
Be not took down in time, sure 'twill crow shortly

GUAR Do you hear, sir? follow me, I must new-  
school you

WARD School me? I scorn that now, I am past  
schooling

scribes two of the various ways in which the game is played  
—The "trap-stick" with which the Ward enters is, of course,  
the same as cat-stick, and "tippings" is a term of the game  
*"mar'ʃl"* is a marvel

I'm not so base to learn to write and read,  
I was born to better fortunes in my cradle

[*Exeunt GUARDIANO, the Ward, and SORDIDO*

FAB How do you like him, girl? this is your husband

Like him, or like him not, wench, you shall have him,  
And you shall love him

LIV O, soft there, brother! though you be a justice,

You warrant cannot be serv'd out of your liberty  
You may compel, out of the power of father,  
Things merely harsh to a maid's flesh and blood,  
But when you come to love, there the soil alters,  
You're in another country, where your laws  
Are no more set by than the cacklings  
Of geese in Rome's great Capitol

FAB Marry him she shall then,  
Let her agree upon love afterwards [Exit

LIV You speak now, brother, like an honest mortal

That walks upon th' earth with a staff, you were up  
I' the clouds before, you would command love,  
And so do most old folks that go without it —  
My best and dearest brother, I could dwell here,  
There is not such another seat on earth,  
Where all good parts better express themselves

HIP You'll make me blush anon

LIV 'Tis but like saying grace before a feast then,  
And that's most comely, thou art all a feast,  
And she that has thee a most happy guest  
Prithee, cheer up thy<sup>f</sup> niece with special counsel

[Exit

HIP I would 'twere fit to speak to her what I  
would, but

<sup>f</sup> *thy*] Old ed "that"

'Twas not a thing ordain'd, heaven has forbid it,  
 And 'tis most meet that I should rather perish  
 Than the decree divine receive least blemish  
 Feed inward, you my sorrows, make no noise,  
 Consume me silent, let me be stark dead  
 Ere the world know I'm sick You see my honesty,  
 If you befriend me, so [Aside

Isa Marry a fool'

Can there be greater misery to a woman  
 That means to keep her days true to her husband,  
 And know no other man? so virtue wills it  
 Why, how can I obey and honour him,  
 But I must needs commit idolatry?  
 A fool is but the image of a man,  
 And that but ill made neither O the heartbreak-  
 ings

Of miserable maids, where love's enforc'd!  
 The best condition is but bad enough,  
 When women have their choices, commonly  
 They do but buy their thraldoms, and bring great  
 poitions

To men to keep 'em in subjection,  
 As if a fearful prisoner should bribe  
 The keeper to be good to him, yet lies in still,  
 And glad of a good usage, a good look sometimes  
 Byrlady,<sup>b</sup> no misery surmounts a woman's,  
 Men buy their slaves, but women buy their masters,  
 Yet honesty and love make<sup>h</sup> all this happy,  
 And, next to angels', the most bless'd estate  
 That providence, that has made every poison  
 Good for some use, and sets four warring elements  
 At peace in man, can make a harmony  
 In things that are most strange to human reason

<sup>b</sup> *Byrlady*] i.e. By our lady

<sup>h</sup> *make*] Old ed "makes"

O, but this marriage! [*Aside*]—What, are you sad too, uncle?

Faith, then there's a whole household down together  
Where shall I go to seek my comfort now,  
When my best friend's distress'd? what is't afflicts  
you, sir?

HIP Faith, nothing but one grief, that will not leave me,

And now 'tis welcome, every man has something  
To bring him to his end, and this will serve,  
Join'd with your father's cruelty to you,—  
That helps it forward

ISA O, be cheer'd, sweet uncle!  
How long has 't been upon you? I ne'er spied it,  
What a dull sight have I! how long, I pray, sir?

HIP Since I first saw you, niece, and left Bologna

ISA And could you deal so unkindly with my heart,  
To keep it up so long hid from my pity?  
Alas! how shall I trust your love hereafter?  
Have we pass'd through so many arguments,  
And miss'd of that still, the most needful one?  
Walk'd<sup>b</sup> out whole nights together in discourses,  
And the main point forgot? we're to blame both,  
This is an obstinate, wilful forgetfulness,  
And faulty on both parts let's lose no time now,  
Begin, good uncle, you that feel 't, what is it?

HIP You of all creatures, niece, must never hear on't,

'Tis not a thing ordain'd for you to know

ISA Not I, sir? all my joys that word cuts off,  
You made profession once you lov'd me best,  
'Twas but profession

<sup>b</sup> *Walk'd*] Altered by the editor of 1816 to "Wak'd" but compare p 526, "they walk out their sleeps," &c

HIP Yes, I do't too truly,  
And fear I shall be chid fo'r't Know the worst  
then,

I love thee dearlier than an uncle can

ISA Why, so you ever said, and I believ'd it

HIP So simple is the goodness of her thoughts,  
They understand not yet th unhallow'd language  
Of a near sinner, I must yet be forc'd,  
Though blushes be my venture, to come nearer —

[*Aside*

As a man loves his wife, so love I thee

ISA What's that?

Methought I heard ill news come toward me,  
Which commonly we understand too soon,  
Then over-quick at hearing, I'll prevent it,  
Though my joys fare the harder, welcome it  
It shall ne'er come so near mine ear again  
Farewell all friendly solaces and discourses,  
I'll learn to live without ye, for your dangers  
Are greater than your comforts What's become  
Of truth in love, if such we cannot trust,  
When blood, that should be love, is mix'd with lust?

[*Exit*

HIP The worst can be but death, and let it come,  
He that lives joyless, every day's his doom [*Exit*

### SCENE III

*Street before the house of LEANTIO's Mother*

*Enter LEANTIO*

LEAN Methinks I'm even as dull now at departure,  
As men observe great gallants the next day  
After a revel,<sup>1</sup> you shall see 'em look

<sup>1</sup> *revel*] Old ed. "revels"

Much of my fashion, if you mark 'em well  
 'Tis even a second hell to part from pleasure  
 When man has got a smack on't as many holydays  
 Coming together make<sup>1</sup> your poor heads idle  
 A great while after, and are said to stick  
 Fast in their fingers' ends,—even so does game  
 In a new-married couple, for the time  
 It spoils all thrift, and indeed lies a-bed  
 To invent all the new ways for great expenses

[*BIANCA and Mother appear above*

See, and<sup>2</sup> she be not got on purpose now  
 Into the window to look after me!  
 I've no power to go now, and<sup>3</sup> I should be hang'd,  
 Farewell all business, I desire no more  
 Than I see yonder let the goods at key  
 Look to themselves, why should I toil my youth  
 out?

It is but begging two or three year sooner,  
 And stay with her continually is't a match?  
 O, fie, what a religion have I leap'd into!  
 Get out again, for shame<sup>4</sup> the man loves best  
 When his care's most, that shews his zeal to love  
 Fondness is but the idiot to<sup>5</sup> affection,  
 That plays at hot-cockles with rich merchants'  
 wives,

Good to make sport withal when the chest's full,  
 And the long warehouse cracks 'Tis time of day  
 For us to be more wise, 'tis early with us,  
 And if they lose the morning of their affairs,  
 They commonly lose the best part of the day  
 Those that are wealthy, and have got enough,  
 'Tis after sunset with 'em, they may rest,

<sup>1</sup> *make*] Old ed "makes"

<sup>2</sup> *and*] i e if

<sup>3</sup> *to*] i e compared with

Grow fat with ease, banquet, and toy, and play,  
When such as I enter the heat o' the day,  
And I'll do't cheerfully

BIAN I perceive, sir,  
You're not gone yet, I've good hope you'll stay  
now

LEAN Farewell, I must not

BIAN Come, come, pray return,  
To-morrow, adding but a little care more,  
Will despatch all as well, believe me 'twill, sir

LEAN I could well wish myself where you would  
have me,

But love that's wanton must be rul'd awhile  
By that that's careful, or all goes to ruin  
As fitting is a government in love  
As in a kingdom, where 'tis all mere lust,  
'Tis like an insurrection in the people,  
That, rais'd in self-will, wars against all reason,  
But love that is respective for increase  
Is like a good king, that keeps all in peace  
Once more, farewell

BIAN But this one night, I prithee!

LEAN Alas, I'm in for twenty, if I stay,  
And then for forty more! I've such luck to flesh,  
I never bought a horse but he bore double  
If I stay any longer, I shall turn  
An everlasting spendthrift as you love  
To be maintain'd well, do not call me again,  
For then I shall not care which end goes forward  
Again, farewell to thee

BIAN Since it must, farewell too

\* [Exit LEANTIO  
MOTH Faith, daughter, you're to blame, you  
take the course  
To make him an ill husband, troth you do,  
And that disease is catching, I can tell you,

Ay, and soon taken by a young man's blood,  
And that with little urging Nay, fie, see now,  
What cause have you to weep? would I had no  
more,  
That have liv'd threescore years! there were a  
cause,  
And<sup>1</sup> 'twere well thought on Trust me, you're to  
blame,  
His absence cannot last five days at utmost  
Why should those tears be fetch'd forth? cannot  
love  
Be even as well express'd in a good look,  
But it must see her face still in a fountain?  
It shews like a country maid dressing her head  
By a dish of water come, 'tis an old custom  
To weep for love

*Enter several Boys, several Citizens, and an  
Apprentice*

FIRST BOY Now they come, now they come!  
SEC BOY The duke!  
THIRD BOY The state[s]!  
FIRST CIT How near, boy?  
FIRST BOY I' the next street, sir, hard at hand  
FIRST CIT You, sirrah, get a standing for your  
mistress,  
The best in all the city  
APPRENTICE I have't for her, sir,  
'Twas a thing I provided for her over-night,  
'Tis ready at her pleasure  
FIRST CIT Fetch her to't then  
Away, sir! [*Exeunt Boys, Citizens, and Apprentice*  
BIAN What's the meaning of this hurry?  
Can you tell, mother?

<sup>1</sup> *And*] i e if

MOTH What a memory  
 Have I ! I see by that years come upon me  
 Why, 'tis a yearly custom and solemnity,  
 Religiously observ'd by the Duke and state[s],  
 To St Maik's temple, the fifteenth of April,  
 See, if my dull brains had not quite forgot it'  
 'Twas happily question'd of thee , I had gone down  
 else,

Sat like a drone below, and never thought on't  
 I would not, to be ten years younger again,  
 That you had lost the sight now you shall see  
 Our Duke, a goodly gentleman of his years

BIAN Is he old, then ?

MOTH About some fifty-five

BIAN That's no great age in man , he's then at  
 best

For wisdom and for judgment

MOTH. The lord Cardinal,  
 His noble brother—there's a comely gentleman,  
 And greater in devotion than in blood

BIAN He's worthy to be mark'd

MOTH You shall behold

All our chief states of Florence you came for-  
 tunately

Against this solemn day

BIAN I hope so always [Music within]

MOTH I hear 'em near us now do you stand  
 easily ?

BIAN Exceeding well, good mother

MOTH Take this stool

BIAN I need it not, I thank you.

MOTH Use your will then.

*Enter six knights bare-headed, then two cardinals,  
 then the lord Cardinal, then the Duke, after him  
 the states of Florence by two and two, with variety*

*of music and song They pass over the stage in great pomp, and exeunt*

MOTH How like you, daughter?

BIAN 'Tis a noble state,

Methinks my soul could dwell upon the reverence  
Of such a solemn and most worthy custom  
Did not the Duke look up? methought he saw us

MOTH That's every one's conceit that sees a  
duke,

If he look stedfastly, he looks straight at them,  
When he, perhaps, good, careful gentleman,  
Never minds any, but the look he casts  
Is at his own intentions, and his object  
Only the public good

BIAN Most likely so

MOTH Come, come, we'll end this argument  
below [Exeunt above

## ACT II SCENE I

*An apartment in LIVIA's house*

*Enter HIPPOLITO and LIVIA.*

LIV A strange affection, brother! when I think  
on't,

I wonder how thou cam'st by't

HIP Even as easily

As man comes by destruction, which oftentimes  
He wears in his own bosom

LIV Is the world

So populous in women, and creation

So prodigal in beauty, and so various,

Yet does love turn thy point to thine own blood?  
'Tis somewhat too unkindly must thy eye  
Dwell evilly on the fairness of thy kinsmen,

And seek not where it should? it is confin'd  
 Now in a narrower prison than was made for't,  
 It is allow'd a stranger, and where bounty  
 Is made the great man's honour, 'tis ill husbandry  
 To spare, and servants shall have small thanks  
 for't,

So he heaven's bounty seems to scorn and mock  
 That spares free means, and spends of his own  
 stock

HIP Ne'er was man's misery so soon summ'd<sup>1</sup> up,  
 Counting how truly

LIV Nay, I love you so,  
 That I shall venture much to keep a change from  
 you

So fearful as this grief will bring upon you,  
 Faith, it even kills me when I see you faint  
 Under a reprobation, and I'll leave it,  
 Though I know nothing can be better for you  
 Prithoo, sweet brother, let not passion waste  
 The goodness of thy time and of thy fortune  
 Thou keep'st the treasure of that life I love  
 As dearly as mine own, and if you think  
 My former words too bitter, which were minister'd  
 By truth and zeal, 'tis but a hazarding  
 Of grace and virtue, and I can bring forth  
 As pleasant fruits as sensuality wishes  
 In all her teeming longings, this I can do

HIP O, nothing that can make my wishes perfect!

LIV I would that love of yours were pawn'd to't,  
 brother,

And as soon lost that way as I could win!  
 Sir, I could give as shrewd a lift to chastity  
 As any she that wears a tongue in Florence,  
 Shad need be a good horsewoman, and sit fast,  
 Whom my strong argument could not fling at last.

<sup>1</sup> *summ'd*] Old ed "sow'd"

Prithee, take courage, man, though I should counsel  
Another to despair, yet I am pitiful  
To thy afflictions, and will venture hard—  
I will not name for what, it is not handsome,  
Find you the proof, and praise me

HIP Then I fear me  
I shall not praise you in haste

LIV This is the comfort,  
You are not the first, brother, has attempted  
Things more forbidden than this seems to be  
I'll minister all cordials now to you,  
Because I'll cheer you up, sir

HIP I'm past hope

LIV Love, thou shalt see me do a strange cure  
then,

As e'er was wrought on a disease so mortal  
And near akin to shame When shall you see her?

HIP Never in comfort more

LIV You're so impatient too!

HIP Will you believe<sup>2</sup> death, sh'as forsworn my  
company,  
And seal'd it with a blush

LIV So, I perceive  
All lies upon my hands then, well, the more glory  
When the work's finish'd.

*Enter Servant*

How now, sir<sup>2</sup> the news?

SER Madam, your niece, the virtuous Isabella,  
Is lighted now to see you

LIV That's great fortune,  
Sir, your stars bless you —Simple, lead<sup>m</sup> her in

[*Exit Servant.*

HIP What's this to me?

<sup>m</sup> bless you —Simple, lead, &c ] Qy “bless you simply —  
Lead” &c Old ed thus, “bless, you simple, lead,” &c

Liv Your absence, gentle brother,  
 I must bestir my wits for you  
 HIP Ay, to great purpose [Exit  
 Liv Beshrew you, would I lov'd you not so  
 well!  
 I'll go to bed, and leave this deed undone  
 I am the fondest where I once affect,  
 The carefull'st of their healths and of their ease,  
 forsooth,  
 That I look still but slenderly to mine own  
 I take a course to pity him so much now,  
 That I've none left for modesty and myself  
 This 'tis to grow so liberal you've few sisters  
 That love their brothers' ease 'bove their own  
 honesties,  
 But if you question my affections,  
 That will be found my fault

*Enter ISABELLA*

Niece, your love's welcome  
 Alas, what draws that paleness to thy cheeks?  
 This enforc'd marriage towards? <sup>m</sup>

Isa It helps, good aunt,  
 Amongst some other griefs, but those I'll keep  
 Lock'd up in modest silence, for they're sorrows  
 Would shame the tongue more than they grieve the  
 thought

Liv Indeed, the Ward is simple  
 Isa Simple! that were well,  
 Why, one might make good shift with such a hus-  
 band,  
 But he's a fool entail'd, he halts downright in't  
 Liv And knowing this, I hope 'tis at your choice  
 To take or refuse, niece  
 Isa You see it is not

<sup>m</sup> *towards*] i.e. in preparation

I loathe him more than beauty can hate death,  
Or age her spiteful neighbour

Liv Let 't appear then

Isa How can I, being born with that obedience  
That must submit unto a father's will?

If he command, I must of force consent

Liv Alas, poor soul! be not offended, pithee,  
If I set by the name of niece awhile,  
And bring in pity in a stranger fashion,  
It lies here in this breast would cross this match

Isa How! cross it, aunt?

Liv Ay, and give thee more liberty  
Than thou hast reason yet to apprehend

Isa Sweet aunt, in goodness keep not hid from  
me

What may befriend my life!

Liv Yes, yes, I must,  
When I return to reputation,  
And think upon the solemn vow I made  
To your dead mother, my most loving sister,  
As long as I've her memory 'twixt mine eyelids,  
Look for no pity now

Isa Kind, sweet, dear aunt —

Liv No, 'twas a secret I've took special care of,  
Deliver'd by your mother on her deathbed,  
That's nine years now, and I'll not part from't yet,  
Though ne'er was fitter time, nor greater cause  
for't

Isa As you desire the praises of a virgin —

Liv Good sorrow, I would do thee any kindness  
Not wronging secrecy or reputation

Isa Neither of which, as I have hope of fruit-  
[ful]ness,

Shall receive wrong from me

Liv Nay, 'twould be your own wrong  
As much as any's, should it come to that once

ISA I need no better means to work persuasion  
then

LIV Let it suffice, you may refuse this fool,  
Or you may take him, as you see occasion  
For your advantage, the best wits will do' t,  
You've liberty enough in your own will,  
You cannot be enforc'd, there grows the flower,  
If you could pick it out, makes whole life sweet to  
you

That which you call your father's command 's no-  
thing,  
Then your obedience must needs be as little  
If you can make shift here to taste your happiness,  
Or pick out aught that likes<sup>n</sup> you, much good do  
you,

You see your cheer, I'll make you no set dinner

ISA And, trust me, I may starve for all the good  
I can find yet in this sweet aunt, deal plainlier

LIV Say I should trust you now upon an oath,  
And give you, in a secret, that would start you,  
How am I sure of you in faith and silence?

ISA Equal assurance may I find in mercy  
As you for that in me!

LIV It shall suffice  
Then know, however custom has made good,  
For reputation's sake, the names of niece  
And aunt 'twixt you and I, we're nothing less

ISA How's that?

LIV I told you I should start your blood  
You are no more allied to any of us,  
Save what the courtesy of opinion casts  
Upon your mother's memory and your name,  
Than the merest stranger is, or one begot  
At Naples when the husband lies at Rome,

<sup>n</sup> *likes]* i e pleases

There's so much odds betwixt us Since your  
knowledge

Wish'd more instruction, and I have your oath  
In pledge for silence, it makes me talk the freelier  
Did never the report of that fam'd Spaniard,  
Marquis of Coria, since your time was ripe  
For understanding, fill your ear with wonder ?

ISA Yes, what of him ? I've heard his deeds of  
honour

Often related when we liv'd in Naples

LIV You heard the praises of your father then  
ISA My father !

LIV That was he , but all the business  
So carefully and so discreetly carried,  
That fame receiv'd no spot by't, not a blemish ,  
Your mother was so wary to her end,  
None knew it but her conscience and her friend,  
Till penitent confession made it mine,  
And now my pity yours, it had been long else ,  
And I hope care and love alike in you,  
Made good by oath, will see it take no wrong now  
How weak his commands now whom you call  
father !

How vain all his enforcements, your obedience !  
And what a largeness in your will and liberty,  
To take, or to reject, or to do both !  
For fools will serve to father wise men's children  
All this you've time to think on O my wench,  
Nothing o'erthrows our sex but indiscretion !  
We might do well else of a brittle people  
As any under the great canopy  
I pray, forget not but to call me aunt still ,  
Take heed of that , it may be mark'd in time else  
But keep your thoughts to yourself, from all the  
world,  
Kindred, or dearest friend , nay, I entreat you,

From him that all this while you have call'd uncle,  
 And though you love him dearly, as I know  
 His deserts claim as much even from a stranger,  
 Yet let not him know this, I prithee, do not,  
 As ever thou hast hope of second pity,  
 If thou shouldst stand in need on't, do not do't

Isa Believe my oath, I will not

Liv Why, well said —

Who shews more craft t' undo a maidenhead,  
 I'll resign my part to her [Aside]

*Enter HIPPOLITO*

She's thine own, go

Hip Alas, fair flattery cannot cure my sorrows!

[Exit LIVIA

Isa Have I past so much time in ignorance,  
 And never had the means to know myself  
 Till this bless'd hour? thanks to her virtuous pity  
 That brought it now to light, would I had known it  
 But one day sooner ' he had then receiv'd  
 In favours, what, poor gentleman, he took  
 In bitter words, a slight and harsh reward  
 For one of his deserts [Aside]

Hip There seems to me now  
 More anger and distraction in her looks  
 I'm gone, I'll not endure a second storm,  
 The memory of the first is not past yet [Aside]

Isa Are you return'd, you comforts of my life,  
 In this man's presence? I will keep you fast now,  
 And sooner part eternally from the world  
 Than my good joys in you [Aside] — Prithee,  
 forgive me,

I did but chide in jest, the best loves use it  
 Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection.  
 When we invite our best friends to a feast,  
 'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them,

There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet  
appetite

And make 'em taste their wine well, so, methinks,  
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,  
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape,  
How think'st thou? does 't not? [Kisses him

HIP 'Tis so excellent,  
I know not how to praise it, what to say to t'

ISA This marriage shall go forward

HIP With the Ward?

Are you in earnest?

ISA 'Twould be ill for us else

HIP For us! how means she that? [Aside

ISA Troth, I begin

To be so well, methinks, within this hour,  
For all this match able to kill one's heart,  
Nothing can pull me down now, should my father  
Provide a worse fool yet—which I should think  
Were a hard thing to compass—I'd have him either,  
The worse the better, none can come amiss now,  
If he want wit enough, so discretion love me,  
Desert and judgment, I've content sufficient.

She that comes once to be a housekeeper  
Must not look every day to fare well, sir,  
Like a young waiting-gentlewoman in service,  
For she feeds commonly as her lady does,  
No good bit passes her but she gets a taste on't,  
But when she comes to keep house for herself,  
She's glad of some choice cates then once a-week,  
Or twice at most, and glad if she can get 'em,  
So must affection learn to fare with thankfulness  
Pray, make your love no stranger, sir, that's all,—  
Though you be one yourself, and know not on't,  
And I have sworn you must not [Aside, and exit.

HIP This is beyond me!  
Never came joys so unexpectedly

To meet desires in man how came she thus ?  
 What has she done to her, can any tell ?  
 'Tis beyond sorcery this, drugs, or love-powders ,  
 Some art that has no name, sure , strange to me  
 Of all the wonders I e'er met withal  
 Throughout my ten years' travels , but I'm thankful  
     for't  
 This marriage now must of necessity forward ,  
 It is the only veil wit can devise  
 To keep our acts hid from sin-piercing eyes [Exit]

## SCENE II

*Another apartment in LIVIA's house a chess board set out*

*Enter LIVIA and GUARDIANO*

LIV How, sir ? a gentlewoman so young, so fair,  
 As you set forth, spied from the widow's window ?

GUAR She

LIV Our Sunday-dinner woman ?

GUAR And Thursday-supper woman, the same  
     still

I know not how she came by her, but I'll swear  
 She's the prime gallant for a face in Florence,  
 And no doubt other parts follow their leader  
 The Duke himself first spied her at the window,  
 Then, in a rapture—as if admiration  
 Were poor when it were single—beckon'd me,  
 And pointed to the wonder warily,  
 As one that fear'd she would draw in her splendour  
 Too soon, if too much gaz'd at I ne'er knew him  
 So infinitely taken with a woman ,  
 Nor can I blame his appetite, or tax  
 His raptures of slight folly , she's a creature

Able to draw a state from serious business,  
And make it their best piece to do her service  
What course shall we devise? has spoke twice  
now

LIV Twice?

GUAR 'Tis beyond your apprehension  
How strangely that one look has catch'd his heart  
'Twould prove but too much worth in wealth and  
favour

To those should work his peace

LIV And if I do't not,

Or at least come as near it—if your art  
Will take a little pains and second me—  
As any wench in Florence of my standing,  
I'll quite give o'er, and shut up shop in cunning

GUAR 'Tis for the Duke, and if I fail your  
purpose,

All means to come by riches or advancement  
Miss me, and skip me over!

LIV Let the old woman then  
Be sent for with all speed, then I'll begin

GUAR A good conclusion follow, and a sweet  
one,

After this stale beginning with old ware!  
Within there!

*Enter Servant.*

SER Sir, do you call?

GUAR Come near, list hither [Whispers

LIV I long myself to see this absolute creature,  
That wins the heart of love and praise so much

GUAR Go, sir, make haste

LIV Say I entreat her company  
Do you hear, sir?

SER Yes, madam

[Exit

LIV That brings her quickly

GUAR I would 'twere done! the Duke waits the  
good hour,  
And I wait the good fortune that may spring from't  
I've had a lucky hand these fifteen year  
At such court-passage,<sup>n</sup> with three dice in a dish —

*Enter FABRICIO.*

Signor Fabricio!

FAB O sir,  
I bring an alteration in my mouth now  
GUAR An alteration?—No wise speech, I hope,  
He means not to talk wisely, does he, trow?<sup>o</sup>—

[*Aside*]  
Good, what's the change, I pray, sir?  
FAB A new change  
GUAR Another yet? faith, there's enough already  
FAB My daughter loves him now  
GUAR. What, does she, sir?

FAB Affects him beyond thought who but the  
Ward, forsooth,  
No talk but of the Ward, she would have him  
To choose 'bove all the men she ever saw  
My will goes not so fast as her consent now,  
Her duty gets before my command still

GUAR. Why, then, sir, if you'll have me speak  
my thoughts,  
I smell 'twill be a match  
FAB Ay, and a sweet young couple,  
If I have any judgment

<sup>n</sup> *passage*] "It is a game at dice, to be played at but by two, and it is performed with three dice The caster throws continually till he hath thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loseth, or doublets above ten, and then he passeth and wins *Complete Gamester*" Editor of 1816  
<sup>o</sup> *trow*] i.e think you

GUAR Faith, that's little — [Aside  
Let her be sent to-morrow, before noon,  
And handsomely trick'd up, for 'bout that time  
I mean to bring her in, and tender her to him.

FAB I warrant you for handsome, I will see  
Her things laid ready, every one in order,  
And have some part of her trick'd up to-night

GUAR Why, well said.

FAB 'Twas a use her mother had,  
When she was invited to an early wedding,  
She'd dress her head o'er night, sponge up herself,  
And give her neck three lathers

GUAR Ne'er a halter? [Aside

FAB On with her chain of pearl, her ruby  
bracelets,

Lay ready all her tricks and jiggembobs

GUAR So must your daughter

FAB I'll about it straight, sir [Exit

LIV How he sweats in the foolish zeal of father-  
hood,

After six ounces an hour, and seems  
To toil as much as if his cares were wise ones!

GUAR You've let his folly blood in the right  
vein, lady

LIV And here comes his sweet son-in-law that  
shall be,  
They're both allied in wit before the marriage,  
What will they be hereafter, when they're nearer!  
Yet they can go no further than the fool,  
There's the world's end in both of 'em

*Enter the Ward and SORDIDO, one with a shuttlecock,  
the other with a battledoor.*

GUAR Now, young heir

WARD What's the next business after shuttle-  
cock now?

**GUAR** To-morrow you shall see the gentlewoman  
Must be your wife

**WARD** There's even another thing too,  
Must be kept up with a pair of battledoors  
My wife! what can she do?

**GUAR** Nay, that's a question you should ask  
yourself, Ward,  
When you're alone together

**WARD** That's as I list,  
A wife's to be ask['d] any where, I hope,  
I'll ask her in a congregation,  
If I've a mind to't, and so save a license.  
My guardianer has no more wit than an herb-  
woman,

That sells away all her sweet herbs and nosegays,  
And keeps a stinking breath for her own pottage

**SOR** Let me be at the choosing of your belov'd,  
If you desire a woman of good parts

**WARD** Thou shalt, sweet Sordido  
**SOR** I have a plaguy guess, let me alone to see  
what she is if I but look upon her—'way! I know  
all the faults to a hair that you may refuse her for

**WARD** Dost thou? I prithee, let me hear 'em,  
Sordido

**SOR** Well, mark 'em then, I have 'em all in  
rhyme

The wife your guardianer ought to tender  
Should be pretty, straight, and slender,  
Her hair not short, her foot not long,  
Her hand not huge, nor too, too loud her tongue,  
No pearl in eye,<sup>p</sup> nor ruby in her nose,  
No burn or cut but what the catalogue shews,  
She must have teeth, and that no black ones,  
And kiss most sweet when she does smack once,

<sup>p</sup> pearl in eye] See note, p 125

Her skin must be both white and plump['d],  
Her body straight, not hopper-rump'd,  
Or wriggle sideways like a crab,  
She must be neither slut nor drab,  
Nor go too splay-foot with her shoes,  
To make her smock lick up the dews,  
And two things more, which I forgot to tell ye,  
She neither must have bump in back nor belly  
These are the faults that will not make her pass

WARD And if I spy not these, I'm a rank ass

SOR Nay, more, by right, sir, you should see  
her naked,

For that's the ancient order

WARD See her naked?

That were good sport, i'faith I'll have the books  
turn'd o'er,

And if I find her naked on record,

She shall not have a rag on but stay, stay,  
How if she should desire to see me so too?

I were in a sweet case then, such a foul skin!

SOR But you've a clean shirt, and that makes  
amends, sir

WARD I will not see her naked for that trick  
though [Exit]

SOR Then take her with all faults with her  
clothes on,

And they may hide a number with a bum-roll <sup>a</sup>  
Faith, choosing of a wench in a huge farthingale  
Is like the buying of ware under a great pent-  
house,

What with the deceit of one,

And the false light of th' other, mark my speeches,  
He may have a diseas'd wench in's bed,

And rotten stuff in's breeches [Exit]

<sup>a</sup> *bum-roll*] See note, vol 1 p 432

GUAR It may take handsomely <sup>q</sup>

LIV I see small hindrance —

*Re-enter Servant, shewing in Mother  
How now? so soon return'd?*

GUAR She's come

LIV That's well — [Exit Servant  
Widow, come, come, I've a great quarrel to you,  
Faith, I must chide you, that you must be sent for,  
You make yourself so strange, never come at us,  
And yet so near a neighbour, and so unkind,  
Troth, you're to blame, you cannot be more welcome

To any house in Florence, that I'll tell you

MOTH My thanks must needs acknowledge so much, madam

LIV How can you be so strange then? I sit here  
Sometime[s] whole days together without company,  
When business draws this gentleman from home,  
And should be happy in society  
Which I so well affect as that of yours  
I know you're alone too, why should not we,  
Like two kind neighbours, then, supply the wants  
Of one another, having tongue-discourse,  
Experience in the world, and such kind helps  
To laugh down time, and meet age merrily <sup>?r</sup>

MOTH Age, madam! you speak mirth, 'tis at my door,  
But a long journey from your ladyship yet  
LIV My faith, I'm nine and-thirty, every stroke,  
wench,  
And 'tis a general observation

<sup>q</sup> *It may take handsomely*] After this speech the editor of 1816 puts a stage-direction, “Guard goes out and returns almost immediately,” and follows the old ed in marking the subsequent entrance thus, “Enter Mother”

<sup>r</sup> *merrily*] Old ed “meerly”

'Mongst knights — wives or widows, we account  
        ourselves

Then old, when young men's eyes leave looking  
        at's,

'Tis a true rule amongst us, and ne'er fail'd yet  
In any but in one, that I remember,  
Indeed, she had a friend at nine-and-forty;  
Marry, she paid well for him, and in th' end  
He kept a quean or two with her own money,  
That robb'd her of her plate and cut her throat

MOTH She had her punishment in this world,  
        madam,

And a fair warning to all other women  
That they live chaste at fifty

Lrv Ay, &r never, wench  
Come, now I have thy company, I'll not part with't  
Till after supper

MOTH Yes, I must crave pardon, madam

Lrv I swear you shall stay supper, we've no  
        strangers, woman,

None but my sojourners and I, this gentleman  
And the young heir his ward, you know our com-  
        pany

MOTH Some other time I'll make bold with you,  
        madam

GUAR Nay, pray stay, widow.

Lrv Faith, she shall not go  
Do you think I'll be forswn?

MOTH 'Tis a great while  
Till supper-time, I'll take my leave then now,  
        madam,

And come again i' th' evening, since your ladyship  
Will have it so

Lrv I th' evening? by my troth, wench,  
I'll keep you while I have you you've great business,  
        sure,

To sit alone at home, I wonder strangely  
 What pleasure you take in't, were't to me now,  
 I should be ever at one neighbour's house  
 Or other all day long having no charge,  
 Or none to chide you, if you go or stay,  
 Who may live merrier, ay, or more at heart's ease?  
 Come, we'll to chess or draughts, there are an  
 hundred tricks

To drive out time till supper, never fear't, wench  
 MOTH I'll but make one step home, and return  
 straight, madam

LIV Come, I'll not trust you, you use more  
 excuses

To your kind friends than ever I knew any  
 What business can you have, if you be sure  
 You've lock'd the doors? and, that being all you  
 have,

I know you're careful on't One afternoon  
 So much to spend here! say I should entreat you  
 now

To lie a night or two, or a week, with me,  
 Or leave your own house for a month together,  
 It were a kindness that long neighbourhood  
 And friendship might well hope to prevail in,  
 Would you deny such a request? i'faith,  
 Speak truth, and freely

MOTH I were then uncivil, madam  
 LIV Go to then, set your men, we'll have whole  
 nights

Of mirth together, ere we be much older, wench  
 [*Livia and Mother sit down to the chess-board*

MOTH As good now tell her then, for she will  
 know't,

I've always found her a most friendly lady [Aside

LIV Why, widow, where's your mind?

MOTH Troth, even at home, madam

To tell you truth, I left a gentlewoman  
Even sitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,  
Especially to young bloods

LIV Another excuse!

MOTH No, as I hope for health, madam, that's  
a truth

Please you to send and see.

LIV What gentlewoman? pish!

MOTH Wife to my son, indeed, but not known,  
madam,

To any but yourself

LIV Now I beshrew you,  
Could you be so unkind to her and me,  
To come and not bring her? faith, 'tis not friendly

MOTH I fear'd to be too bold

LIV Too bold! O, what's become  
Of the true hearty love was wont to be  
'Mongst neighbours in old time!

MOTH And she's a stranger, madam.

LIV The more should be her welcome when is  
courtesy

In better practice than when 'tis employ'd  
In entertaining strangers? I could chide, i'faith  
Leave her behind, poor gentlewoman! alone too!  
Make some amends, and send for her betimes, go

MOTH Please you, command one of your ser-  
vants, madam

LIV Within there!

*Re-enter Servant*

SER Madam

LIV Attend the gentlewoman<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *Attend the gentlewoman*] Part of the present scene,—from the entrance of the Mother to these words,—is given, with a few omissions, in *Specimens of Engl. Dram. Poets*, by Lamb, who observes, “This is one of those scenes which has the air

MOTH It must be carried wondrous privately  
From my son's knowledge, he'll break out in storms  
else —

Hark you, sir

[Whispers the Servant, who then goes out]  
LIV [to GUAR] Now comes in the heat of your  
part

GUAR True, I know't, lady, and if I be out,  
May the Duke banish me from all employments,  
Wanton or serious!

LIV So, have you sent, widow?

MOTH Yes, madam, he's almost at home by this

LIV And, faith, let me entreat you that hence-  
forward

All such unkind faults may be swept from friend-  
ship,

Which does but dim the lustre, and think thus  
much,

It is a wrong to me, that have ability  
To bid friends welcome, when you keep 'em from  
me,

You cannot set greater dishonour near me,

For bounty is the credit and the glory

Of those that have enough I see you're sorry,  
And the good 'mends is made by't

*Re-enter Servant, shewing in BIANCA*

MOTH, Here she is, madam [Exit Servant

BIAN I wonder how she comes to send for me  
now [Aside

LIV Gentlewoman, you're most welcome, trust  
me, you are,

of being an immediate transcript from life Livia, the 'good neighbour,' is as real a creature as one of Chaucer's characters  
She is such another jolly Housewife as the Wife of Bath"  
P 155.

As courtesy can make one, or respect  
Due to the presence of you

BIAN I give you thanks, lady

LIV I heard you were alone, and 't had appear'd  
An ill condition<sup>t</sup> in me, though I knew you not,  
Nor ever saw you—yet humanity  
Thinks every case her own—t' have kept your  
company

Here from you, and left you all solitary  
I rather ventur'd upon boldness then,  
As the least fault, and wish'd your presence here,  
A thing most happily motion'd of that gentleman,  
Whom I request you, for his care and pity,  
To honour and reward with your acquaintance,  
A gentleman that ladies' rights stands for,  
That's his profession

BIAN 'Tis a noble one,  
And honours my acquaintance.

GUAR All my intentions  
Are servants to such mistresses

BIAN 'Tis your modesty,  
It seems, that makes your deserts speak so low, sir  
LIV Come, widow —Look you, lady, here's our  
business, [Pointing to the chess-board.  
Are we not well employ'd, think you? an old  
quarrel

Between us, that will ne'er be at an end

BIAN No? and, methinks, there's men enough  
to part you, lady

LIV Ho, but they set us on, let us come off  
As well as we can, poor souls, men care no farther.  
I pray, sit down, forsooth, if you've the patience  
To look upon two weak and tedious gamesters

GUAR Faith, madam, set these by till evening,

<sup>t</sup> condition] See note, p 457

You'll have enough on't then , the gentlewoman,  
 Being a stranger, would take more delight  
 To see your rooms and pictures

LIV Marry, good sir,  
 And well remember'd , I beseech you, shew 'em  
 her,  
 That will beguile time well , pray heartily, do, sir,  
 I'll do as much for you here, take these keys ,

[*Gives keys to GUARDIANO*  
 Shew her the monument too, and that's a thing

Every one sees not, you can witness that, widow

MOTH And that's worth sight indeed, madam

BIAN Kind lady,

I fear I came to be a trouble to you

LIV O, nothing less, forsooth !

BIAN. And to this courteous gentleman,  
 That wears a kindness in his breast so noble  
 And bounteous to the welcome of a stranger

GUAR If you but give acceptance to my service,  
 You do the greatest grace and honour to me  
 That courtesy can merit

BIAN I were to blame else,  
 And out of fashion much I pray you, lead, sir  
 LIV After a game or two, we're for you, gentle-  
 folks

GUAR We wish no better seconds in society  
 Than your discourses, madam, and your partner's  
 there

MOTH. I thank your praise , I listen'd to you, sir,  
 Though, when you spoke, there came a paltry rook  
 Full in my way, and chokes up all my game

[*Exeunt GUARDIANO and BIANCA*  
 LIV. Alas, poor widow, I shall be too hard for  
 thee !

MOTH. You're cunning at the game, I'll be sworn,  
 madam

LIV It will be found so, ere I give you over —  
[Aside]

She that can place her man well —

MOTH As you do, madam

LIV As I shall, wench, can never lose her game  
Nay, nay, the black king's mine

MOTH Cry you mercy, madam!

LIV And this my queen

MOTH I see't now

LIV Here's a duke<sup>u</sup>

Will strike a sure stroke for the game anon,  
Your pawn cannot come back to relieve itself

MOTH I know that, madam

LIV You play well the whilst

How she belies her skill! I hold two ducats,  
I give you check and mate to your white king,  
Simplicity itself, your saintish king there

MOTH Well, ere now, lady,

I've seen the fall of subtlety, jest on

LIV Ay, but simplicity receives two for one

MOTH What remedy but patience!

*Enter GUARDIANO and BIANCA above v*

BIAN Trust me, sir,

Mine eye ne'er met with fairer ornaments

GUAR Nay, livelier, I'm persuaded, neither Florence

Nor Venice can produce

BIAN Sir, my opinion

Takes your part highly

GUAR There's a better piece

Yet than all these

BIAN Not possible, sir!

GUAR Believe it,

<sup>u</sup> duke] See p 311

<sup>v</sup> above] The upper-stage (see note, vol II p 125) was probably intended to represent "for the nonce" a gallery

You'll say so when you see't turn but your eye  
 now,  
 You're upon't presently  
 [Draws a curtain,<sup>w</sup> and discovers the Duke,  
 then exit

BIAN O sir!

DUKE He's gone, beauty  
 Pish, look not after him, he's but a vapour,  
 That, when the sun appears, is seen no more

BIAN O, treachery to honour!

DUKE Prithee, tremble not,  
 I feel thy breast shake like a turtle panting  
 Under a loving hand that makes much on't  
 Why art so fearful? as I'm friend to brightness,  
 There's nothing but respect and honour near thee  
 You know me, you have seen me, here's a heart  
 Can witness I have seen thee

BIAN The more's my danger

DUKE The more's thy happiness Pish, strive  
 not, sweet,  
 This strength were excellent employ'd in love now,  
 But here<sup>x</sup> 'tis spent amiss strive not to seek  
 Thy liberty, and keep me still in prison,  
 I'faith, you shall not out till I'm releas'd now,  
 We'll be both freed together, or stay still by't,  
 So is captivity pleasant

BIAN O my lord!

DUKE I am not here in vain, have but the  
 leisure  
 To think on that, and thou'l be soon resolv'd  
 The lifting of thy voice is but like one  
 That does exalt his enemy, who, proving high,  
 Lays all the plots to confound him that rais'd him

<sup>w</sup> Draws a curtain, &c ] The upper-stage was furnished  
 with curtains Old ed has merely "Duke above"  
<sup>x</sup> here] Old ed "here's"

Take warning, I beseech thee , thou seem'st to me  
A creature so compos'd of gentleness,  
And delicate meekness—such as bless the faces  
Of figures that are drawn for goddesses,  
And make<sup>x</sup> art proud to look upon her work—  
I should be sorry the least force should lay  
An unkind touch upon thee

BIAN O my extremity !  
My lord, what seek you ?

DUKE Love  
BIAN 'Tis gone already ,  
I have a husband  
DUKE That's a single comfort ,  
Take a friend to him

BIAN That's a double mischief ,  
Or else there's no religion  
DUKE Do not tremble  
At fears of thine own making  
BIAN Nor, great lord ,  
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruin ,  
Because they fear not you , me they must fright—  
Then am I best in health should thunder speak ,  
And none regard it , it had lost the name ,  
And were as good be still I'm not like those  
That take their soundest sleeps in greatest tempests ,  
Then wake I most , the weather fearfullest ,  
And call for strength to virtue

DUKE Sure , I think  
Thou know'st the way to please me I affect  
A passionate pleading 'bove an easy yielding ,  
But never pitied any,—they deserve none,—  
That will not pity me I can command ,  
Think upon that , yet if thou truly knewst  
The infinite pleasure my affection takes

\* *make*] Old ed "makes "

In gentle, fair entreatings, when love's businesses  
Are carried courteously 'twixt heart and heart,  
You'd make more haste to please me

BIAN Why should you seek, sir,  
To take away that you can never give?

DUKE But I give better in exchange,—wealth,  
honour,

She that is fortunate in a duke's favour  
'Lights on a tree that bears all women's wishes  
If your own mother saw you pluck fruit there,  
She would commend your wit, and praise the time  
Of your nativity, take hold of glory  
Do not I know you've cast away your life  
Upon necessities, means merely doubtful  
To keep you in indifferent health and fashion—  
A thing I heard too lately, and soon pitied—  
And can you be so much your beauty's enemy,  
To kiss away a month or two in wedlock,  
And weep whole years in wants for ever after?  
Come, play the wise wench, and provide for ever,  
Let storms come when they list, they find thee  
shelter'd

Should any doubt arise, let nothing trouble thee,  
Put trust in our love for the managing  
Of all to thy heart's peace we'll walk together,  
And shew a thankful joy for both our fortunes

[*Exeunt Duke and BIANCA above*  
LIV Did not I say my duke would fetch you  
o'er, widow?

MOTH I think you spoke in earnest when you  
said it, madam.

LIV And my black king makes all the haste he  
can too

MOTH Well, madam, we may meet with him in  
time yet

LIV I've given thee blind mate twice

MOTH You may see, madam,  
My eyes begin to fail  
LIV I'll swear they do, wench

*Re-enter GUARDIANO*

GUAR I can but smile as often as I think on't  
How prettily the poor fool was beguil'd!  
How unexpectedly! it's a witty age,  
Never were finer snares for women's honesties  
Than are devis'd in these days, no spider's web  
Made of a daintier thread than are now practis'd  
To catch love's flesh-fly by the silver wing  
Yet, to prepare her stomach by degrees  
To Cupid's feast, because I saw 'twas queasy,  
I shew'd her naked pictures by the way,  
A bit to stay the appetite Well, advancement,  
I venture hard to find thee, if thou com'st  
With a greater title set upon thy crest,  
I'll take that first cross patiently, and wait  
Until some other comes greater than that,  
I'll endure all

*[Aside]*

LIV The game's even at the best now you may  
see, widow,

How all things draw to an end.

MOTH Even so do I, madam

LIV I pray, take some of your neighbours along  
with you

MOTH They must be those are almost twice  
your years then,

If they be chose fit matches for my time, madam

LIV Has not my duke bestirr'd himself?

MOTH Yes, faith, madam,

Has done me all the mischief in this game.

LIV Has shew'd himself in's kind.

MOTH In's kind, call you it?

I may swear that

LIV Yes, faith, and keep your oath  
 GUAR Hark, list! there's somebody coming down  
     'tis she [Aside]

*Re-enter BIANCA*

BIAN Now bless me from a blasting! I saw that  
     now,  
 Fearful for any woman's eye to look on,  
 Infectious mists and mildews hang at's eyes,  
 The weather of a doomsday dwells upon him  
 Yet since mine honour's leprous, why<sup>x</sup> should I  
 Preserve that fair that caus'd the leprosy?  
 Come, poison all at once. [Aside]—Thou in whose  
     baseness

The bane of virtue broods, I'm bound in soul  
 Eternally to curse thy smooth-brow'd treachery,  
 That wore the fair veil of a friendly welcome,  
 And I a stranger, think upon't, 'tis worth it,  
 Murders pil'd up upon a guilty spirit,  
 At his last breath will not lie heavier  
 Than this betraying act upon thy conscience  
 Beware of offering the first-fruits to sin,  
 His weight is deadly who commits with strumpets,  
 After they've been abas'd, and made for use,  
 If they offend to the death, as wise men know,  
 How much more they, then, that first make 'em so!  
 I give thee that to feed on I'm made bold now,  
 I thank thy treachery, sin and I'm acquainted,  
 No couple greater, and I'm like that great one,  
 Who, making politic use of a base villain,  
 He likes the treason well, but hates the traitor,  
 So I hate thee, slave!

GUAR Well, so the Duke love me,  
 I fare not much amiss then, two great feasts

<sup>x</sup> *why*] Old ed "who"

Do seldom come together in one day,  
We must not look for 'em

BIAN What, at it still, mother?

MOTH You see we sit by't are you so soon re-  
turn'd?

LIV So lively and so cheerful! a good sign that  
[*Aside*

MOTH You have not seen all since, sure?

BIAN That have I, mother,

The monument and all I'm so beholding<sup>y</sup>  
To this kind, honest, courteous gentleman,  
You'd little think it, mother, shew'd me all,  
Had me from place to place so fashionably,  
The kindness of some people, how 't exceeds!  
Faith, I've seen that I little thought to see  
I' the morning when I rose

MOTH Nay, so I told you  
Before you saw't, it would prove worth your sight —  
I give you great thanks for my daughter, sir,  
And all your kindness towards her

GUAR O, good widow,  
Much good may['t] do her! — forty weeks hence,  
i'faith [ *Aside*

*Re-enter Servant*

LIV Now, sir?

SER May't please you, madam, to walk in,  
Supper's upon the table

LIV Yes, we come — [ *Exit Servant*  
Will'nt please you, gentlewoman?

BIAN Thanks, virtuous lady —  
You're a daman'd bawd [*Aside to LIVIA*] — I'll follow  
you, forsooth;

<sup>y</sup> *beholding*] See note, p 40

Pray, take my mother in,—an old ass go with  
you!—

[*Aside*

This gentleman and I vow not to part

LIV Then get you both before

BIAN. There lies his art

[*Exeunt BIANCA and GUARDIANO*

LIV Widow, I'll follow you [*Exit Mother*] Is't  
so? *damn'd band'*

Are you so bitter? 'tis but want of use  
Her tender modesty is sea-sick a little,  
Being not accustom'd to the breaking billow  
Of woman's wavering faith blown with temptations  
'Tis but a qualm of honour, 'twill away,  
A little bitter for the time, but lasts not  
Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood-water,  
But drunk agam, 'tis nectar ever after

[*Exit*

### ACT III SCENE I

*A room in the house of LEANTIO's Mother*

*Enter Mother*

MOTH I would my son would either keep at  
home,  
Or I were in my grave!  
She was but one day abroad, but ever since  
She's grown so cutted,<sup>z</sup> there's no speaking to her  
Whether the sight of great cheer at my lady's,  
And such mean fare at home, work discontent in  
her,  
I know not, but I'm sure she's strangely alter'd  
I'll ne'er keep daughter-in-law i' th' house with me  
Again, if I had an hundred when read I of any

<sup>z</sup> *cutted*] i e “cross, querulous” Editor of 1816

That agreed long together, but she and her mother  
 Fell out in the first quarter? nay, sometime  
 A grudging of<sup>z</sup> a scolding the first week, byrlady<sup>1a</sup>  
 So takes the new disease, methinks, in my house  
 I'm weary of my part, there's nothing likes<sup>b</sup> her,  
 I know not how to please her here a' late  
 And here she comes

*Enter BIANCA*

BIAN This is the strangest house  
 For all defects as ever gentlewoman  
 Made shift wthal to pass away her love in  
 Why is there not a cushion-cloth of drawn-work,  
 Or some fair cut-work pinn'd up in my bed-chamber,  
 A silver and gilt casting-bottle<sup>c</sup> hung by't?—  
 Nay, since I am content to be so kind to you,  
 To spare you for a silver basin and ewer,  
 Which one of my fashion looks for of duty,  
 She's never offer'd under where she sleeps

MOTH She talks of things here my whole state's  
 not worth

BIAN Never a green silk quilt is there i' th'  
 house, mother,  
 To cast upon my bed?

MOTH No, by troth, is there,  
 Nor orange-tawny neither

BIAN Here's a house  
 For a young gentlewoman to be got with child in!  
 MOTH Yes, simple though you make it, there  
 has been three

Got in a year in't, since you move me to't,  
 And all as sweet-fac'd children and as lovely  
 As you'll be mother of I will not spare you

<sup>z</sup> of] Qy "or"?

<sup>a</sup> byrlady] See note, p 530

<sup>b</sup> likes] i e pleases

<sup>c</sup> casting-bottle] See note, vol 11 p 216

What, cannot children be begot, think you,  
Without gilt casting-bottles? yes, and as sweet  
ones

The miller's daughter brings forth as white boys<sup>c</sup>  
As she that bathes herself with milk and bean-  
flour

'Tis an old saying, One may keep good cheer  
In a mean house, so may true love affect  
After the rate of princes in a cottage

BIAN Troth, you speak wondrous well for your  
old house here,

'Twill shortly fall down at your feet to thank you,  
Or stoop, when you go to bed, like a good child,  
To ask you blessing Must I live in want  
Because my fortune match'd me with your son?  
Wives do not give away themselves to husbands  
To the end to be quite cast away, they look  
To be the better us'd and tender'd rather,  
Highlier respected, and maintain'd the richer,  
They're well rewarded else for the free gift  
Of their whole life to a husband! I ask less now  
Than what I had at home when I was a maid,  
And at my father's house, kept short of that  
Which a wife knows she must have, nay, and will—  
Will, mother, if she be not a fool born,  
And report went of me, that I could wrangle  
For what I wanted when I was two hours old,  
And, by that copy, this land still I hold

You hear me, mother [Exit

MOTH Ay, too plain, methinks,  
And were I somewhat deaf'er when you spake,  
'Twere ne'er a whit the worse for my quietness

<sup>c</sup> *white boys*] There is a play on words here "white boy"  
was often used as a term of endearment,

" And that's to talk of her *white boy*, she's fond on "

Brome's *New Academy*, p 7 (*Five New Playes*, 1659)

'Tis the most sudden'st, strangest alteration,  
And the most subtlest, that e'er wit at threescore  
Was puzzled to find out I know no cause for't, but  
She's no more like the gentlewoman at first,  
Than I'm like her that never lay with man yet,—  
And she's a very young thing, where'er she be  
When she first lighted here, I told her then  
How mean she should find all things, she was  
    pleas'd, foisooth,

None better I laid open all defects to her,  
She was contented still, but the devil's in her,  
Nothing contents her now To-night my son  
Promis'd to be at home, would he were come once,  
For I am weary of my charge, and life too!  
She'd be serv'd all in silver, by hei good will,  
By night and day, she hates the name of pewterer  
More than sick men the noise, or diseas'd bones  
That quake at fall o' th' hammer, seeming to have  
A fellow-feeling with't at every blow  
What course shall I think on? she frets me so!

[*Exit*

*Enter LEANTIO*

LEAN How near am I now to a happiness  
That earth exceeds not! not another like it  
The treasures of the deep are not so precious  
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man  
Lock'd up in woman's love I scent the air  
Of blessings when I come but near the house  
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!  
The violet-bed's not sweeter Honest wedlock  
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,  
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight  
To cast their modest odours, when base lust,  
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,  
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-side

When I behold a glorious dangerous strumpet,  
 Sparkling in beauty and destruction too,  
 Both at a twinkling, I do liken straight  
 Her beautified body to a goodly temple  
 That's built on vaults where carcasses lie rotting ,  
 And so, by little and little, I shrink back again,  
 And quench desire with a cool meditation ,  
 And I'm as well, methinks Now for a welcome  
 Able to draw men's envies upon man ,  
 A kiss now, that will hang upon my lip  
 As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,  
 And full as long , after a five-days' fast  
 He'll be so greedy now, and cling about me,  
 I take care how I shall be rid of her  
 And here't begins

*Re-enter BIANCA and Mother*

BIAN O sir, you're welcome home !  
 MOTH O, is he come ? I'm glad on't  
 LEAN Is that all ?  
 Why, this is<sup>a</sup> dreadful now as sudden death  
 To some rich man, that flatters all his sins  
 With promise of repentance when he's old ,  
 And dies in the midway before he comes to<sup>t</sup> —

[*Aside*

Sure you're not well, Bianca , how dost, prithee ?  
 BIAN I have been better than I am at this time  
 LEAN Alas, I thought so '  
 BIAN Nay, I've been worse too  
 Than now you see me, sir.  
 LEAN I'm glad thou mend'st yet,  
 I feel my heart mend too how came it to thee ?  
 Has any thing dislik'd<sup>e</sup> thee in my absence ?

<sup>a</sup> is] Old ed "as "

<sup>e</sup> dislik'd] i e displeased

BIAN No, certain, I have had the best content  
That Florence can afford

LEAN Thou mak'st the best on't —  
Speak, mother, what's the cause? you must needs  
know

MOTH Troth, I know none, son, let her speak  
herself,  
Unless it be the same gave Lucifer  
A tumbling cast,—that's pride

BIAN Methinks this house stands nothing to my  
mind,  
I'd have some pleasant lodgung i' th' high street,  
sir,  
Or if 'twere near the court, sir, that were much  
better

'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman  
To stand in a bay-window and see gallants

LEAN Now I've another temper, a mere stranger  
To that of yours, it seems, I should delight  
To see none but yourself

BIAN I praise not that,  
Too fond is as unseemly as too churlish  
I would not have a husband of that proneness  
To kiss me before company for a world,  
Beside, 'tis tedious to see one thing still, sir,  
Be it the best that ever heart affected,  
Nay, were't yourself, whose love had power, you  
know,  
To bring me from my friends, I'd not stand thus  
And gaze upon you always, troth, I could not, sir,  
As good be blind and have no use of sight,  
As look on one thing still what's the eye's treasure  
But change of objects? you are learnèd, sir,  
And know I speak not ill 'tis<sup>f</sup> full as virtuous

<sup>f</sup> 'tis] Old ed " 'till "

For woman's eye to look on several men,  
As for her heart, sir, to be fix'd on one

LEAN Now thou com'st home to me, a kiss for  
that word

BIAN No matter for a kiss, sir, let it pass,  
'Tis but a toy, we'll not so much as mind it,  
Let's talk of other business, and forget it  
What news now of the pirates? any stirring?  
Prithee, discourse a little

MOTH I'm glad he's here yet,  
To see her tricks himself, I had hed monstrously  
If I had told 'em first [Aside]

LEAN Speak, what's the humour, sweet,  
You make your lip so strange? this was not wont

BIAN Is there no kindness betwixt man and wife,  
Unless they make a pigeon-house of friendship,  
And be still billing? 'tis the idlest fondness  
That ever was invented, and 'tis pity  
It's grown a fashion for poor gentlewomen,  
There's many a disease kiss'd in a year by't,  
And a French cur[t]sy made to't alas, sir!  
Think of the world, how we shall live, grow  
serious,

We have been married a whole fortnight now

LEAN How? a whole fortnight! why, is that so  
long?

BIAN 'Tis time to leave off dalliance, 'tis a doc-  
trine

Of your own teaching, if you be remember'd,  
And I was bound to obey it

MOTH Here's one fits him,  
This was well catch'd, i'faith, son, like a fellow  
That rids another country of a plague,  
And brings it home with him to his own house

[Aside — Knocking within.  
Who knocks?

LEAN Who's there now?—Withdraw you, Bianca,  
 Thou art a gem no stranger's eye must see,  
 Howe'er thou[<sup>'rt</sup>] pleas'd now to look dull on me —  
 [Exit BIANCA

*Enter Messenger*

You're welcome, sir, to whom your business, pray?

MESS To one I see not here now

LEAN Who should that be, sir?

MESS A young gentlewoman I was sent to

LEAN A young gentlewoman?

MESS Ay, sir, about sixteen why look you  
 wildly, sir?

LEAN At your strange error, you've mistook  
 the house, sir,

There's none such here, I assure you

MESS I assure you too

The man that sent me cannot be mistook

LEAN Why, who is't sent you, sir?

MESS The Duke

LEAN The Duke?

MESS Yes, he entreats her company at a banquet

At lady Livia's house

LEAN Troth, shall I tell you, sir,

It is the most erroneous business

That e'er your honest pains was abus'd with,

I pray, forgive me if I smile a little,

I cannot choose, i'faith, sir, at an eiror

So comical as this,—I mean no harm though

His grace has been most wondrous ill inform'd,

Pray, so return it, sir What should her name be?

MESS That I shall tell you straight too—Bianca

Capello <sup>g</sup>

<sup>g</sup> *Bianca Capello*] Old ed “Brancha Capella” see note,  
 p 516

**LEAN** How, sir? Bianca? what do you call th' other?

**MESS** Capello Sir, it seems you know no such then?

**LEAN** Who should this be? I never heard o' the name

**MESS** Then 'tis a sure mistake

**LEAN** What if you inquir'd  
In the next street, sir? I saw gallants there  
In the new houses that are built of late,  
Ten to one there you find her

**MESS** Nay, no matter,  
I will return the mistake, and seek no further  
**LEAN** Use your own will and pleasure, sir, you're welcome [Exit Messenger  
What shall I think of first?—Come forth, Bianca!

*Re-enter BIANCA.*

Thou art betray'd, I fear me

**BIAN** Betray'd! how, sir?

**LEAN** The Duke knows thee

**BIAN** Knows me! how know you that, sir?

**LEAN** Has got thy name

**BIAN** Ay, and my good name too,  
That's worse o' the twain [Aside

**LEAN.** How comes this work about?

**BIAN** How should the Duke know me? can you guess, mother?

**MOTH** Not I, with all my wits, sure we kept house close

**LEAN** Kept close! not all the locks in Italy  
Can keep you women so, you have been gadding,  
And ventur'd out at twilight to the court-green  
yonder,

And met the gallant bowlers coming home,

Without your masks too, both of you, I'll be hang'd  
else

Thou hast been seen, Bianca, by some stranger,  
Never excuse it

BIAN I'll not seek the way, sir,  
Do you think you've married me to mew me up,  
Not to be seen? what would you make of me?

LEAN A good wife, nothing else

BIAN Why, so are some  
That are seen every day, else the devil take 'em

LEAN No more, then, I believe all virtuous in  
thee,

Without an argument, 'twas but thy hard chance  
To be seen somewhere, there lies all the mischief  
But I've devis'd a riddance

MOTH Now I can tell you, son,  
The time and place

LEAN When? where?

MOTH What wits have I!  
When you last took your leave, if you remember,  
You left us both at window

LEAN Right, I know that

MOTH And not the third part of an hour after,  
The Duke pass'd by, in a great solemnity,  
To St Mark's temple, and, to my apprehension,  
He look'd up twice to the window

LEAN O, there quicken'd  
The mischief of this hour!

BIAN If you call't mischief,  
It is a thing I fear I am conceiv'd with [Aside

LEAN Look'd he up twice, and could you take  
no warning?

MOTH Why, once may do as much harm, son, as  
a thousand,  
Do not you know one spark has fir'd an house  
As well as a whole furnace?

LEAN My heart flames for't  
 Yet let's be wise, and keep all smother'd closely,  
 I have bethought a means is the door fast?

MOTH I lock'd it myself after him

LEAN You know, mother,  
 At the end of the dark parlour there's a place  
 So artificially contriv'd for a conveyance,  
 No search could ever find it, when my father  
 Kept in for manslaughter, it was his sanctuary,  
 There will I lock my life's best treasure up,  
 Bianca

BIAN Would you keep me closer yet?  
 Have you the conscience? you're best e'en choke  
 me up, sir  
 You make me fearful of your health and wits,  
 You cleave to such wild courses, what's the  
 matter?

LEAN Why, are you so insensible of your danger  
 To ask that now? the Duke himself has sent for  
 you

To lady Livia's to a banquet, forsooth

BIAN Now I beshrew you heartily, has he so!  
 And you the man would never yet vouchsafe  
 To tell me on't till now? you shew your loyalty  
 And honesty at once, and so farewell, sir

LEAN Bianca, whither now?

BIAN Why, to the Duke, sir,  
 You say he sent for me

LEAN But thou dost not mean  
 To go, I hope

BIAN No? I shall prove unmannerly,  
 Rude, and uncivil, mad, and imitate you!—  
 Come, mother, come, follow his humour no longer,  
 We shall be all executed for treason shortly

MOTH Not I, i'faith, I'll first obey the Duke,  
 And taste of a good banquet, I'm of thy mind

I'll step but up and fetch two handkerchiefs  
 To pocket up some sweetmeats, and o'ertake thee

[*Exit*

BIAN Why, here's an old wench would trot into  
 a bawd now

For some dry sucket,<sup>h</sup> or a colt in march-pane<sup>i</sup>

[*Aside, and exit*

LEAN O thou, the ripe time of man's misery,  
 wedlock,

When all his thoughts, like overladen trees,  
 Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in jea-  
 lousies!

O, that's a fruit that ripens hastily,  
 After 'tis knit to marriage! it begins,  
 As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,  
 A little to shew colour   Blessèd powers,  
 Whence comes this alteration<sup>j</sup> the distractions,  
 The fears and doubts it brings, are numberless,  
 And yet the cause I know not   What a peace  
 Has he that never marries! if he knew  
 The benefit he enjoy'd, or had the fortune  
 To come and speak with me, he should know then  
 Th' infinite wealth he had, and discern rightly  
 The greatness of his treasure by my loss  
 Nay, what a quietness has he 'bove mine  
 That wears his youth out in a strumpet's arms,  
 And never spends more care upon a woman  
 Than at the time of lust, but walks away,  
 And if he find her dead at his return,  
 His pity is soon done,—he breaks a sigh  
 In many parts, and gives her but a piece on't  
 But all the fears, shames, jealousies, costs and  
 troubles,

<sup>h</sup> *sucket*] i.e. sweetmeat

<sup>i</sup> *march-pane*] See note, vol. III p. 269

And still renew'd cares of a marriage-bed,  
Live in the issue, when the wife is dead

*Re-enter Messenger*

MESS A good perfection to your thoughts'

LEAN The news, sir?

MESS Though you were pleas'd of late to pin  
an error on me,

You must not shift another in your stead too  
The Duke has sent me for you

LEAN How! for me, sir?—

I see then 'tis my theft, we're both betray'd  
Well, I'm not the first has stol'n away a maid,  
My countrymen have us'd it [Aside]—I'll along  
with you, sir [Exeunt]

## SCENE II.

*An apartment in Livia's house<sup>1</sup> a banquet set out*

*Enter GUARDIANO and the Ward*

GLAR Take you especial note of such a gentle-  
woman,

She's here on purpose, I've invited her,  
Her father, and her uncle, to this banquet,  
Mark her behaviour well, it does concern you,  
And what her good parts are, as far as time  
And place can modestly require a knowledge of,  
Shall be laid open to your understanding  
You know I'm both your guardian and your uncle,  
My care of you is double, ward and nephew,  
And I'll express it here

<sup>1</sup> *Livia's house*] See pp 573, 576, 593 She and Guardiano, it appears, were inhabiting the same mansion

WARD Faith, I should know her  
Now by her mark among a thousand women,  
A little pretty deft<sup>J</sup> and tidy thing, you say?

GUAR Right

WARD With a lusty sprouting sprig in her hair?

GUAR Thou goest the right way still, take one  
mark more,—

Thou shalt ne'er find her hand out of her uncle's,  
Or else his out of hers, if she be near him,  
The love of kindred never yet stuck closer  
Than theirs to one another, he that weds her,  
Marrises her uncle's heart too

WARD Say you so, sir?  
Then I'll be ask'd i' the church to both of them

[Cornaets within

GUAR Fall back, here comes the Duke

WARD He brings a gentlewoman,  
I should fall forward rather

*Enter the Duke leading in BIANCA, FABRICIO, HIPPO-  
LITO, LIVIA, Mother, ISABELLA, Gentlemen, and  
Attendants*

DUKE Come, Bianca,  
Of purpose sent into the world to shew  
Perfection once in woman, I'll believe  
Henceforward they have every one a soul too,  
'Ganst all the uncourteous opinions  
That man's uncivil rudeness ever held of 'em  
Glory of Florence, light into mine arms!

BIAN Yon comes a grudging man will chide you,  
sir,

*Enter LEANTIO*

The storm is now in's heart, and would get nearer,  
And fall here, if it durst, it pours down yonder.

<sup>J</sup> *deft*] i.e. neat, spruce

DUKE If that be he, the weather shall soon clear,  
List, and I'll tell thee how [Whispers BIANCA

LEAN A kissing too!  
I see 'tis plain lust now, adultery 'bolden'd,  
What will it prove anon, when 'tis stuff'd full  
Of wine and sweetmeats,<sup>1</sup> being so impudent fast-  
ing? [Aside

DUKE We've heard of your good parts, sir,  
which we honour

With our embrace and love — Is not the captainship  
Of Rouans' citadel, since the late deceas'd,  
Suppl[ed] by any yet?

GENTLEMAN By none, my lord  
DUKE Take it, the place is yours then, and as  
faithfulness

And desert grows, our favour shall grow with't  
[LEANTIO kneels

Rise now, the captain of our fort at Rouans

LEAN [rising] The service of whole life give  
your grace thanks!

DUKE Come, sit, Bianca  
[Duke, BIANCA, &c seat themselves

LEAN This is some good yet,  
And more than e'er I look'd for, a fine bit  
To stay a cuckold's stomach all preferment  
That springs from sin and lust it shoots up quickly,  
As gardeners' crops do in the rotten'st grounds,  
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution  
Even like a salad growing upon a dunghill  
I'm like a thing that never was yet heard of,  
Half merry and half mad, much like a fellow  
That eats his meat with a good appetite,  
And wears a plague-sore that would fright a country,

<sup>1</sup> wine and sweetmeats] Of which a banquet consisted see  
note, vol III p 252

<sup>1</sup> Rouans'] A misprint, I presume, but qy for what?

Or rather, like the barren,<sup>1</sup> harden'd ass,  
That feeds on thistles till he bleeds again,  
And such is the condition of my misery [Aside]

LIV Is that your son, widow?

MOTH Yes, did your ladyship  
Never know that till now?

LIV No, trust me, did I,—  
Nor ever truly felt the power of love  
And pity to a man, till now I knew him  
I have enough to buy me my desires,  
And yet to spare, that's one good comfort [Aside]

—Hark you,  
Pray, let me speak with you, sir, before you go

LEAN With me, lady?<sup>2</sup> you shall, I'm at your  
service —  
What will she say now, trow?<sup>3</sup> more goodness  
yet? [Aside]

WARD I see her now, I'm sure, the ape's so little,  
I shall scarce feel her, I have seen almost  
As tall as she sold in the fair for tenpence  
See how she simpers it, as if marmalade  
Would not melt in her mouth! she might have the  
kindness, i'faith,

To send me a gilded bull from her own trencher,  
A ram, a goat, or somewhat to be nibbling  
These women, when they come to sweet things once,  
They forget all their friends, they grow so greedy,  
Nay, oftentimes their husbands

DUKE Here's a health now, gallants,  
To the best beauty at this day in Florence

BIAN Whoe'er she be, she shall not go unpledg'd,  
sir

DUKE Nay, you're excus'd for this

BIAN Who, I, my lord?

<sup>1</sup> barren] i.e. dull, stupid

<sup>2</sup> trow] i.e. think you

DUKE Yes, by the law of Bacchus, plead your benefit,  
You are not bound to pledge your own health,  
lady

BIAN That's a good way, my lord, to keep me dry

DUKE Nay, then, I'll not offend Venus so much,  
Let Bacchus seek his 'mends in another court,  
He'e's to thyself, Bianca [Duke and others drink

BIAN Nothing comes  
More welcome to that name than your grace.

LEAN So, so,  
He'e stands the poor thief now that stole the treasure,

And he's not thought on Ours is neal kin now  
To a twin misery born into the world,  
Fust the hard - conscienc'd worldling, he hoards  
wealth up,

Then comes the next, and he feasts all upon't,  
One's damn'd for getting, th' other for spending on't  
O equal justice, thou hast met my sin  
With a full weight! I'm rightly now opprest,  
All her friends' heavy hearts lie in my breast

[Aside.]  
DUKE Methinks there is no spirit 'mongst us,  
gallants,

But what divinely sparkles from the eyes  
Of bright Bianca, we sat all in darkness  
But for that splendour Who was't told us lately  
Of a match making right, a marriage-tender?

GUAR 'Twas I, my lord

DUKE 'Twas you indeed Where is she?

GUAR This is the gentlewoman.

FAB My lord, my daughter

DUKE Why, here's some stirring yet

FAB. She's a dear child to me

DUKE That must needs be, you say she is your daughter

FAB Nay, my good lord, dea<sup>r</sup> to my puise, I mean,  
Beside my person, I ne'er reckon'd that  
Sh'as the full qualties of a gentlewoman,  
I've biought her up to music, dancing, what not,  
That may commend her sex, and stir her husband

DUKE And which is he now?

GUAR This young heir, my lord

DUKE What is he brought up to?

HIP To cat and trap <sup>k</sup> [Aside]

GUAR My lord, he's a great ward, wealthy, but simple,

His parts consist in acres

DUKE O, wise-acres

GUAR You've spoke him in a woid, sir

BIAN 'Las, poor gentlewoman'

She's ill-bestead, unless sh'as dealt the wiselier,  
And laid in more provision for her youth,  
Fools will not keep in summer

LEAN No, nor such wives

From whores in winter [Aside.]

DUKE Yea, the voice too, sir?

FAB Ay, and a sweet breast<sup>l</sup> too, my lord, I hope,  
Or I have cast away my money wisely,  
She took her pricksong<sup>m</sup> earlier, my lord,  
Than any of her kindred ever did,  
A rare child, though I say't but I'd not have  
The baggage hear so much, 'twould make her swell  
straight,

And maids of all things must not be puff'd up

DUKE Let's turn us to a better banquet, then,  
For music bids the soul of<sup>n</sup> a man to a feast,

<sup>k</sup> cat and trap] See note, p 527

<sup>l</sup> breast] i e voice Compare vol iii p 576

<sup>m</sup> pricksong] See note, vol iii p 626   <sup>n</sup> of] Old ed "of a"

And that's indeed a noble entertainment,  
Worthy Bianca's self you shall perceive, beauty,  
Our Florentine damsels are not brought up idly

BIAN They're wiser of themselves it seems, my lord,

And can take gifts when goodness offers 'em

LEAN True, and damnation has taught you that wisdom,  
[Music]  
You can take gifts too. O, that music mocks me !

[*Aside*]

LIV I am as dumb to any language now  
But love's, as one that never learn'd to speak  
I am not yet so old but he may think of me ,  
My own fault, I've been idle a long time ,  
But I'll begin the week, and paint to-morrow,  
So follow my true labour day by day ,  
I never thriv'd so well as when I us'd it [ *Aside* ]

ISA. [sings]

*What harder chance can fall to woman ,  
Who was born to cleave to some man ,  
Than to bestow her time, youth, beauty ,  
Life's observance, honour, duty ,  
On a thing for no use good  
But to make physic work, or blood  
Force fresh in an old lady's cheek ?  
She that would be*

*Mother of fools, let her compound with me*

WARD Here's a tune indeed ' pish,  
I had rather hear one ballad sung i' the nose now  
Of the lamentable drowning of fat sheep and oxen ,  
Than all these simpering tunes play'd upon cat's- guts ,

And sung by little kitlings

[ *Aside* ]

FAB How like you her breast now, my lord ?

BIAN Her breast ?

He talks as if his daughter had given suck

Before she were married, as her betters have,  
The next he praises sure will be her nipples

[*Aside*<sup>a</sup>

DUKE Methinks now such a voice to such a  
husband

Is like a jewel of unvalu'd<sup>o</sup> worth

Hung at a fool's ear [*Aside to Bianca*

FAB May it please your grace  
To give her leave to shew another quality?

DUKE Marry, as many good ones as you will, sir,  
The more the better welcome

LEAN But the less  
The better practis'd that soul's black indeed  
That cannot commend virtue, but who keeps it?

Th' extortioner will say to a sick beggar,  
Heaven comfort thee! though he give none himself,  
This good is common [*Aside*

FAB Will it please you now, sir,  
To entreat your Ward to take her by the hand,  
And lead her in a dance before the Duke?

GUAR. That will I, sir, 'tis needful — Hark you,  
nephew. [*Whispers Ward*

FAB Nay, you shall see, young heir, what you've  
for your money,

Without fraud or imposture

WARD Dance with her?  
Not I, sweet guardianer, do not urge my heart to't,  
'Tis clean against my blood, dance with a stranger?  
Let who s' will do't, I'll not begin first with her

HIP No, fear't not, fool, sh'as took a better  
order [*Aside*

<sup>a</sup> *Aside*] "I think there is every reason to believe Brancha's [Bianca's] speech and the Duke's spoken, as I have marked them, the one *aside*, and the other to Brancha, they were certainly not intended to be generally heard" Editor of 1816 — Perhaps Bianca's speech is addressed to the Duke  
<sup>o</sup> *unvalu'd*] i.e. invaluable

GUAR Why, who shall take her then ?

WARD Some other gentleman

Look, there's her uncle, a fine-timber'd reveller,  
Perhaps he knows the manner of her dancing too ,  
I'll have him do't before me—I've sworn, guar-  
dianer—

Then may I learn the better

GUAR Thou'l be an ass still !

WARD Ay, all that, uncle, shall not fool me out  
Pish, I stick closer to myself than so

GUAR I must entreat you, sir, to take your niece  
And dance with her , my Ward's a little wilful,  
He'd have you shew him the way

HIP Me, sir ? he shall  
Command it at all hours , pray, tell him so

GUAR I thank you for him , he has not wit him-  
self, sir

HIP Come, my life's peace.—I've a strange office  
on't here

'Tis some man's luck to keep the joys he likes  
Conceal'd for his own bosom, but my fortune  
To set 'em out now for another's liking ,  
Like the mad misery of necessitous man,  
That parts from his good horse with many praises,  
And goes on foot himself need must be obey'd  
In every action , it mars man and maid [Aside

[Music] HIPPOLITO and ISABELLA dance,  
making obeisance to the Duke, and to each  
other, both before and after the dance

DUKE Signor Fabricio, you're a happy father ,  
Your cares and pains are fortunate you see,  
Your cost bears noble fruits —Hippolito, thanks

FAB Here's some amends for all my charges yet ,  
She wins both prick and praise<sup>p</sup> where'er she comes

DUKE How lk'st, Bianca ?

<sup>p</sup> *prick and praise]* See note, vol. II p. 133

BIAN. All things well, my lord,  
But this poor gentlewoman's fortune, that's the  
woist

DUKE There is no doubt, Bianca, she'll find  
leisure

To make that good enough, he's rich and simple

BIAN She has the better hope o' th' upper hand,  
indeed,

Which women strive for most

GUAR Do't when I bid you, sir

WARD I'll venture but a hornpipe with her,  
guardianer,

Or some such married man's dance

GUAR Well, venture something, sir

WARD I have rhyme for what I do

GUAR But little reason, I think

WARD Plain men dance the measures,<sup>a</sup> the sin-  
quapace,<sup>b</sup> the gay,  
Cuckolds dance the hornpipe, and farmers dance  
the hay,<sup>c</sup>

Your soldiers dance the round,<sup>d</sup> and maidens that  
grow big,

You[r] drunkards, the canaries,<sup>e</sup> you[r] whore and  
bawd, the jig

Here's your eight kind of dancers, he that finds  
The ninth let him pay the minstrels

DUKE O, here he appears once in his own person,  
I thought he would have married her by attorney,  
And lain with her so too

BIAN Nay, my kind lord,

<sup>a</sup> *measures*] See note, vol 1 p 233

<sup>b</sup> *sinqapace*] Properly *cinqe-pace* see note, vol III p 631

<sup>c</sup> *hay*] Or *hey*—according to some, an abbreviation of *hey-de-guise* (see note, p 163) is “gay” formed from the same variously-spelt word<sup>9</sup>

<sup>d</sup> *round*] See note, vol II p 190

<sup>e</sup> *canaries*] See note, vol III p 39

There's very seldom any found so foolish  
To give away his part there

**LEAN** Bitter scoff!

Yet I must do't with what a cruel pride  
The glory of her sin strikes by my afflictions'

[*Aside*

[*The Ward and ISABELLA dance, he ridicu-*  
*lously imitating HIPPOLITO*

**DUKE** This thing will make shift, sirs, to make  
a husband,

For aught I see in him —How think'st, Bianca?

**BIAN** Faith, an ill-favour'd shift, my lord, me-  
thinks,

If he would take some voyage when he's married,  
Dangerous, or long enough, and scarce be seen  
Once in nine year together, a wife then  
Might make indifferent shift to be content with  
him

**DUKE** A kiss [*kisses her*], that wit deserves to  
be made much on —

Come, our caroch'

**GUAR** Stands ready for your grace

**DUKE** My thanks to all your loves —Come, fair  
Bianca,

We have took special care of you, and provided  
Your lodging near us now

**BIAN** Your love is great, my lord

**DUKE** Once more, our thanks to all

**OMNES** All blest honours guard you!

[*Cornets flourishing, exeunt all but LEANTIO  
and LIVIA*

**LEAN** O hast thou left me then, Bianca, utterly?  
Bianca, now I miss thee! O, return,  
And save the faith of woman! I ne'er felt  
The loss of thee till now, 'tis an affliction  
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear,

As if a punishment of after-life  
Were fain upon man here, so new it is  
To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable,  
A torment even mistook, as if a body  
Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore  
suffer it

In scalding oil

[*Aside.*]

LIV Sweet sir —

LEAN As long as mine eye saw thee,  
I half enjoy'd thee

[*Aside*]

LIV Sir —

LEAN Canst thou forget  
The dear pains my love took? how it has watch'd  
Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,  
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest  
That sung about mine ears,—like dangerous flat-  
terers,

That can set all their mischief to sweet tunes,—  
And then receiv'd thee, from thy father's window,  
Into these arms at midnight, when we embrac'd  
As if we had been statues only made for't,  
To shew art's life, so silent were our comforts,  
And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together?

[*Aside*]

LIV This makes me madder to enjoy him now

[*Aside*]

LEAN Canst thou forget all this, and better  
joys

That we met after this, which then new kisses  
Took pride to praise?

[*Aside*]

LIV I shall grow madde yet [*Aside*]—Sir —

LEAN This cannot be but of some close bawd's  
working —

[*Aside*]

Cry mercy, lady! what would you say to me?  
My sorrow makes me so unmannerly,  
So comfort bless me, I had quite forgot you

LIV Nothing, but even, in pity to that passion,<sup>t</sup>  
Would give your grief good counsel

LEAN Marry, and welcome, lady,  
It never could come better

LIV Then first, sir,  
To make away all your good thoughts at once of  
her,

Know most assuredly she is a strumpet

LEAN Ha! *most assuredly?* speak not a thing  
So vild<sup>u</sup> so certainly, leave it more doubtful

LIV Then I must leave all truth, and spare my  
knowledge

A sin which I too lately found and wept for

LEAN Found you it?

LIV Ay, with wet eyes

LEAN O perjurious friendship!

LIV You miss'd your fortunes when you met  
with her, sir

Young gentlemen that only love for beauty,  
They love not wisely, such a marriage rather  
Proves the destruction of affection,  
It brings on want, and want's the key of whore-  
dom

I think y'had small means with her?

LEAN O, not any, lady

LIV. Alas, poor gentleman! what meant'st thou,  
sir,

Quite to undo thyself with thine own kind heart?  
Thou art too good and pitiful to woman  
Marry, sir, thank thy stars for this blest fortune,  
That rids the summer of thy youth so well  
From many beggars, that had lain a-sunning  
In thy beams only else, till thou hadst wasted  
The whole days of thy life in heat and labour

<sup>t</sup> *passion]* i.e. sorrow

<sup>u</sup> *vild]* See note, p. 187

What would you say now to a creature found  
As pitiful to you, and, as it were,  
Even sent on purpose from the whole sex general,  
To requite all that kindness you have shewn to't?

LEAN What's that, madam?

LIV Nay, a gentlewoman, and one able  
To reward good things, ay, and bears a conscience  
to't

Couldst thou love such a one, that, blow all for-  
tunes,

Would never see thee want?

Nay, more, maintain thee to thine enemy's envy,  
And shalt not spend a care for't, stir a thought,  
Nor break a sleep? unless love's music wak'd thee,  
No storm of fortune should look upon me,  
And know that woman

LEAN O my life's wealth, Bianca!

LIV. Still with her name? will nothing wear it  
out? [Aside]

That deep sigh went but for a strumpet, sir

LEAN It can go for no other that loves me

LIV He's vex'd in mind I came too soon to  
him,

Where's my discretion now, my skill, my judgment?  
I'm cunning in all arts but my own love  
'Tis as unseasonable to tempt him now  
So soon, as [for] a widow to be courted  
Following her husband's corse, or to make bargain  
By the grave-side, and take a young man there  
Her strange departure stands like a hearse<sup>u</sup> yet  
Before his eyes, which time will take down shortly

[Aside, and exit]

<sup>u</sup> hearse] "In imitation of which [cenotaph] our hearses here in England are set up in churches, during the continuance of a yeare, or the space of certaine monthes" Weever — cited in Todd's Johnson's *Dict v Hearse*

LEAN Is she my wife till death, yet no more  
mine?  
That's a hard measure then what's marriage good  
for?

Methinks, by right I should not now be living,  
And then 'twere all well What a happiness  
Had I been made of, had I never seen her!  
For nothing makes man's loss grievous to him  
But knowledge of the worth of what he loses,  
For what he never had, he never misses  
She's gone for ever, utterly, there is  
As much redemption of a soul from hell,  
As a fair woman's body from his palace  
Why should my love last longer than her truth?  
What is there good in woman to be lov'd,  
When only that which makes her so has left her?  
I cannot love her now, but I must like  
Her sin and my own shame too, and be guilty  
Of law's breach with her, and mine own abusing,  
All which were monstrous then my safest course,  
For health of mind and body, is to turn  
My heart and hate her, most extremely hate her,  
I have no other way those virtuous powers,  
Which were chaste witnesses of both our troths,  
Can witness she breaks first And I'm rewarded  
With captainship o' the fort, a place of credit,  
I must confess, but poor, my factorship  
Shall not exchange means with't he that died last  
in't,  
He was no drunkard, yet he died a beggar  
For all his thrift besides, the place not fits me,  
It suits my resolution, not my breeding

*Re-enter LIVIA*

LIV I've tried all ways I can, and have not  
power

To keep from sight of him [*Aside*]—How are you now, sir?

LEAN I feel a better ease, madam

LIV Thanks to blessedness!

You will do well, I warrant you, fear't not, sir,  
Join but your own good will to't he's not wise  
That loves his pain or sickness, or grows fond  
Of a disease whose property is to vex him,  
And spitefully drink his blood up out upon't, sir!  
Youth knows no greater loss I pray, let's walk,  
sir,

You never saw the beauty of my house yet,  
Nor how abundantly fortune has blest me  
In worldly treasure, trust me, I've enough, sir,  
To make my friend a rich man in my life,  
A great man at my death, yourself will say so  
If you want any thing, and spare to speak,  
Troth, I'll condemn you for a wilful man, sir

LEAN Why, sure,  
This can be but the flattery of some dream

LIV Now, by this kiss, my love, my soul, and  
riches,

'Tis all true substance! [Kisses him]  
Come, you shall see my wealth, take what you list,  
The gallanter you go, the more you please me  
I will allow you too your page and footman,  
Your race-horses, or any various pleasure  
Exercis'd youth delights in, but to me  
Only, sir, wear your heart of constant stuff,  
Do but you love enough, I'll give enough.

LEAN Troth, then, I'll love enough, and take  
enough

LIV. Then we are both pleas'd enough [*Exeunt*

## SCENE III

*A room in FABRICIO'S house*

*Enter on one side GUARDIANO and ISABELLA, on the other the Ward and SORDIDO*

GUAR Now, nephew, here's the gentlewoman again

WARD Mass, here she's come again! mark her now, Sordido

GUAR This is the maid my love and care have<sup>t</sup> chose

Out for your wife, and so I tender her to you,  
Yourself has been eye-witness of some qualities  
That speak a courtly breeding, and are costly  
I bring you both to talk together now,  
'Tis time you grew familiar in your tongues,  
To-morrow you join hands, and one ring ties you,  
And one bed holds you, if you like the choice,  
Her father and her friends are i' the next room,  
And stay to see the contract ere they part  
Therefore, despatch, good Ward, be sweet and short,

Like her, or like her not, there's but two ways,  
And one your body, th' other your purse pays

WARD I warrant you, guardianer, I'll not stand all day thrumming,

But quickly shoot my bolt at your next coming

GUAR Well said good fortune to your birding then! [Exit

WARD I never miss'd mark yet.

SOR Troth, I think, master, if the truth were known,

You never shot at any but the kitchen-wench,

<sup>t</sup> have] Old ed "has"

And that was a she-woodcock,<sup>t</sup> a mere innocent,<sup>u</sup>  
 That was oft lost and cried<sup>v</sup> at eight-and-twenty

WARD No more of that meat, Sordido, here's  
 eggs o' the spit now,

We must turn gingerly draw out the catalogue  
 Of all the faults of women

Sor How<sup>w</sup> all the faults? have you so little  
 reason to think so much paper will lie in my  
 breeches? why, ten carts will not carry it, if you  
 set down but the bawds All the faults? pray, let's  
 be content with a few of 'em, and if they were  
 less, you would find 'em enough, I warrant you  
 look you, sir

ISA But that I have th' advantage of the fool,  
 As much as woman's heart can wish and joy at,  
 What an infernal torment 'twere to be  
 Thus bought and sold, and turn'd and pry'd into,  
 When, alas,  
 The worst bit's too good for him<sup>x</sup> and the comfort is,  
 Has but a cater's<sup>y</sup> place on't, and provides  
 All for another's table yet how curious  
 The ass is<sup>z</sup> like some nice professor on't,  
 That buys up all the daintiest food i' the markets,  
 And seldom licks his lips after a taste on't [Aside.

Sor Now to her, now you've scann'd all her  
 parts over

WARD But at [which] end shall I begin now,  
 Sordido?

Sor O, ever at a woman's lip, while you live,  
 sir do you ask that question?

WARD Methinks, Sordido, sh'as but a crabbed  
 face to begin with

Sor A crabbed face? that will save money

<sup>t</sup> woodcock] i.e simpleton compare vol iii p 46

<sup>u</sup> innocent] i.e idiot, fool see pp 299, 451

<sup>v</sup> cried] i.e proclaimed as lost by the public crier

<sup>w</sup> cater's] i.e caterer's

WARD How? save money, Sordido?

SOR Ay, sir, for, having a crabbed face of her own, she'll eat the less verjuice with her mutton, 'twill save verjuice at year's end, sir

WARD Nay, and<sup>v</sup> your jests begin to be saucy once, I'll make you eat your meat without mustard

SOR And that in some kind is a punishment

WARD Gentlewoman, they say 'tis your pleasure to be my wife, and you shall know shortly whether it be mine or no to be your husband, and there-upon thus I first enter upon you [*Kisses her*]—O most delicious scent! methinks it tasted as if a man had stept into a comfit-maker's shop to let a cart go by, all the while I kissed her —It is reported, gentlewoman, you'll run mad for me, if you have me not

ISA I should be in great danger of my wits, sir,  
For being so forward —Should this ass kick back-  
ward now!

WARD Alas, poor soul! and is that hair your own?

ISA Mine own? yes, sure, sir, I owe nothing  
for't

WARD 'Tis a good hearing, I shall have the less  
to pay when I have married you —Look, do<sup>w</sup> her  
eyes stand well?

SOR They cannot stand better than in her head,  
I think, where would you have them? and for her  
nose, 'tis of a very good last

WARD I have known as good as that has not  
lasted a year though

SOR That's in the using of a thing, will not any  
strong bridge fall down in time, if we do nothing  
but beat at the bottom? a nose of buff would not  
last always, sir, especially if it came into the camp  
once

<sup>v</sup> and] i e if

<sup>w</sup> do] Old ed "does"

WARD But, Sordido, how shall we do to make her laugh, that I may see what teeth she has? for I'll not bate her a tooth, nor take a black one into the bargain

Sor Why, do but you fall in talk with her, you cannot choose but, one time or other, make her laugh, sir

WARD It shall go hard but I will — Pray, what qualities have you beside singing and dancing? can you play at shuttlecock, forsooth?

Isa Ay, and at stool-ball<sup>w</sup> too, sir, I've great luck at it

WARD Why, can you catch a ball well?

Isa I have catch'd two in my lap at one game

WARD What! have you, woman? I must have you learn

To play at trap too, then you're full and whole

Isa Any thing that you please to bring me up to, I shall take pains to practise

WARD 'Twill not do, Sordido, We shall ne'er get her mouth open'd wide enough

Sor No, sir? that's strange then here's a trick for your learning

[SORDIDO *yawns*, ISABELLA *yawns also, but covers her mouth with a handkerchief*

Look now, look now! quick, quick there!

WARD Pox of that scurvy mannerly trick with handkerchief!

It hinder'd me a little, but I'm satisfied

When a fair woman gapes, and stops her mouth so, It shews like a cloth-stopple in a cream-pot  
I have fair hope of her teeth now, Sordido

<sup>w</sup> *stool-ball*] So called from being played with a stool (or stools) and a ball see *Sports, &c*, by Strutt, who says, "it seems to have been a game more properly appropriated to the women than to the men" P 77

SOR Why, then, you've all well, sir, for aught I see,  
 She's right and straight enough now as she stands,  
 They'll commonly lie crooked, that's no matter,  
 Wise gamesters

Never find fault with that, let 'em lie still so

WARD I'd fain mark how she goes, and then I have all, for of all creatures I cannot abide a splay-footed woman, she's an unlucky thing to meet in a morning, her heels keep together so, as if she were beginning an Irish dance still, and [t]he wriggling of her bum playing the tune to't but I have bethought a cleanly shift to find it, dab down as you see me, and peep of one side when her back's toward you—I'll shew you the way

SOR And you shall find me apt enough to peeping,  
 I have been one of them has seen mad sights  
 Under your scaffolds

WARD Will't please you walk, forsooth,  
 A turn or two by yourself? you're so pleasing to me,  
 I take delight to view you on both sides

ISA I shall be glad to fetch a walk to your love,  
 sir,  
 'Twill get affection a good stomach, sir,—  
 Which I had need have to fall to such coarse victuals

[*Aside*  
 [ISABELLA walks while the Ward and SORDIDO  
 stoop down to look at her

WARD Now go thy ways for a clean-treading wench,  
 As ever man in modesty peep'd under!  
 SOR I see the sweetest sight to please my master!  
 Never went Frenchman righter upon ropes,  
 Than she on Florentine rushes <sup>w</sup>

<sup>w</sup> : *rushes*] With which the floors were strewed

WARD 'Tis enough, forsooth  
 ISA And how do you like me now, sir?

WARD Faith, so well,  
 I never mean to part with thee, sweetheart,  
 Under some sixteen children, and all boys

ISA You'll be at simple pains, if you prove kind,  
 And breed 'em all in your teeth <sup>x</sup>

WARD Nay, by my faith,  
 What serves your belly for? 'twould make my cheeks  
 Look like blown bagpipes

*Re-enter GUARDIANO*

GUAR How now, ward and nephew,  
 Gentlewoman and niece! speak, is it so or not?

WARD 'Tis so, we're both agreed, sir  
 GUAR In to your kindred then,

There's friends, and wine, and music wait' to wel-  
 come you

WARD Then I'll be drunk for joy  
 SOR And I for company,

I cannot break my nose in a better action

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV SCENE I

*BIANCA's lodging at Court*

*Enter BIANCA, attended by two Ladies*

BIAN How go<sup>z</sup> your watches, ladies? what's  
 a'clock now?

FIRST L. By mine, full nine

<sup>x</sup> breed 'em all in your teeth] "In allusion to a superstitious idea, that an affectionate husband had the toothache while his wife was breeding" Editor of 1816  
<sup>y</sup> wait] Old ed "waits."      <sup>z</sup> go] Old ed "goes"

SEC L By mine, a quarter past

FIRST L I set mine by St Mark's

SEC L St Anthony's, they say,

Goes truer

FIRST L That's but your opinion, madam,  
Because you love a gentleman o' the name

SEC L He's a true gentleman then

FIRST L So may he be

That comes to me to-night, for aught you know

BIAN I'll end this strife straight I set mine by  
the sun,

I love to set by the best, one shall not then

Be troubled to set often

SEC L You do wisely in't

BIAN If I should set my watch, as some girls do,  
By every clock i' the town, 'twould ne'er go true,  
And too much turning of the dial's point,  
Or tampering with the spring, might in small time  
Spoil the whole work too, here it wants of nine  
now

FIRST L It does indeed, forsooth, mine's nearest  
truth yet

SEC L Yet I've found her lying with an advo-  
cate, which shew'd

Like two false clocks together in one parish

BIAN So now I thank you, ladies, I desire  
Awhile to be alone

FIRST L And I am nobody,  
Methinks, unless I've one or other with me —  
Faith, my desire and hers will ne'er be sisters

[*Aside — Exeunt Ladies*

BIAN. How strangely woman's fortune comes  
about!

This was the farthest way to come to me,  
All would have judg'd that knew me born in Venice,  
And there with many jealous eyes brought up,

That never thought they had me sure enough  
 But when they were upon me, yet my hap  
 To meet it here, so far off from my birth-place,  
 My friends, or kindred! 'tis not good, in sadness,<sup>2</sup>  
 To keep a maid so strict in her young days,  
 Restraint  
 Breeds wandering thoughts, as many fasting days  
 A great desire to see flesh stirring again  
 I'll ne'er use any girl of mine so strictly,  
 Howe'er they're kept, their fortunes find 'em out,  
 I see't in me if they be got in court,  
 I'll ne'er forbid 'em the country, nor the court,  
 Though they be born i' the country they will come  
 to't,  
 And fetch their falls a thousand mile about,  
 Where one would little think on't

*Enter LEANTIO, richly dressed*

LEAN I long to see how my despiser looks  
 Now she's come here to court these are her lod-  
 gings,

She's simply now advanc'd I took her out  
 Of no such window, I remember, first,  
 That was a great deal lower, and less carv'd [Aside

BIAN How now! what silkworm's this, i' the  
 name of pride?

What, is it he?

LEAN A bow i' th' ham to your greatness,  
 You must have now three legs,<sup>2</sup> I take it, must you  
 not?

BIAN Then I must take another, I shall want else  
 The service I should have, you have but two there

LEAN You're richly plac'd.

<sup>2</sup> in sadness] i.e. in seriousness—seriously

<sup>2</sup> three legs] i.e. "three bows." Editor of 1816

BIAN Methinks you're wondrous brave,<sup>b</sup> sir  
 LEAN A sumptuous lodging  
 BIAN You've an excellent suit there  
 LEAN A chair of velvet  
 BIAN Is your cloak lin'd through, sir?  
 LEAN You're very stately here  
 BIAN Faith, something proud, sir  
 LEAN Stay, stay, let's see your cloth-of-silver  
     slippers  
 BIAN Who's your shoemaker? has made you a  
     neat boot  
 LEAN Will you<sup>c</sup> have a pair?  
 The Duke will lend you spurs  
 BIAN Yes, when I ride  
 LEAN 'Tis a brave life you lead  
 BIAN I could ne'er see you  
 In such good clothes in my time  
 LEAN In your time?  
 BIAN Sure I think, sir,  
 We both thrive best asunder  
 LEAN You're a whore!  
 BIAN Fear nothing, sir  
 LEAN An impudent, spiteful strumpet!  
 BIAN O, sir, you give me thanks for your cap-  
     tainship!  
 I thought you had forgot all your good manners  
 LEAN And, to spite thee as much, look there,  
     there read,                          [*Giving letter*  
 Vex, gnaw, thou shalt find there I'm not love-  
     starv'd  
 The world was never yet so cold or pitiless,  
 But there was ever still more charity found out

<sup>b</sup> *brave*] i.e. finely dressed

<sup>c</sup> *Will you, &c.*] I give these speeches as they stand in old  
 ed. In whatever way the lines are divided, the metre will not  
 run regularly

Than at one proud fool's door, and 'twere hard,  
    faith,

If I could not pass that Read to thy shame there,  
A cheerful and a beauteous benefactor too,  
As e'er erected the good works of love

BIAN Lady Livia'

Is't possible? her worship was my pandress,  
She dote, and send, and give, and all to him!  
Why, here's a bawd plagu'd home! [*Aside*]—You're  
    simply happy, sir,

Yet I'll not envy you

LEAN No, court-saint, not thou!  
You keep some friend of a new fashion,  
There's no harm in your devil, he's a suckling,  
But he will breed teeth shortly, will he not?

BIAN Take heed you play not then too long with  
    him

LEAN Yes, and the great one too I shall find  
    time

To play a hot religious bout with some of you,  
And, perhaps, drive you and your course of sins  
To their eternal kennels I speak softly now,  
'Tis manners in a noble woman's lodgings,  
And I well know<sup>c</sup> all my degrees of duty,  
But come I to your everlasting parting once,  
Thunder shall seem soft music to that tempest

BIAN 'Twas said last week there would be  
    change of weather,  
When the moon hung so, and belike you heard it

LEAN Why, here's sin made, and ne'er a con-  
    science put to t,—

A monster with all forehead and no eyes!  
Why do I talk to thee of sense or virtue,  
That art as dark as death? and as much madness  
To set light before thee, as to lead blind folks

<sup>c</sup> *know*] Old ed "knew"

To see the monuments, which they may smell as soon  
 As they behold,—marry, oftentimes their heads,  
 For want of light, may feel the hardness of 'em,  
 So shall thy blind pride my revenge and anger,  
 That canst not see it now, and it may fall  
 At such an hour when thou least seest of all  
 So, to an ignorance darker than thy womb  
 I leave thy perjur'd soul, a plague will come!

[*Exit*

BIAN Get you gone first, and then I fear no  
 greater,  
 Nor thee will I fear long, I'll have this sauciness  
 Soon banish'd from these lodgings, and the rooms  
 Perfum'd well after the corrupt air it leaves  
 His breath has made me almost sick, in troth,  
 A poor, base start-up' life, because has got  
 Fair clothes by foul means, comes to rail and shew  
 'em!

*Enter the Duke.*

DUKE Who's that?  
 BIAN Cry you mercy, sir!  
 DUKE Prithee, who's that?  
 BIAN The former thing, my lord, to whom you  
 gave  
 The captainship, he eats his meat with grudging  
 still

DUKE Still?  
 BIAN He comes vaunting here of his new love,  
 And the new clothes she gave him, lady Livia,  
 Who but she now his mistress!

DUKE Lady Livia?  
 Be sure of what you say  
 BIAN He shew'd me her name, sir,  
 In perfum'd paper, her vows, her letter,  
 With an intent to spite me, so his heart said,  
 And his threats made it good, they were as spiteful

As ever malice utter'd, and as dangerous,  
Should his hand follow the copy

DUKE But that must not  
Do not you vex your mind, prithee, to bed, go,  
All shall be well and quiet

BIAN I love peace, sir.

DUKE And so do all that love take you no care  
for't,  
It shall be still provided to your hand —

[*Exit BIANCA*

Who's near us there ?

*Enter Servant*

SER My lord ?

DUKE Seek out Hippolito,  
Brother to lady Livia, with all speed.

SER He was the last man I saw, my lord

DUKE Make haste — [*Exit Servant*  
He is a blood soon stirr'd, and as he's quick  
To apprehend a wrong, he's bold and sudden  
In bringing forth a ruin I know, likewise,  
The reputation of his sister's honour's  
As dear to him as life-blood to his heart,  
Beside, I'll flatter him with a goodness to her,—  
Which I now thought on, but ne'er meant to prac-  
tise,  
Because I know her base,—and that wind drives  
him

The ulcerous reputation feels the poise  
Of lightest wrongs, as sores are vex'd with flies  
He comes —

*Enter HIPPOLITO*

Hippolito, welcome

HIP My lov'd lord !

DUKE How does that lusty widow, thy kind  
sister ?

Is she not sped yet of a second husband ?  
 A bed-fellow she has, I ask not that,  
 I know she's sped of him  
     Hr Of him, my lord ?  
 DUKE Yes, of a bed-fellow is the news so  
     strange to you ?  
 Hr I hope 'tis so to all  
 DUKE I wish it were, s<sup>n</sup>,  
 But 'tis confess'd too fast, her ignorant pleasures,  
 Only by lust instructed, have receiv'd  
 Into their services an impudent boaster,  
 One that does raise his glory from her shame,  
 And tells the mid-day sun what's done in dark-  
     ness,  
 Yet, blinded with her appetite, wastes her wealth,  
 Buys her disgraces at a dearer rate  
 Than bounteous housekeepers purchase their honour  
 Nothing sads me so much, as that, in love  
 To thee and to thy blood, I had pick'd out  
 A worthy match for her, the great Vincentio,  
 High in our favour and in all men's thoughts  
     Hr O thou destruction of all happy fortunes,  
 Unsated blood ! Know you the name, my lord,  
 Of her abuser ?  
 DUKE One Leantio  
 Hr He's a factor  
 DUKE He ne'er made so brave a voyage,  
 By his own talk  
     Hr The poor old widow's son  
 I humbly take my leave  
 DUKE I see 'tis done — *Aside*  
 Give her good counsel, make her see her error,  
 I know she'll hearken to you  
     Hr Yes, my lord,  
 I make no doubt, as I shall take the course  
 Which she shall never know till it be acted,

And when she wakes to honour, then she'll thank  
me for't

I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons  
To this lost limb, who, ere they shew their art,  
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part,  
So, out of love to her I pity most,  
She shall not feel him going till he's lost,  
Then she'll commend the cure

[*Exit*

DUKE The great cure's<sup>c</sup> past,  
I count this done already, his wrath's sure,  
And speaks an injury deep farewell, Leantio,  
This place will never hear thee murmur more —

*Enter the Cardinal and Servants*

Our noble brother, welcome!

CAR Set those lights down  
Depart till you be call'd

[*Exeunt Servants*

DUKE There's serious business  
Fix'd in his look, nay, it inclines a little  
To the dark colour of a discontentment — [Aside  
Brother, what is't commands your eye so power-  
fully?

Speak, you seem lost

CAR The thing I look on seems so,  
To my eyes lost for ever

DUKE You look on me

CAR What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling,  
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,  
So wise, so noble, nay, a duke, a brother,  
And all this certainly damn'd!

DUKE How!

CAR 'Tis no wonder,  
If your great sin can do't dare you look up  
For thinking of a vengeance? dare you sleep

<sup>c</sup> *cure's*] Qy "care's"?

For fear of never waking but to death ?  
And dedicate unto a strumpet's love  
The strength of your affections, zeal, and health ?  
Here you stand now , can you assure your pleasures

You shall once more enjoy her, but once more ?  
Alas, you cannot ! what a misery 'tis then,  
To be more certain of eternal death  
Than of a next embrace ! nay, shall I shew you  
How more unfortunate you stand in sin  
Than the low,<sup>c</sup> private man all his offences,  
Like enclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,  
And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds ,  
And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort  
When he's no further charg'd than with himself,  
'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness but, great man,  
Every sin thou commit'st shews like a flame  
Upon a mountain, 'tis seen far about,  
And, with a big wind made of popular breath,  
The sparkles fly through cities, here one takes,  
Another catches there, and in short time  
Waste all to cinders , but remember still,  
What burnt the valleys first came from the hill  
Every offence draws his particular pain,  
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane  
The sins of mean men lie like scatter'd parcels  
Of an unperfect bill , but when such fall,  
Then comes example, and that sums up all  
And this your reason grants , if men of good lives,  
Who by their virtuous actions stir up others  
To noble and religious imitation,  
Receive the greater glory after death,  
As sin must needs confess, what may they feel  
In height of torments and in weight of vengeance,

<sup>c</sup> low] Old ed "love"

Not only they themselves not doing well,  
But set<sup>d</sup> a light up to shew men to hell?

DUKE If you have done, I have, no more, sweet  
brother'

CAR I know time spent in goodness is too tedious,  
This had not been a moment's space in lust now  
How dare you venture on eternal pain,  
That cannot bear a minute's reprehension?  
Methinks you should endure to hear that talk'd of  
Which you so strive to suffer O, my brother,  
What were you, if [that] you were taken now!  
My heart weeps blood to think on't, 'tis a work  
Of infinite mercy, you can never merit,  
That yet you are not death-struck, no, not yet,  
I dare not stay you long, for fear you should not  
Have time enough allow'd you to repent in  
There's but this wall [*pointing to his body*] betwixt  
you and destruction,  
When you're at strongest, and but poor thin clay  
Think upon't, brother, can you come so near it  
For a fair strumpet's love, and fall into  
A torment that knows neither end nor bottom  
For beauty but the deepness of a skin,  
And that not of their own neither? Is she a thing  
Whom sickness dare not visit, or age look on,  
Or death resist? does the worm shun her grave?  
If not, as your soul knows it, why should lust  
Bring man to lasting pain for rotten dust?

DUKE Brother of spotless honour, let me weep  
The first of my repentance in thy bosom,  
And shew the blest fruits of a thankful spirit  
And if I e'er keep woman more, unlawfully,  
May I want penitence at my greatest need!

<sup>d</sup> *set*] Old ed "sets"

And wise men know there is no barren place  
Threatens more famine than a dearth in grace

CAR Why, here's a conversion is at this time,  
brother,

Sung for a hymn in heaven,<sup>e</sup> and at this instant  
The powers of darkness groan, makes all hell sorry  
First I praise heaven, then in my work I glory  
Who's there attends without?

*Re-enter Servants*

FIRST SER My lord?

CAR Take up those lights, there was a thicker  
darkness

When they came first —The peace of a fair soul  
Keep with my noble brother!

DUKE Joys be with you, sir!

[*Eexit Cardinal and Servants*

She lies alone to-night for't, and must still,  
Though it be hard to conquer, but I've vow'd  
Never to know her as a strumpet more,  
And I must save my oath if fury fail not,  
Her husband dies to-night, or, at the most,  
Lives not to see the morning spent to-morrow,  
Then will I make her lawfully mine own,  
Without this sin and horror Now I'm chidden,  
For what I shall enjoy then unforbidden,  
And I'll not freeze in stoves 'tis but a while,  
Live like a hopeful bridegroom, chaste from flesh,  
And pleasure then will seem new, fair, and fresh

[*Exit*

\* Sung for a hymn in heaven] "It is needless to say that our poet here alludes to a passage in the 15th chapter of St Luke" Editor of 1816

## SCENE II

*A hall in LIVIA's house**Enter HIPPOLITO*

HIP The morning so far wasted, yet his baseness  
So impudent! see if the very sun  
Do not blush at him!  
Dare he do thus much, and know me alive?  
Put case one must be vicious, as I know myself  
Monstrously guilty, there's a blind time made for't,  
He might use only that,—'twere consonable,  
Art, silence, closeness, subtlety, and darkness,  
Are fit for such a business, but there's no pity  
To be bestow'd on an apparent sinner,  
An impudent daylight lecher The great zeal  
I bear to her advancement in this match  
With lord Vincentio, as the Duke has wrought it,  
To the perpetual honour of our house,  
Puts fire into my blood to purge the air  
Of this corruption, fear it spread too far,  
And poison the whole hopes of this fair fortune  
I love her good so dearly, that no brother  
Shall venture farther for a sister's glory  
Than I for her preferment

*Enter LEANTIO and a Page.*

LEAN Once again  
I'll see that glistering whore, shines like a serpent  
Now the court sun's upon her [*Aside*]—Page

PAGE Anon, sir

LEAN I'll go in state too [*Aside*]—See the  
coach be ready, [*Exit Page*]  
I'll hurry away presently  
HIP Yes, you shall hurry,  
And the devil after you take that at setting forth  
[*Strikes him.*]

Now, and<sup>f</sup> you'll draw, we're upon equal terms, sir.  
 Thou took'st advantage of my name in honour  
 Upon my sister, I ne'er saw the stroke  
 Come, till I found my reputation bleeding,  
 And therefore count it I no sin to valour  
 To serve thy lust so now we're of even hand,  
 Take your best course against me You must die  
 LEAN How close sticks envy to man's happiness!  
 When I was poor, and little car'd for life,  
 I had no such means offer'd me to die,  
 No man's wrath minded me — Slave, I turn this to  
 thee, [Draws  
 To call thee to account for a wound lately  
 Of a base stamp upon me  
 HIP 'Twas most fit  
 For a base metal come and fetch one now  
 More noble then, for I will use thee fairer  
 Than thou hast done thine [own] soul, or our ho-  
 nour, [They fight  
 And there I think 'tis for thee [LEANTIO falls  
 [Voices within] Help, help! O, part 'em'  
 LEAN False wife, I feel now thou'st pray'd  
 heartily for me  
 Rise, strumpet, by my fall! thy lust may reign now  
 My heart-string, and the marriage-knot that tied  
 thee,  
 Break<sup>g</sup> both together [Dies  
 HIP There I heard the sound on't,  
 And never lik'd string better.

*Enter GUARDIANO, LIVIA, ISABELLA, the Ward, and SORDIDO*

LIV 'Tis my brother!  
 Are you hurt, sir?

<sup>f</sup> and] i e if  
<sup>g</sup> Break] Old ed "Breaks"

HIP Not any thing

LIV Blest fortune!

Shift for thyself what is he thou hast kill'd?

HIP Oui honour's enemy

GUAR Know you this man, lady?

LIV Leantio! my love's joy!—Wounds stick  
upon thee

As deadly as thy sins! art thou not hurt—

The devil take that fortune!—and he dead?

Drop plagues into thy bowels without voice,

Secret and fearful!—Run for officers,

Let him be apprehended with all speed,

For fear he 'scape away, lay hands on him,

We cannot be too sure, 'tis wilful murder

You do heaven's vengeance and the law just service

You know him not as I do, he's a villain

As monstrous as a prodigy and as dreadful

HIP Will you but entertain a noble patience

Till you but hear the reason, worthy sister?

LIV The reason! that's a jest hell falls a-laughing  
at

Is there a reason found for the destruction

Of our more lawful loves, and was there none

To kill the black lust 'twixt thy niece and thee,

That has kept close so long?

GUAR How's that, good madam?

LIV Too true, sir, there she stands, let her  
deny't

The deed cries shortly in the midwife's arms,

Unless the parents' sins strike it still-born,

And if you be not deaf and ignorant,

<sup>1</sup> *wilful murder*] After these words the editor of 1816 inserts a stage-direction "*They seize Hip*" But if they lay hands on him now, it is plain, from what follows, that they presently leave him at liberty

You'll hear strange notes ere long — Look upon me,  
 wench,  
 'Twas I betray'd thy honour subtly to him,  
 Under a false tale, it lights upon me now —  
 His arm has paid me home upon thy breast,  
 My sweet, belov'd Leantio !

GUAR. Was my judgment  
 And care in choice so devilishly abus'd,  
 So beyond shamefully ? all the world will grin at me  
 WARD O Sordido, Sordido, I'm damn'd, I'm  
 damn'd !

SOR Damn'd ? why, sir ?

WARD One of the wicked, dost not see't ? a  
 cuckold, a plain reprobate cuckold !

SOR Nay, and<sup>s</sup> you be damned for that, be of  
 good cheer, sir, you've gallant company of all pro-  
 fessions, I'll have a wife next Sunday too, because  
 I'll along with you myself

WARD That will be some comfort yet

LIV You, sir, that bear your load of injuries,  
 As I of sorrows, lend me your griev'd strength  
 To this sad burden [*pointing to the body of LEANTIO*],  
 who in life wore actions,

Flames were not nimbler we will talk of things  
 May have the luck to break our hearts together

GUAR I'll list to nothing but revenge and anger,  
 Whose counsels I will follow

[*Exeunt LIVIA and GUARDIANO with the body  
 of LEANTIO*

SOR. A wife, quoth 'a ?  
 Here's a sweet plum-tree of your guardianer's graf-  
 fing !

WARD Nay, there's a worse name belongs to this  
 fruit yet, and<sup>s</sup> you could hit on't, a more open one ,

for he that marries a whore looks like a fellow bound all his lifetime to a medlar-tree, and that's good stuff, 'tis no sooner ripe, but it looks rotten, and so do some queans at nineteen A pox on't! I thought there was some knavery a-broach, for something stirred in her belly the first night I lay with her

SOR What, what, sir?

WARD This is she brought up so courtly, can sing, and dance!—and tumble too, methinks I'll never marry wife again that has so many qualities

SOR Indeed, they are seldom good, master, for likely when they are taught so many, they will have one trick more of their own finding out Well, give me a wench but with one good quality, to lie with none but her husband, and that's bringing up enough for any woman breathing

WARD This was the fault when she was tendered to me, you never looked to this

SOR Alas, how would you have me see through a great farthingale, sir? I cannot peep through a mill-stone, or in the going, to see what's done i' the bottom.

WARD Her father praised her breast,<sup>i</sup> sh'd the voice, forsooth! I marvelled she sung so small indeed, being no maid now I perceive there's a young quistier in her belly, this breeds a singing in my head, I'm sure

SOR 'Tis but the tune of your wife's sinquapace<sup>j</sup> danced in a feather-bed faith, go lie down, master, but take heed your horns do not make holes in the pillowbeers<sup>k</sup>—I would not batter

<sup>i</sup> *breast*] See p 583

<sup>j</sup> *sinquapace*] Properly *cinque-pace* see note, vol iii p 631

<sup>k</sup> *pillowbeers*] i.e. pillow-cases

brows with him for a hogshead of angels,<sup>1</sup> he would prick my skull as full of holes as a scrivener's sand-box [Aside —*Exeunt Ward and SORDIDO*

ISA Was ever maid so cruelly beguil'd,  
To the confusion of life, soul, and honour,  
All of one woman's murdering! I'd fain bring  
Her name no nearer to my blood than woman,  
And 'tis too much of that O, shame and horror!  
In that small distance from yon man to me  
Lies sin enough to make a whole world perish —

[Aside

'Tis time we parted, sir, and left the sight  
Of one another, nothing can be worse  
To hurt repentance, for our very eyes  
Are far more poisonous to religion  
Than basilisks to them if any goodness  
Rest in you, hope of comforts, fear of judgments,  
My request is, I ne'er may see you more,  
And so I turn me from you everlasting,  
So is my hope to miss you but for her  
That durst so dally with a sin so dangerous,  
And lay a snare so spitefully for my youth,  
If the least means but favour my revenge,  
That I may practise the like cruel cunning  
Upon her life as she has on mine honour,  
I'll act it without pity

HIP Here's a care  
Of reputation and a sister's fortune  
Sweetly rewarded by her! would a silence,  
As great as that which keeps among the graves,  
Had everlasting chain'd up her tongue!  
My love to her has made mine miserable

<sup>1</sup> *angels*] i e gold coins worth about ten shillings

*Re-enter GUARDIANO and LIVIA*

GUAR. If you can but dissemble your heart's  
griefs now,—

Be but a woman so far

LIV Peace, I'll strive, sir

GUAR As I can wear my injuries in a smile  
Here's an occasion offer'd, that gives anger  
Both liberty and safety to perform  
Things worth the fire it holds, without the fear  
Of danger or of law, for mischiefs acted  
Under the privilege of a marriage-triumph,  
At the Duke's hasty nuptials, will be thought  
Things merely accidental, all's<sup>j</sup> by chance,  
Not got of their own natures

LIV I conceive you, sir,  
Even to a longing for performance on't,  
And here behold some fruits — [*Kneels to HIPOLITO*

*and ISABELLA*] Forgive me both

What I am now, return'd to sense and judgment,  
Is not the same rage and distraction  
Presented lately to you,—that rude form  
Is gone for ever, I am now myself,  
That speaks all peace and friendship, and these  
tears

Are the true springs of hearty, penitent sorrow  
For those foul wrongs which my forgetful fury  
Slander'd your virtues with this gentleman  
Is well resolv'd<sup>k</sup> now

GUAR I was never otherwise,  
I knew, alas, 'twas but your anger spake it,  
And I ne'er thought on't more

HIP [*raising LIVIA*] Pray, rise, good sister

<sup>j</sup> all's] So old ed —for "all as"

<sup>k</sup> resolv'd] i e satisfied, convinced

ISA. Here's even as sweet amends made for a wrong now,  
 As one that gives a wound, and pays the surgeon,  
 All the smart's nothing, the great loss of blood,  
 Or time of hindrance well, I had a mother,  
 I can dissemble too [*Aside*]—What wrongs have  
 slipt  
 Through anger's ignorance, aunt, my heart for-  
 gives  
 GUAR Why, thus<sup>1</sup> tuneful now!  
 HIR And what I did, sister,  
 Was all for honour's cause, which time to come  
 Will approve to you  
 LIV Being awak'd to goodness,  
 I understand so much, sir, and praise now  
 The fortune of your arm and of your safety,  
 For by his death you've rid me of a sin  
 As costly as e'er woman doated on  
 'T has pleas'd the Duke so well too, that, behold,  
 sir, [*Giving paper*  
 Has sent you here your pardon, which I kiss'd  
 With most affectionate comfort when 'twas brought,  
 Then was my fit just past, it came so well, me-  
 thought,  
 To glad my heart  
 HIR I see his grace thinks on me  
 LIV There's no talk now but of the preparation  
 For the great marriage  
 HIR Does he marry her, then?  
 LIV With all speed, suddenly, as fast as cost  
 Can be laid on with many thousand hands.  
 This gentleman and I had once a purpose  
 To have honour'd the first marriage of the Duke

<sup>1</sup> *thus*] Altered, unnecessarily I think, to "that's," by the editor of 1816

With an invention of his own, 'twas ready,  
The pains well past, most of the charge bestow'd  
on't,

Then came the death of your good mother, niece,  
And turn'd the glory of it all to black

'Tis a device would fit these times so well too,  
Art's treasury not better if you'll join,  
It shall be done, the cost shall all be mine

HIP You've my voice first, 'twill well approve  
my thankfulness

For the Duke's love and favour.

LIV What say you, niece?

ISA I am content to make one

GUAR The plot's full then,  
Your pages, madam, will make shift for Cupids

LIV That will they, sir

GUAR You'll play your old part still

LIV What is it? good troth, I have even forgot  
it

GUAR Why, Juno Pronuba, the marriage-god-  
dess

LIV 'Tis right indeed

GUAR And you shall play the Nymph,  
That offers sacrifice to appease her wrath

ISA Sacrifice, good sir?

LIV Must I be appeas'd then?

GUAR That's as you list yourself, as you see  
cause

LIV Methinks 'twould shew the more state in  
her deity

To be incens'd

ISA 'Twould, but my sacrifice  
Shall take a course to appease you,—or I'll fail  
in't,

And teach a sinful bawd to play a goddess.

[*Aside, and exit*

GUAR For our parts, we'll not be ambitious, sir  
 Please you, walk in and see the project drawn,  
 Then take your choice

HIP I weigh not, so I have one

[*Exeunt GUARDIANO and HIPPOLITO*

LIV How much ado have I to restrain fury  
 From breaking into curses! O, how painful 'tis  
 To keep great sorrow smother'd! sure, I think  
 'Tis harder to dissemble grief than love  
 Leantio, here the weight of thy loss lies,  
 Which nothing but destruction can suffice    [Exit]

### SCENE III

*Before the Duke's Palace*

*Hautboys Enter the Duke and BIANCA richly attuned,  
 attended by Lords, Cardinals, Ladies, and others  
 as they are passing in great state over the stage,  
 enter the Cardinal meeting them*

CAR Cease, cease! religious honours done to sin  
 Disparage virtue's reverence, and will pull  
 Heaven's thunder upon Florence holy ceremonies  
 Were made for sacred uses, not for sinful  
 Are these the fruits of your repentance, brother?  
 Better it had been you had never sorrow'd,  
 Than to abuse the benefit, and return  
 To worse than where sin left you  
 Vow'd you then never to keep strumpet more,  
 And are you now so swift in your desires  
 To knit your honours and your life fast to her?  
 Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,  
 But he must bind himself in chains to't? worse,  
 Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,

That renders virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful  
To her great master, be now made the garment  
Of leprosy and foulness? Is this penitence  
To sanctify hot lust? what is it otherwise  
Than worship done to devils? Is this the best  
Amends that sin can make after her riots?  
As if a drunkard, to appease heaven's wrath,  
Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice  
If that be comely, then lust's offerings are  
On wedlock's sacred altar

DUKE Here you're bitter  
Without cause, brother, what I vow'd I keep,  
As safe as you your conscience, and this needs not,  
I taste more wrath in't than I do religion,  
And envy more than goodness the path now  
I tread is honest, leads to lawful love,  
Which virtue in her strictness would not check  
I vow'd no more to keep a sensual woman,  
'Tis done, I mean to make a lawful wife of her

CAR He that taught you that craft,  
Call him not master long, he will undo you,  
Grow not too cunning for your soul, good brother  
Is it enough to use adulterous thefts,  
And then take sanctuary in marriage?  
I grant, so long as an offender keeps  
Close in a privileg'd temple, his life's safe,  
But if he ever venture to come out,  
And so be taken, then he surely dies for't  
So now you're safe, but when you leave this body,  
Man's only privileg'd temple upon earth,  
In which the guilty soul takes sanctuary,  
Then you'll perceive what wrongs chaste vows en-  
dure

When lust usurps the bed that should be pure

BIAN Sir, I have read you over all this while  
In silence, and I find great knowledge in you

And severe learning, yet, 'mongst all your virtues  
I see not charity written, which some call  
The first-born of religion, and I wonder  
I cannot see't in yours believe it, sir,  
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd,  
Or later welcom'd, it begins the rest,  
And sets 'em all in order<sup>1</sup> heaven and angels  
Take great delight in a converted sinner,  
Why should you then, a servant and professor,  
Differ so much from them? If every woman  
That commits evil should be therefore kept  
Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue  
Be known and honour'd? From a man that's blind,  
To take a burning taper 'tis no wrong,  
He never misses it, but to take light  
From one that sees, that's injury and spite.  
Pray, whether is religion better serv'd,  
When lives that are licentious are made honest,  
Than when they still run through a sinful blood?  
'Tis nothing virtue's temples to deface,  
But build the ruins, there's a work of grace!

DUKE I kiss thee for that spirit, thou'st prais'd  
thy wit  
A modest way —On, on, there!  
[*Hautboys Exeunt all except the Cardinal*  
CAR Lust is bold,  
And will have vengeance speak ere't be controll'd  
[*Exit*

<sup>1</sup> *And sets 'em all in order*] “Brancha [Bianca] here evidently alludes to the 13th chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians” Editor of 1816

## ACT V SCENE I

*A great hall in the Duke's Palace*

*Enter GUARDIANO and the Ward*

GUAR Speak, hast thou any sense of thy abuse?  
Dost thou know what wrong's done thee?

WARD I weie an ass else,  
I cannot wash my face but I am feeling on't

GUAR Here, take this caltrop<sup>1</sup> then [*gwing cal-trop*], convey it secretly  
Into the place I shew'd you look you, sir,  
This is the trap-door to't

WARD I know't of old, uncle, since the last  
triumph,<sup>m</sup> heire rose up a devil with one eye, I re-  
member, with a company of fireworks at's tail

GUAR Prithee, leave squibbing now mark me,  
and fail not,  
But when thou hear'st me give a stamp, down with't,  
The villain's caught then

WARD If I miss you, hang me I love to catch  
a villain, and your stamp<sup>n</sup> shall go current, I war-  
rant you But how shall I rise up and let him  
down too all at one hole? that will be a horrible  
puzzle You know I have a part in't, I play  
Slander

GUAR True, but never make you ready for't

WARD No? my clothes are bought and all, and  
a foul fiend's head, with a long, contumelious tongue

<sup>1</sup> *caltrop*] "A Caltrop, or iron engine of warre, made with  
four pricks, or sharp points, whereof one, howsoeuer it is cast,  
euer stands upward" Cotgrave's *Dict* in v *Chaussetrap*

<sup>m</sup> *triumph*] i e show, masque

<sup>n</sup> *stamp*] See vol iii p 368

i' the chaps on't, a very fit shape for Slander i' th'  
out-parishes

GUAR It shall not come so far, thou under-  
stand'st it not

WARD O, O!

GUAR He shall lie deep enough ere that time,  
And stick first upon those

WARD Now I conceive you, guardianer

GUAR Away!

List to the privy stamp, that's all thy part

WARD Stamp my horns in a mortar, if I miss you,  
and give the powder in white wine to sick cuckolds,  
a very present remedy for the headach [Exit]

GUAR If this should any way miscarry now—  
As, if the fool be nimble enough, 'tis certain—  
The pages, that present the swift-wing'd Cupids,  
Are taught to hit him with their shafts of love,  
Fitting his part, which I have cunningly poison'd  
He cannot 'scape my fury, and those ills  
Will be laid all on fortune, not our wills,  
That's all the spoit on't for who will imagine  
That, at the celebration of this night,  
Any mischance that haps can flow from spite?

[Exit]

*Flourish Enter above<sup>o</sup> Duke, BIANCA, Lord Car-  
dinal, FABRICIO, other Cardinals, and Lords and  
Ladies in state*

DUKE Now, our fair duchess, your delight shall  
witness

How you're belov'd and honour'd, all the glories  
Bestow'd upon the gladness of this night  
Are done for your bright sake

BIAN I am the more  
In debt, my lord, to loves and courtesies

<sup>o</sup> *above*] i.e. on the upper stage see note, vol 11 p 125

That offer up themselves so bounteously  
To do me honour'd grace, without my merit

DUKE A goodness set in greatness, how it  
sparkles

Afai off, like pure diamonds set in gold !  
How perfect my desires were, might I witness  
But a fair noble peace 'twixt your two spirits !  
The reconcilement would be more sweet to me  
Than longer life to him that fears to die —

Good sir —

CAR I profess peace, and am content

DUKE I'll see the seal upon't, and then 'tis firm

CAR You shall have all you wish [Kisses BIANCA

DUKE I've all indeed now

BIAN But I've made surer work, this shall not  
blind me,

He that begins so early to reprove,  
Quickly iid him, or look for little love  
Beware a brother's envy, he's next heir too  
Cardinal, you die this night, the plot's laid surely,  
In time of sports death may steal in securely,  
Then 'tis least thought on,  
For he that's most religious, holy friend,  
Does not at all hours think upon his end,  
He has his times of frailty, and his thoughts  
Their transportations too through flesh and blood,  
For all his zeal, his learning, and his light,  
As well as we, poor soul, that sin by night [Aside

DUKE [looking at a paper] What's this, Fabricio ?

FAB Marry, my lord, the model  
Of what's presented

DUKE O, we thank their loves —  
Sweet duchess, take your seat, list to the argument

[Reads  
*There is a Nymph, that hawnts the woods and springs,  
In love with two at once, and they with her,*

*Equal it runs, but, to decide these things,  
 The cause to mighty Juno they refer,  
 She being the marriage-goddess the two lovers  
 They offer sighs, the Nymph a sacrifice,  
 All to please Juno, who by signs discovers  
 How the event shall be, so that strife dies  
 Then springs a second, for the man refus'd  
 Grows discontent, and, out of love abus'd,  
 He raises Slander up, like a black fiend,  
 To disgrace th' other, which pays him i' th' end*

BIAN In troth, my lord, a pretty, pleasing argument,  
 And fits th' occasion well envy and slander  
 Are things soon rais'd against two faithful lovers,  
 But comfort is, they're not long unrewarded

[Music]

DUKE This music shews they're upon entrance  
 now

BIAN Then enter all my wishes [Aside]

*Enter HYMEN in a yellow robe, GANYMEDE in a blue robe pondered with stars, and HEBE in a white robe with golden stars, each bearing a covered cup they dance a short dance, and then make obeisance to the Duke, &c*

HYM *To thee, fair bride, Hymen offers up  
 Of nuptial joys this the celestial cup,  
 Taste it, and thou shalt ever find  
 Love in thy bed, peace in thy mind*

BIAN We'll taste you, sure, 'twere pity to disgrace  
 So pretty a beginning

[Takes cup from HYMEN, and drinks]

DUKE 'Twas spoke nobly

GAN *Two cups of nectar have we begg'd from Jove,  
 Hebe, give that to innocence, I this to love*

*Take heed of stumbling more, look to your way,  
Remember still the Via Lactea*

[GANYMEDE and HEBE respectively offer their cups to the Duke and Cardinal, who drink

HEBE *Well, Ganymede, you've more faults, though not so known,*

*I spill'd one cup, but you've filch'd many a one*

HYM *No more, forbear for Hymen's sake*

*In love we met, and so let's part* <sup>m</sup>

[*Exeunt HYMEN, GANYMEDE, and HEBE*

DUKE *But, soft, here's no such persons in the argument*

As these three, Hymen, Hebe, Ganymede,

The actors that this model here discovers

Are only four,—Juno, a Nymph, two lovers

BIAN *This is some antimasque<sup>n</sup> belike, my lord,* To entertain time —Now my peace is perfect,

Let sports come on apace [*Aside*]—Now is their time, my lord [Music]

Hark you! you hear from 'em

DUKE. *The Nymph indeed!*

*Enter two Nymphs, bearing tapers lighted, then*

ISABELLA as a Nymph, dressed with flowers and garlands, carrying a censer with fire in it they set the censer and tapers on Juno's altar with much reverence, singing this ditty in parts

*Juno, nuptial goddess,*

*Thou that rul'st o'er coupled bodies,*

*Trest man to woman, never to forsake her,*

*Thou only powerful marriage-maker,*

<sup>m</sup> *sake part*] As the rest of the dialogue is in rhyme, I suspect that something has dropped out here

<sup>n</sup> *antimasque*] i.e. an interlude introduced during the masque, "something directly opposed to the principal masque" see Gifford's note on B Jonson's *Works*, vol vii p 251

*Pity this amaz'd affection !  
 I love both, and both love me ,  
 Nor know I where to give rejection,  
 My heart likes so equally,  
 Till thou sett'st right my peace of life,  
 And with thy power conclude this strife*

ISA Now, with my thanks, depart you to the springs,  
*I to these wells of love [Exeunt the two Nymphs ]—  
 Thou sacred goddess  
 And queen of nuptials, daughter to great Saturn,  
 Sister and wife to Jove, imperial Juno,  
 Pity this passionate conflict in my breast,  
 This tedious war 'twixt two affections,  
 Crown me with victory, and my heart's at peace !*

Enter HIPPOLITO and GUARDIANO as shepherds

HIP Make me that happy man, thou mighty goddess !

GUAR But I live most in hope, if truest love  
 Merit the greatest comfort

ISA I love both

With such an even and fair affection,  
 I know not which to speak for, which to wish for ,  
 Tell thou, great arbitress 'twixt lovers' hearts,  
 By thy auspicious grace design the man ,  
 Which pity I implore !

HIP } We all implore it !  
 GUAR }

ISA And after sighs—contrition's truest odours—  
 I offer to thy powerful deity  
 This precious incense [waving the censer], may it  
 ascend peacefully !—

And if it keep true touch, my good aunt Juno,  
 'Twill try your immortality ere't be long

I fear you'll ne'er get so nigh heaven again,  
 When you're once down [Aside  
 [LIVIA descends, as JUNO, attended by pages  
 as Cupids

LIV Though you and your affections  
 Seem all as dark to our illustrious brightness  
 As night's inheritance, hell, we pity you,  
 And your requests are granted You ask signs,  
 They shall be given you, we'll be gracious to you  
 He of those twain which we determine for you,  
 Love's arrows shall wound twice, the later wound  
 Betokens love in age, for so are all  
 Whose love continues firmly all their lifetime  
 Twice wounded at their marriage, else affection  
 Dies when youth ends—This savour overcomes me!

[Aside  
 Now, for a sign of wealth and golden days,  
 Bright-ey'd prosperity—which all couples love,  
 Ay, and makes love—take that, <sup>p</sup> our brother Jove  
 Never denies us of his burning treasure  
 To express bounty [ISABELLA falls down and dies

DUKE She falls down upon't,  
 What's the conceit of that?

FAB As o'erjoy'd belike  
 Too much prosperity o'erjoys us all,  
 And she has her lapful, it seems, my lord

DUKE This swerves a little from the argument  
 though  
 Look you, my lords [Shewing paper  
 GUAR All's fast now comes my part to tole  
 him hither,

<sup>p</sup> Ay, and makes love—take that] The editor of 1816 follows the pointing of the old ed., "Ay, and makes love take that," remarking, in a note, "I confess I have no very clear understanding of this passage." The difficulty lies in knowing what "that" is by which Livia destroys Isabella

Then, with a stamp given, he's despatch'd as cunningly

[*Aside*]

HIP [raising the body of Isa] Stark dead! O treachery! cruelly made away!

[*GUARDIANO stamps, and falls through a trap-door*

How's that?

FAB Look, there's one of the lovers dropt away too!

DUKE Why, sure, this plot's drawn false, here's no such thing

LIV O, I am sick to the death! let me down quickly,

This fume is deadly, O, 't has poison'd me!

My subtlety is sped, her art has quitted me,  
My own ambition pulls me down to ruin

[*Falls down and dies*

HIP Nay, then, I kiss thy cold lips, and applaud  
This thy revenge in death

[*Kisses the body of ISABELLA*

FAB Look, Juno's down too!

[*Cupids shoot at HIPOLITO*

What makes she there? her pride should keep  
aloft

She was wont to scorn the earth in other shows,  
Methinks her peacocks' feathers are much pull'd

HIP O, death runs through my blood, in a wild  
flame too!

Plague of those Cupids! some lay hold on 'em,  
Let 'em not scape, they've spoil'd me, the shaft's  
deadly

DUKE I've lost myself in this quite

HIP My great lords,  
We're all confounded

DUKE How?

HIP Dead, and I worse

FAB Dead! my girl dead? I hope  
My sister Juno has not serv'd me so

HIP Lust and forgetfulness have<sup>o</sup> been amongst us,  
And we are brought to nothing some blest charity  
Lend me the speeding pity of his sword,  
To quench this fire in blood! Leantio's death  
Has brought all this upon us—now I taste it—  
And made us lay plots to confound each other,  
Th' event so proves it, and man's understanding  
Is riper at his fall than all his lifetime  
She, in a madness for her lover's death,  
Reveal'd a fearful lust in our near bloods,  
For which I'm punish'd dreadfully and unlook'd for,  
Prov'd her own ruin too, vengeance met vengeance,  
Like a set match, as if the plague[s] of sin  
Had been agreed to meet here altogether  
But how her fawning partner fell I reach not,  
Unless caught by some springe of his own setting,—  
For, on my pain, he never dream'd of dying,  
The plot was all his own, and he had cunning  
Enough to save himself but 'tis the property  
Of guilty deeds to draw your wise men downward,  
Therefore the wonder ceases O, this torment!

DUKE Our guard below there!

*Enter a Lord with a Guard*

LORD My lord?

HIP Run and meet death then,  
And cut off time and pain!

[Runs on a sword,<sup>p</sup> and dies

LORD Behold, my lord,  
Has run his breast upon a weapon's point!

<sup>o</sup> have] Old ed "has"

<sup>p</sup> Runs on a sword, &c ] i e perhaps on a sword carried by one of the guard The editor of 1816 gives "Falls on his sword," but see the preceding speech of Hippolito

DUKE Upon the first night of our nuptial honours  
 Destruction play her triumph, and great mischiefs  
 Mask in expected pleasures! 'tis prodigious!  
 They're things most fearfully ominous, I like 'em  
 not —  
 Remove these ruin'd bodies from our eyes  
 [The Guard, remove the bodies of ISABELLA,  
 LIVIA, and HIPPOLITO  
 BIAN Not yet, no change? when falls he to the earth?  
 [Aside  
 LORD Please but your excellency to peruse that paper,  
 [Giving paper to the Duke  
 Which is a brief confession from the heart  
 Of him that fell first, ere his soul departed,  
 And there the darkness of these deeds speaks plainly,  
 'Tis the full scope, the manner, and intent  
 His ward, that ignorantly let him down,  
 Fear put to present flight at the voice of him  
 BIAN Nor yet?  
 [Aside  
 DUKE Read, read, for I am lost in sight and strength'  
 [Falls  
 CAR My noble brother!  
 BIAN O, the curse of wretchedness!  
 My deadly hand is fain upon my lord  
 Destruction, take me to thee! give me way,  
 The pains and plagues of a lost soul upon him  
 That hinders me a moment!  
 DUKE My heart swells bigger, yet, help here,  
 break't ope!  
 My breast flies open next  
 BIAN O, with the poison  
 That was prepar'd for thee! thee, Cardinal,  
 'Twas meant for thee  
 CAR Poor prince!

[Dies]

BIAN Accursèd error!  
 Give me thy last breath, thou infected bosom,  
 And wrap two spirits in one poison'd vapour!  
 Thus, thus, reward thy murderer, and turn death  
 [ *Kisses the dead body of the Duke*  
 Into a parting kiss! my soul stands ready at my  
 lips,

Even vex'd to stay one minute after thee

CAR The greatest sorrow and astonishment  
 That ever struck the general peace of Florence  
 Dwells in this hour

BIAN. So, my desires are satisfied,  
 I feel death's power within me  
 Thou hast prevail'd in something, cursed poison!  
 Though thy chief force was spent in my lord's  
 bosom,  
 But my deformity in spirit's more foul,  
 A blemish'd face best fits a leprous soul  
 What make I here? these are all strangers to me,  
 Not known but by their malice now thou'rt gone,  
 Nor do I seek their pities

[ *Drinks from the poisoned cup* <sup>a</sup>

CAR. O restrain  
 Her ignorant, wilful hand!

BIAN Now do, 'tis done.  
 Leantio, now I feel the breach of marriage  
 At my heart-breaking O, the deadly snares

<sup>a</sup> *Drinks, &c.]* Here the editor of 1816 gives "Stabs herself;" observing in a note, "I have added this stage-direction, without which I cannot otherwise understand the following speech of the Lord Cardinal's" But it is evident, I think, from the last words of Bianca,—

"Tasting the same death in a cup of love,"—  
 that she drains off the poisoned cup which she had prepared  
 for the Cardinal, and which Ganymede had by mistake pre-  
 sented to the Duke,

That women set for women, without pity  
Either to soul or honour<sup>1</sup> learn by me  
To know your foes in this belief I die,—  
Like our own sex we have no enemy<sup>r</sup>

LORD See, my lord,  
What shift sh'as made to be her own destruction!  
BIAN Pride, greatness, honours, beauty, youth,  
ambition,

You must all down together, there's no help for't  
Yet this my gladness is, that I remove

Tasting the same death in a cup of love [Dies

CAR Sin, what thou art, these ruins shew too  
piteously

Two kings on one throne cannot sit together,  
But one must needs down, for his title's wrong,  
So where lust reigns, that prince cannot reign long

[*Exeunt omnes*

<sup>r</sup> *no enemy*] Old ed “*no Enemy, no Enemy*”